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Peter
King



MEMOIRS
OF
THE LIFE
OF
MRS. SARAH PETER

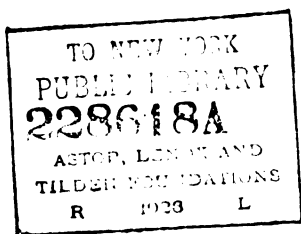
BY
MARGARET R. KING

VOLUME II

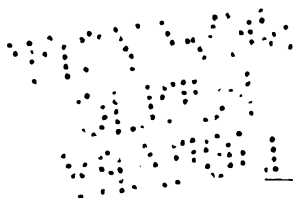
CINCINNATI
ROBERT CLARKE & CO.

1889

1950



"He who makes a faithful picture of only a single important scene in the events of a single life, is doing something toward painting the greatest historical piece of the day."



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**SECOND VISIT TO EUROPE,
1852-1857.**

"The world is rich in the excellent and the beautiful. Truly, to comprehend, to value, to admire the beautiful, is a great medium of ennoblement, of peace and happiness. Should the proud passion to create, which reigns in so many young and active souls, change itself into a desire for discernment, and a capacity to admire the beautiful and the excellent, then would their restlessness be converted into repose, the world would contain a less amount of presumptuous and dissatisfied men, and feeble productions of art, and the really great would find more admirers, and rise higher."

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CHAPTER VI.

DEATH OF MR. PETER—REMOVAL TO CINCINNATI—LADIES' ACADEMY OF ART—HOSPITALITIES—VISIT TO EUROPE TO SELECT PICTURES FOR THE GALLERY OF COPIES. PART II.—GOES TO ROME—LETTERS—MRS. PETER RECEIVED INTO THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH. PART III.—TRAVELS IN EASTERN AND NORTHERN ITALY—RETURN HOME.

MRS. PETER returned from Europe in the fall of 1852, having stored her mind with memories useful and delightful, and bringing home with her many additions of art and bric-a-brac to her already beautiful home. Time and change had done much for her, and for the wife of her son, crushed, at first, by the great sorrow which had come upon them. The three little boys, so full of health and promise, filled the hearts of these two loving women, and were the center around which flowed their daily life. Mr. Peter had been prevented from joining his wife in her travels, and was rejoiced again to greet her and those dear ones whom he too had taken to his heart. So the threads of domestic and social life were again taken up, and the desire of Mrs. Peter's heart was to throw sunshine into the life of her young and afflicted daughter, to turn her from the grief in which their hearts had so truly sympathized, and together, to train in judicious ways, the children of one who had been so dear to them both. The outlook, in

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every direction, seemed bright and hopeful, but again, in a little over one year, the angel of death cast his dark wing over this happy home. Mr. Peter, the devoted husband, the kind friend, the companion so full of high thoughts and noble aspirations, passed from our mortal state of conflict and unsatisfied longings to the higher life of light and peace. The heart which had already known so much sorrow, so much disappointment, would not yield to the influence of this new grief; but soon all arrangements were made to break up the home in Philadelphia, and to remove to Cincinnati, that Mrs. Peter and her daughter might be near her only son, and have his valuable assistance in the education and training of the children. The removal was made in the spring of 1853—Mr. Peter's death having occurred on the 6th of February of the same year.

In coming to Cincinnati, Mrs. Peter's desire from the first was to fix herself in such a way that she could best exert influence for good in every direction. She felt that the state of society in Cincinnati could be much benefited and the tone raised by the experiences which she could bring for imitation of the high culture of Philadelphia social life; and as her fortune enabled her to gratify her wishes, she purchased a commodious and elegant house, well suited to the most gracious hospitalities. Mrs. Peter was not one to indulge herself in extravagant grief, nor in conventional demonstrations. Every sorrowing heart needs a little time for recollection, but her strong determined nature soon braced itself for the active duties before her, and her home soon became the center of the most beautiful and quiet and constantly flowing hospitalities. Her house was well fitted for every variety of entertainment. The three large rooms, which could be thrown into one for a grand salon, were made

the more impressive by the beautiful furnishing and the large collection of valuable works of art, and curios from every part of the world, collected by Mrs. Peter in her travels, and which, in a style altogether *con amore*, she would introduce to her visitors, and in a glowing graphic way peculiar to herself, their attention would be riveted. One of the most valuable of all Mrs. Peter's good works was the happy way in which she gave encouragement to the worthy and struggling in every department of art, and helped the retiring, who would shrink, if left to themselves, from public gaze. Many meritorious artists in music and painting and sculpture owed their success to her inspiration of hope, to her cheering encouragement, and to the still more practical aid which brought to them their support.

At this period of which we now write, her heart was especially alive to the advancement of art in every direction. The drama, music, painting, statuary, each had its personal representation under the sunshine of her queenly patronage, and her salon could have vied with the most brilliant of Paris; for at that time, much more than now, Cincinnati was an art and literary center, and Mrs. Peter's watchful eye rested on all the meritorious, and her charming home was eagerly and thankfully sought. Her musical parties had always the aid of the most distinguished professional artists and skilled amateurs. The tableaux, for which her drawing rooms of sixty feet were so peculiarly adapted, were arranged, and the cartoons drawn by the best artists, and assigned to those best suited in form and face for the different figures.

Her "*conversaziones*" brought together all the elegance and wit of society then full to overflowing. In these days of bustle and commonplace, one can hardly realize the positively high culture which then existed,

with an acknowledged leader to bring together this varied talent, and tales of the by-gone are listened to with incredulity. For many more years than a quarter of a century before the civil war, the peaceful repose of a people prospering under the influence of a well-regulated government, and the constant increase of luxury and wealth, had fostered a love for beauty in every form, and the love of art had grown year by year. The facilities of steam travel in ocean navigation had encouraged foreign travel, and the wanderers in foreign lands had brought back many trophies of their journeyings. Beautiful pictures and statuary, fine bronzes, the products of European art in every shape, filled the luxurious home of the wealthy American. Public galleries and libraries had sprung up in every quarter, and leisure was abundant to take advantage of all the facilities for higher culture and for æsthetic life; then it was, too, that the Queen City of the West was among the foremost in the refinements of the best social life.

In the full tide of all this beautiful life, came the desolating blast of a civil war. Stern, practical work, took the place of the enjoyments of leisure. The men in the field, the women were compelled to look to the hard realities of home-life. These years of rough experience silenced all thought of æsthetic cultivation, and habits were formed and tastes nurtured which trained for years a stern, practical people; and only when the revelation of beauty came in the grand Philadelphia Centennial, was the higher spiritual man, with his transcendental tastes, again aroused. Since then a flood of the beautiful in art has again overspread the land, and perhaps once more may be regained higher tastes for intellectual and spiritual life. As yet society, though enjoy-

ing the increased luxury, has not returned to the more refined tastes.

While Mrs. Peter was occupied in all the various ways of hospitality and encouragement to artists, she had gathered around her a band of spirited women, full of determination to advance the interests of all that was calculated to raise the tone and elevate the tastes of the community about them. From this thought sprung the Cincinnati Academy of Fine Arts, the object of which was "the collection and preservation of copies of paintings and sculptures, in view of the improvement of public taste and the encouragement of art." This was the incipient idea which blossomed, at the time of the great Centennial, into the "Women's Museum Association," and now has its fruitage in the grand Art Museum crowning one of Cincinnati's fairest hills, in the park so aptly called "Eden," suggesting the nearest approach to all that is peaceful and beautiful. After a preliminary meeting, in which the work to be done was discussed, it was not long before a temporary loan exhibition was arranged and carried through with brilliant success, for Cincinnati was rich in private collections, which were freely and generously placed at the disposition of Mrs. Peter. From this exhibition, by membership and gifts, the sum of nine thousand dollars was secured. One thousand dollars was added to this by Mr. Charles McMicken, for the purchase of plaster-casts which he desired should make the foundation of a school of design.

Mrs. Peter, having already contemplated another visit to Europe, now at once decided, with the incentive of benefit to the Ladies' Academy of Art, and to advance the establishment of a school of design, to put at once her plan into execution, so she offered her services to the Board of Directors, composed of the following ladies :

ance, too, with students and connoisseurs, who were capable of giving good advice and turning her investigations in right directions. Her thought, too, for practical ends led her to art studies, and she was a natural art critic. Her keen sense of the beautiful made her always observant of beauty in every form. Long before the opportunities of foreign travel had developed her taste fully, she gave evidence of her appreciation of the mission of art. For these reasons, she was singularly fitted for the task she had undertaken.

While in Europe, in the full discharge of her mission, a financial crisis came, which threatened much loss to the Academy. The funds were deposited with a banker, who suffered heavily, and only intervention of kind friends, and Mrs. Peter's own ability and willingness to advance the necessary payments, enabled her to meet the contracts for which she was pledged. All the copies engaged, and all the casts from the antique, were finally safely deposited in Cincinnati; but the enthusiastic hopes of the originators of this laudable work were for a time dimmed, and it was thought best, for the safety of the valuable collection, that it should be placed in the keeping of responsible persons; and, after due reflection, the decision was arrived at to put the collection into the hands of the directors of the McMicken University, with certain conditions, explained in the following letter:

To the Board of Directors of the McMicken University of Cincinnati:

GENTLEMEN:—I have the honor to inform you that, in pursuance of a call through the public prints, a meeting of subscribers to the Ladies' Gallery of Art was held on June 16, 1864, at five o'clock P. M., in a room appropriated to their collection of statuary and painting in the Mechanics' Institute,

to take into consideration the future disposition of the collection.

Mrs. Peter, president of the association, in the chair. After a free discussion of the interests and condition of the gallery, and in view of the manifest indifference of the public, with a few honorable exceptions, to the strenuous efforts of the managers to sustain its progress, the following preamble and resolution, moved by Mrs. Hewson, seconded by Mrs. Carlisle, were unanimously adopted :

Whereas, The late Charles McMicken, Esq., by his last will and testament, bequeathed a large estate in perpetuity to the city of Cincinnati for literary and scientific purposes, and was, moreover, by far the most munificent contributor to the funds of the Ladies' Gallery, which owes to him its entire collection of statuary, and since it seemed no longer expedient for the ladies to persevere in their attempt to enlarge their collection, which is already valuable to all lovers of the fine arts, but rather to place it in safe-keeping for further use ; be it

Resolved, That the pictures be transferred to the board of directors of the McMicken University, on condition that they assume the assets and liabilities and the care of removal, put the pictures in order, and give them the best possible place for exhibition at present. Mr. McMicken having confided the charge of the statuary especially to Mrs. Peter, as a foundation for a school of design, she also, with the consent and approbation of the meeting, transfers the whole to the directors of the McMicken University, for the furtherance of the objects of the donor.

Trusting that under your fostering care all these beneficent objects may be fulfilled, and that our gallery may continue to increase in beauty and proportion, I have the honor to be,
with the highest respect,

Yours,

SARAH PETER, *President*.

The transfer having been accepted by the trustees of the university, the pictures and casts were placed in a

large room of the third story of a building belonging to the McMicken trust, on the corner of Third and Main streets.

The following is a list of the pictures, etc., transferred :

School of Athens. (Copy.) Raphael Sanzio.

Diogenes.

Charles I. (Copy.) Vandyke.

Landscape. (Copy.) N. Poussin.

Virgin of Seville. (Copy.) Murillo.

Holy Family. (Copy.) Raphael Sanzio.

Madonna with the Veil. (Copy.) Raphael Sanzio.

Maid of Honor. Unknown.

Old Man. Unknown.

Two portraits from Rembrandt.

Old Lady. Pastel.

Belle of Titian. (Copy.) Presented by Mrs. Springer.

St. Jerome. Presented by Mrs. Longworth.

The Fates. (Copy.) Michael Angelo. Presented by Mrs. Peter.

Angelo water-color. Presented by Mrs. Hewson.

Statuettes.

Group of the Laocoön, Diana from the Bath, Dying Gladiator, Diana, Venus Stooping, The Wrestlers, Venus of Milo, Bust of Antinous, Apollo Belvidere, Mannikin, Casts from Mouldings in the Alhambra, Hands, Feet, etc.

Catalogue of Statuary, Presented by Mr. McMicken.

Venus of Milo. From the fabrique of the Louvre.

Diana with the Stag. Fabrique of the Louvre.

Apollo Belvidere. Fabrique of the Louvre.

Silenus and Infant Bacchus. From fabrique of the Louvre.

The Wrestler.

The Venus di Medici.

Eve. Presented by D. B. Lawler.

The disposal of these pictures and casts to the university, was of deeper significance than at first might appear. It is probable an art school never would have become a part of the plan of the Cincinnati University, had not the thought been suggested by this action of these ladies, and the evident accordance with Mr. McMicken's wishes, suggested by his donation, for casts and studies, with a view to the ultimate foundation of a school of design, by these enterprising ladies. Were it within the plan of the writer, or consistent with the scope of the present memoir, a history in detail might be given of the growth and development of the Art School, but as the incipient thought alone is connected with Mrs. Peter, we leave it to other hands to tell of the culmination of one of the most cherished ideas of the founder of the Cincinnati University. The fact is enough, that the art school was established, that it was placed under the direction of Mr. Thomas S. Noble, who, through many years, has filled the position with ability, giving to all satisfaction, and developing in his pupils, in many instances, rare talents, sending forth useful artists and artisans. The school has grown, under his supervision, to large proportions, and by various gifts has become enriched, and is now under the sheltering wing of the grand Museum, which crowns one of Cincinnati's fairest hills. The casts are used as studies in the school. The fine copies of old pictures have been cleaned and put in good order, and adorn the walls of the Cincinnati Museum, where they appear to greater advantage than ever

before, and where, in all probability, they have found a permanent lodgment.

On the 19th of August, 1854, Mrs. Peter set forth on her second visit to Europe, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Thomas W. King, and her three boys. Their first voyage was made in a sailing ship; now they had taken passage on the steamer *Atlantic*, with Captain West as commander. It was a great advantage to Mrs. Peter and her party that they had known Captain West in Philadelphia, his sister being a familiar friend of Mrs. Peter. The passage was an exceedingly rough one. In her letter from Liverpool announcing the safe arrival, she says: "This morning at 5 o'clock we reached our haven, and I am sure there was no more thankful heart among our shipmates than mine. Thanks also to good Captain West, who made the voyage (though the roughest) the happiest I have ever made."

Mrs. King and her boys went immediately to Canterbury.

Mrs. Peter remained several days in London, to see the various picture galleries, and to take a general survey of the Crystal Palace. She says:

As soon as breakfast was dispatched I set out to look after pictures, going first to Lord Ellesmere's. "Pictures all covered up—can't on any account be opened," was the reply. Then I went to the Egyptian Hall to see Lord Ward's collection of the "Old Masters," which is really good—then to Northumberland House to see a copy of the "School of Athens," but his Grace is out of town, and nobody has authority to admit strangers. We went then expecting to see St. Paul's "shut up," luckily it was open, and I again examined the monuments I had already seen. I then set off for the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, by rail. On the steps, I had the good fortune to meet my very good friend, Mr. Swa-

bey, and together we proceeded to examine generally, this fairy region. No description can give you an idea of this wonderful collection.

Mrs. Peter found so many obstacles in London to her chief object—the examination of galleries of pictures and statuary—that she soon wearied, and proceeded to join her children at Canterbury.

I called on Mr. Buchanan [then the American Minister to England], and he was very civil, promising me all manner of attentions if I would stay; but as every thing was “shut up” that I wished to see, there was nothing to stay for. After visiting Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, I set forth to join L. Frances Peter had engaged a very nice apartment for L., opposite her own house, where she had prepared a room for me, and I am now very comfortably installed. We shall probably remain here a week, and then proceed to Paris. We have decided to leave R. at school with Mrs. Watson; and, although I shall be very sorry to part with the dear little boy, it will be better, both for his happiness and improvement—his brothers are too small for him, and he is often unhappy for want of older company.

After a very pleasant visit to Miss Peter at Canterbury, we find our ladies comfortably situated in Paris, on the Rue Rivoli, opposite the gardens of the Tuilleries. The following letter will show how pleasantly and satisfactorily:

PARIS, *Sept.* 17, 1854.

I sent off my usual hebdomadal yesterday, from which you will have learned that we are already domesticated here—in fact, quite at home. Every thing is so easily procured, it is scarcely possible to be otherwise. As soon as a family is installed into apartments but recently vacated by another family, the habits of the house are resumed. The milk

woman only wishes to know how much of her milk and butter are wanted; the baker and the waterman are as easily engaged. A woman offers herself as cook, who was employed by our predecessors; and as she understands the ways of the house far better than we, instead of instructing her, we are but too happy to receive instruction, only stipulating that a certain sum is to cover all expenses, and we are at once "*chez nous*." The first morning is rather a busy one, it is true; for, besides receiving the functionaries and various others, aspirants for our patronage, all the furniture, china, etc., must be carefully examined, the portress, or concierge, as she is called, accompanying the new tenant in order to mark broken chairs, or mutilated tables, or cracked china, so as to avoid disputes on parting. This, however, occupies less time than one would think; and our concierge is both clever and good natured, and it was soon dispatched. Mrs. Robert Walsh lived here seven years, and recommends her highly, so that we feel quite safe. I have scratched out for you a plan of our rooms, and the position of our house, which, rude as it is, may give you some idea of the advantages we enjoy. We are in the third story, but the lower ones are very low. We are "*au seconde*" in the Parisian phrase, "*the premiere*" being considered the lowest habitable floor. As the kitchen and all other offices are on the same floor, we have no need to descend unless we wish to go abroad. Every thing is brought up to us, and as the people are all so clever and active, they never seem to feel fatigue—they are accustomed to getting up stairs. Our furniture is very pretty, and our rooms all of good size. L.'s room is the largest, and contains a bed for the children, who have for their play room the "*salle à manger*," and the adjoining antechamber. Our bed-room windows, as you will see, are on the front, where the view is at all times beautiful and full of life. The gardens are full of flowers, and the trees present the appearance of a thick forest. The sunsets behind it are exquisite. The grounds connected with the "*Tuilleries*" must be six or eight times as large as the "*Boston*

Common," in fact, carrying the eye along this little forest, and across the "Place de la Concorde" to the adjacent forest of the "Champs Elysées," one might, I should think, count the distance by miles, all bordering on the Seine, which is traversed by beautiful bridges. The "Palace of Industry" is already to be seen peering above and among the trees of the Elysées.

The last few days I have been indefatigable in the pursuit of my mission. I have made myself acquainted with some of the artists here, and to-day I have requested Mr. Mason to introduce me to Messrs. Paul de la Roche, Ingres, etc., from whom I shall obtain all that is necessary. In a few days, I shall be able to send some information to our lady managers, who, I hope, are diligent in collecting funds. When I see what is done here, and in that most utilitarian and prosaic country, England, for the cultivation of the higher faculties, I am ashamed of the misguidedness of our people. More extravagant in their dress and food than any other people, they spend less for fine intellectual enjoyment than any civilized nation.

To-day I called upon Mrs. Mason in return to her cards. I found them very kind and pleasing. Mr. Mason has given me letters to all the eminent artists that I wish to know, and he says that I am engaged in a matter of such public utility, that he will do all possible to aid. I met yesterday one of the most eminent of French artists, Monsieur Flandrin. To-morrow he is to come to advise me as to the best copyists, etc. Send a note, instant, to tell our directresses that the brothers Balzé, who have already made the most excellent copies extant, absolute *fac-similes* of the great frescoes of Raphael, the School of Athens, etc., for the French government, are now here, and will come to see me with Mons. Flandrin. I recommend that we employ them, and also to have the picture the size of the original, even if it cost some hundreds more. Aubrey knows all about the picture, and can advise. I wish the ladies to reply at once, as I may yet be here long enough to receive their letter. I shall write to them next week, as

soon as I have fairly begun my work. We heard Rachel for the first time last night. The depth of her feeling in the tragedy of "Mithridate" harmonized with my own sadness. Here is the noblest, most simple, most natural acting that I have ever seen, and she was well supported. I have been so indefatigably engaged in my work, that I am too tired to go out in the evening. In a few days I shall have less to do. We find our residence very pleasant. The people are singularly good tempered. A harsh word I have not heard since we crossed the Channel, and our work is so well and promptly done, that we have no trouble about it. The weather has been very fine, and, so far, we have been very fortunate.

Mrs. Peter's life in Paris was full of the most pleasing incidents socially, and in visits to remarkable places and objects of interest, but especially in the progress she seemed to be making in her absorbing art-work. The United States Minister, Mr. Mason, had facilitated her greatly in bringing to her acquaintance artists of eminence. In writing from Paris she says :

I am received in Paris with the kindest welcome by the great artists here, who sometimes speak with glistening eyes of the beautiful example offered by the women of Cincinnati. They fancy that the old times still exist, when men were spiritually-minded enough to prefer art to finance, and a noble picture more than a good dinner. One of the finest artists here has offered (and all are equally willing) to undertake the supervision of my copies, and when they are finished it is agreed that I am not expected to take them unless his name and those of three or four artists, members of the French Institute, are inscribed upon them, in testimony of their being perfect copies. What more can be expected? I bless my knowledge of the language every day, since it enables me to gain their confidence and good will, and thus to understand and appreciate my ob-

jects. I have given in my letter to our managers a very inadequate description of the scenes in the Academy des Beaux Arts, for it would take more than four pages to tell half of what I see. From ten till four o'clock I am in one gallery or other, and still I find more to see and learn. When we came, three years ago, I was unprepared to learn. Now, having seen more elsewhere, I can better appreciate what I see here. There is, besides, a manifest and great improvement in the general condition of nearly every thing that I see. New galleries are opened ; old ones in better condition. The directors seem extremely desirous to facilitate strangers (not a penny is paid for all this). I am sending you a *Life of Napoleon III.*, by Mr. Clark. I have only had time to read a portion of it, but it proves that from his youth he has shown that the germs of innate greatness only demanded occasion to prove him truly great ; and, from all that I can learn from those who ought to know, he is a kind-hearted and benevolent man. Certainly, he proves himself an admirable governor of the kingdom, so difficult to govern, not because the people are bad, but from their ideality and mercurial temperament. There can be no doubt they are far more honest and kindly than the English. The lower orders are infinitely in advance of them in intelligence and good manners.

It is very interesting to follow the varied life of Mrs. Peter at this time, and mark the full enjoyment she had from her interesting surroundings. After giving a charming account of a visit to the annual *fête*, or fair, at St. Cloud, she returns again to her earnest work :

I have just had a visit from the artist who was employed to furnish the casts for the London Crystal Palace. He brings a complete list of the casts made here of remarkable statues, with their prices. After the encouragement offered by Miss Appleton's letter about the reading-room, I will order forth-

with some statues to be sent over, hoping that Mr. McMicken's donation is paid. These will be from the antique, and will serve to decorate the reading-room, in which I would also propose to place my donation of the Fates, and Mr. Springer's Belle of Titian, and any others which may have been given. Try to induce the gentlemen to order some copies. I am sure to succeed on this side of the water, where the best people take pleasure in aiding me. If I can only get money enough to make a fair beginning, I am quite sure that as yet nothing has been done among us, as a nation, which is better calculated to raise us in the estimation of enlightened Europeans.

Mrs. Peter's remarkable versatility and adaptability are particularly striking at the epoch of her life we are now considering. We find from her letters that she was not only indefatigable in her art work, leaving nothing undone which might facilitate her, but her letters tell of much pleasure of a social nature—attending receptions, dinners, teas, making unceremonious visits, enjoying the theater, repeatedly seeing the great Rachel, who was then in the meridian of her magnificent artistic career. Even in politics we find Mrs. Peter interested and well informed, and she speaks of attending meetings of the savants in the French Institute. On one of these occasions she writes :

Through the kindness of Mr. Walsh, I have, to-day, the second time been present at a meeting of the French Institute, where the dignitaries of all the five academies were present—Inscriptions, Belles Lettres, Moral and Physical Economy, and the French Academy. Monsieur Guizot was announced to be present, but he was not there. Several addresses were delivered, all remarkable for entire absence of pretension, full

of excellent sense and pure high morality, closing with a witty poem by an elderly member, which was exceedingly relished by his brother grayheads. Oh, that we could have such men among us! The more I study these people, the more I find in them to respect.

Then, too, the thoughtful mother always bears in mind the gratification of her children :

Yesterday I decided to make a purchase of plate for you, which I hope will please M. as much as her tea set. The shapes are beautiful, and it will make a brilliant display at M.'s next supper party. I suppose it will go to you by a steamer from Havre, in the care of Wells, Fargo & Co.

After weeks passed in Paris in unceasing work, and successful in all its results, good copyists secured, bargains made, pictures selected and commenced, Mrs. Peter started on her further travels with a light heart, for she did not then know of the serious financial difficulties which were destined, if not materially to impede her work, certainly to give her great anxieties.

We find her next in Lyons for the practical end of an investigation of the school of design superintended by the distinguished artist Monsieur Bonfond, to whom she had a letter of introduction from his friend, Monsieur Flandrin, which insured her the most marked attentions.

Mrs. Peter's original plan was, after Paris, to pass through Switzerland into Italy ; but, to insure an easier journey for the children, her plans were changed, and from Lyons she proceeded to Marseilles, there to embark for Civita Vecchia. Mrs. Peter writes from Lyons :

The journey was pleasant, and leads through some of the finest provinces of France. Immense quantities of wheat, and, as we entered the Côte d'Or, the grapevine predominated.

This morning I went to the English service. As it was the 5th of November, we had, interspersed throughout the service, praises and thanksgivings for deliverance from Papish wickedness and tyranny, and for the happy arrival and success of his late most gracious Majesty, William III., who landed, it seems, on the same anniversary. There was also a petition in the litany for the president of the United States and all in authority under him. Napoleon III. is considered worthy of a special prayer. They have only a room fitted up for service, and a man was stationed at the door to receive offerings. The service was well said, and the sermon excellent. My thoughts, as is usual on this anniversary, wander back to the days of my early youth, thirty-nine years ago, when I first saw your father. Good-night, and God bless you.

Monday.—The school of design opens only to-day after the autumnal vacation, and I am fortunate in not coming a week earlier. To-morrow I am to see it. I have only been able to visit to-day the museum and the miracle-working “*Dame de Fouvrier*,” who, as is attested by a notice on the door of the entrance, “has hitherto protected Lyons from the cholera.” It is singular that while the adjoining cities of Genoa and Marseilles have been desolated, Lyons has entirely escaped the scourge—certainly not from cleanness, for it is a dirty town.

Our Lady’s Church is placed on a lofty eminence overlooking the town, and on the highest pinnacle she stands in robes of gold. The interior is literally covered with pictures in oil and embroidery which express in every possible way the gratitude of her votaries; while, at every shrine, candles are incessantly burning to her honor. From an adjoining tower the view is magnificent, extending to the mountains of Auvergne on one side and to Mt. Blanc on the other. Just behind is the Church of St. Ireneus, where so many early Christian martyrs suffered. This was, as you know, the early Roman capital of Gaul, and many ancient remains prove its

importance. One of the most curious is the speech of Claudius, a native of Lyons, made in the Roman Senate A. D. 48, to propose the admission of the communities of Gallia to the citizenship of Rome. It was discovered about three hundred years ago. It is on bronze; just as fresh as if finished lately. By the hearty invitation of a French family staying at the Hotel de Provence, I accompanied them last night to the theater to see a piece by St. Soulie. It was excellently performed, and of a high moral tone.

Tuesday.—I have passed most of the day at the School of Design, where I was received in the kindest manner by the director, Monsieur Bonfond, the warm friend of Monsieur Flandrin. He himself showed me all the classes, which, as yet, are not full, and he also took great pains to explain to me the mode of instruction, which I discover is very different from anywhere else. It is this difference, I suppose, which gives this school such prominence. The only wonder is that all others do not copy it closely. As I have permission to examine it leisurely, my next letter may be for publication; and, if so, I hope the proof sheets will be corrected so as, at least, to make common sense of my article. I saw also this morning the prisons of the early martyrs which I had already seen three years ago. I wish I were at liberty to do something here for my mission. The School of Design, it is admitted by all, has had a prodigious effect upon all the fabrics of the place, and adds annually millions to the wealth of the city. I see the results every-where in prettier designs for household utensils than in Paris.

LYONS, Nov. 8, 1854.

I set forth after breakfast to prosecute my further researches at the School of Design, the results of which I will give you elsewhere. These being concluded for the day, I again set out about one o'clock to see other objects of interest, and mounting the steep hill of Fonvriers, I fell in with an

honest German who has been living here some thirty years, who guided me on my way to the Church of St. Ireneus, which is built, as is recorded by undoubted authority, over the crypt where St. Polycarp preached, and where multitudes of Christian martyrs suffered. St. Ireneus was martyred and buried here, and part of his tomb still remains. This city is full of early Christian associations. Herod, you know, was sent here in exile, and ended his days here. Few spots on earth are calculated to call forth our sensibilities for the suffering of the early witnesses to the truth as this holy crypt of St. Ireneus. From this I wandered to the beautiful cemetery of Lyons, commanding a magnificent view of the adjacent country, bounded by the mountains of Auvergne. This cemetery is full of the most touching memorials of affection, solaced only by the hope of future reunion. I made sketches of two pretty little chapels which particularly pleased me. I do not know whether I mentioned that I bought at Père la Chaise two prints of chapels, which I had sealed up and addressed to you and placed in a box with pictures for the Ladies Gallery, which, perhaps, you have already received. From this beautiful spot, one of the tombs of which had a burning lamp and fresh flowers before it, I descended to still another place made holy by the suffering of a blessed army of martyrs. Over this is built the Convent of St. Martha, which is of great extent, and usually contains about 1,400 persons—old, infirm, sick, orphans and insane, all tended and nursed by eighty sisters. One of them most kindly showed me through all the house, even the kitchen and chapel. Every-where I found the sisterhood, with healthy, happy faces, employed at their accustomed tasks, which require very many in most of the departments. I saw here, as elsewhere among *religieuses*, how easy it is for a woman to be a practical doctress, and how successfully this profession has long flourished among them.

Friday evening.—This is my last in Lyons, and my week

has passed so pleasantly that I am actually sorry to leave the place. I have become quite well acquainted with the excellent and distinguished Monsieur Bonfond, director of the school of design, with whom I have passed a part of every day, and we parted this morning quite like old friends. He is the most distinguished resident artist of Lyons, and has painted some admirable pictures, all having a bearing of high morals—for the artist, he says, ought to be a teacher of moral truth to his fellow-men. By his kind introduction, I have passed most of the day in the quarter of La Croix Rouge, a height of considerable elevation, inhabited by the silk weavers, whose productions, aided by the designs of the school, greatly surpass any in the world. One of the chief manufacturers sent a clerk to show me the way, and to explain what I wished to know. It is the first time that I have seen the all but intelligent loom of Jacquard at work. Only think of its ringing a bell when a single thread out of the many thousands breaks (one piece had eleven thousand to its warp)! The most beautiful patterns, resembling the finest embroidery, were in progress. One, a white silk woven in the finest fern patterns, exquisitely distributed for flounces, and crossed with silver thread, is the most beautiful fabric I ever imagined. The loom, with some assistance from the workman, manages the patterns, of which the wrong side is uppermost, and the poor workman is deprived of the view of the beautiful work, which otherwise might alleviate his toil.

PART II.

Mrs. Peter, with her party, arrived at Marseilles on November 10th, where they embarked for Civita Vecchia, and on the ship found themselves surrounded by a distinguished company of archbishops, bishops, and priests, and not a few notable Catholic laymen, on their way to

Rome, to settle the important question whether henceforward the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin should be held as a dogma of the Church, or only as an opinion to adopt or reject. At that time, Mrs. Peter had not united herself with the Church of Rome, and perhaps hardly realized how near she was to the change so important in her life. The companionship of intelligent and learned men was always a delight to her, and she soon found herself in pleasant association with her fellow-travelers. Among them was Archbishop Hughes, to whom she had a letter of introduction from Bishop Purcell. The acquaintance there formed was renewed in Rome with much gratification on both sides, and with a significance on Mrs. Peter's part of great import.

ROME, Nov. 28th.

I will now go back to Marseilles, from which place I sent you my last. Our delay, caused by a heavy gale, was lucky for me, since it gave time for our missing trunk to arrive at the last moment. We went aboard of a Neapolitan steamer, the "Capri," at eight o'clock P. M., by means of a small boat, which rowed us out, and were fortunate enough to have only three other English women in our cabin. The others were several notabilities: the Princess Borghese and her nephew, the Duke of Rochefoucault (who married Miss Montgomery, formerly of New Orleans), and several other Italian nobles, besides a Portuguese cardinal in red, from Lisbon, and eight or ten monseigneurs (archbishops), who had come with us from Lyons. The Bishop of Philadelphia (Newman) was also on board, and introduced himself to me. There was also a young gentleman, a convert, son of Dr. Berrian, of New York, who has since called on us, etc. The vessel was as good as could be expected, and was well navigated; but it was not large (according to our ideas), and the head-winds and rough seas had their customary effect. Scarcely on the

English Channel have I ever seen so large a proportion of sick people, and for some hours I was very qualmish. I was well enough, however, by dinner time, to enjoy the well-cooked viands with a hearty relish; but I remarked that I was the only lady present, and of our one hundred and twenty passengers, only about twenty appeared.

During the night, about twenty-four hours after leaving our port, we got fairly between Corsica and the mainland, and the sea became smooth at once, so that every body slept quietly, and next morning we all watched, with much interest, the various objects along the Italian coast until about twelve we entered the port of Civita Vecchia. Any Gazette will describe the poor old town, which is the horror of travelers, from the vexatious delays and endless impositions to which they are exposed. Being aware of this, I had written to Mr. Cass to make good his very kind offer of services, in procuring for us a permit to land at once, and glad enough was I to see the messenger who brought me his letter from the consulate. We went ashore instantly, and by the aid of the American consul, an Englishman, brother to the British Consul, Mr. Lowe, we had our trunks duly examined, and packed on the top of a carriage, which delivered us at midnight, at the Hotel du Britanniques, opposite the American Embassy, in the Piazza del Popolo, where Mr. Cass had engaged rooms for us. Next day, Thursday, we set out to look for lodgings, and the following day we took possession of a suite of rooms in the Via Barbarini, a few doors from my former apartment. I have a parlor, and a bedroom; and L., a parlor and two bedrooms. We have furniture, bedding, kitchen, and all that is useful for table and culinary use. We have also engaged a man servant to wait upon and attend us when abroad and at home, and we have also engaged a carriage. Several of my old friends have given me a hearty welcome. Doctor Smith, V. Rector of the Irish College, has called in answer to Bishop Purcell's letter. Bishop Bedini is not now in Rome. As I have, so far as I can see, so much time at my disposal, I do

not hasten as formerly to see every thing, yet I have not been idle. The last week has been the festival of St. Cecilia, and I have been twice to witness the services, and to hear the sweet music. The old church is all newly repaired, and during the festival is decorated with flowers and silk hangings in the most beautiful taste, wax lights in profusion placed in some thirty or forty chandeliers of fine cut glass. The exquisite statue of the saint, as she lies in front and below the high altar, in white marble (in the position in which her body was found), is adorned with a jewelled crown, which encircles her head, a band of rich gems surrounds the neck, and on the finger is a diamond ring of great value, and the flowers, emblematic of martyrdom, and of purity, and of innocence, stand all about her in silver vases of immense size. The people enter with still reverence, approach the sacred tomb, kneel a few minutes in prayer, and retire behind the draperies, which hang along the side chapels, except the strangers, such as we, who pay two bajoccoes each for a chair, and seat ourselves to listen to the delicious tones of the choir, and to meditate upon the wondrous contrasts in life. The martyrdom on this very spot of that saintly spirit, some seventeen hundred years by gone, and the triumphs which attend its anniversaries now. She is said, in her dying moments, to have confidently predicted the establishment of her faith, and to have requested that, in due time, a church should be erected on the site of her own house, where she suffered—all of which is faithfully executed. I envy not the heart that can witness untouched the honors so sweetly rendered to this early and noble martyr to our faith. I again visited, yesterday, the Catacombs, where a slab is shown, which they say marks the spot of her first interment.

Tuesday.—Several cardinals have lately been appointed; and, as it is their custom to keep their houses open for the reception of those who wish to pay their compliments upon the occasion, we went last night to the palace of the Spanish Ambassador, quite near us, to the reception of a Spanish

cardinal, who, having no residence in Rome, availed himself of the hospitality of the embassy. In the absence of the Minister, the wife of one of the attachés aided the cardinal to receive, and this lady was formerly Miss Thorndike, of Boston ! who had married Sartige. Truly, our countrymen insinuate themselves every-where—here was this American girl surrounded by Roman princesses, blazing in diamonds, and English peers and peeresses, bowing and smiling to her as queen of the place. Among them was a magnificent elderly man, covered with orders, the representative of the oldest family in Rome, and descended, without doubt, from Fabius Maximus—The Prince Massinci. Several of our monsignors were there, who seemed right glad to see me, and to talk over our travels together. They are dear good old men, I am sure, and innocent and guileless as children. After leaving this brilliant scene, and bringing away some of its trophies in the shape of drops of wax from the wax candles, which hung above us in splendid glass chandeliers, that brilliantly lighted up the exquisitely painted vaulted ceilings, we drove to the apartment of our old friends, the Macphersons, who had invited us to a musical party which was very pleasant and friendly. Several of my old acquaintances gathered around me, and I felt quite at home. The Crawford's (sculptor) were there, and I am invited there for to-morrow evening to keep the Thanksgiving. We are very comfortable in our lodgings. The dear children are well. I am anxious to hear if my cargo of statues has arrived safe, and that the gallery is getting on well. If the ladies should fail to like the statues, they must remember that they are representatives of master-pieces of antiquity, and if we would have the principles of art we must study these. Let it be well understood that in no case am I guided solely by my own judgment, but I have always the guidance of the very best artists, entirely disinterested except to help forward an object which they esteem as so laudable and honorable.

December 4th.—I desire, by all means, the publication of my article in the Gazette. I wish you to see that it is well done. I prefer Miss Appleton to correct for the press, for you will not have the time, and she understands well. Suppose you hint quietly the wisdom of making her corresponding secretary. I can not interfere. I content myself now by gathering information, and if you continue in good health, I have the prospect of a very comfortable, pleasant winter. Our rooms turn out excellently well, and my circle of acquaintance is very agreeable. The reading-room, too, close at hand, affords me unfailing resource. As there appears no prospect of being able to purchase pictures, I shall not be obliged to worry myself by palpitation about prices, etc. ; but I shall not the less enjoy seeing them at leisure, and there is more to be seen and enjoyed here than any spot in the world. I have invitations to sociable evenings three or four times a week, and as my parlor is large, I shall endeavor to do my part in our pleasant circle. The dramatic affairs of the church are more imposing than usual this winter, in consequence of the great number of dignitaries present at the council, and I fancy I discover in the very amiable traits of His Holiness, unmistakable evidences of the satisfaction he feels in being so surrounded. I feel great sympathy with the losers in the great failures at Cincinnati; perhaps I may be one of them myself, for every holder of property will feel such a crash; but I hope, for a time at least, some check may be given to the enormous dishonesty and extravagance which I saw prevailed during the period of my residence there.

By the following letter it will be seen that Mrs. Peter hears for the first time of the financial troubles of the "ladies" in connection with the funds of the gallery, which they had, unfortunately, deposited with a banker who had apparently utterly failed to meet his liabilities. The shock, at first, was very great to her, for she had given orders and made advances fully relying upon the

ability of the academy to pay. Her first thought was to make an endeavor to cancel the contracts; but, with her usual wisdom, she awaited further statements, and the counsel of her son. Mr. King regarding the affairs of the ladies as by no means hopeless, advised his mother to advance all necessary funds, and allow the copyists to proceed in their work. The letter of her son quieted Mrs. Peter's anxieties. The bitter disappointment would have unnerved a less strong nature than her's; but she had already other interests filling her heart, and soon we find that her daily life flowed peacefully on amid the surroundings so congenial to her nature.

When ill betides us, how much easier is its endurance when we are near to those most dear to us. This has been the burden of my reflections during several days past, since I received from Brown & Shipley a very friendly notice that the draft of Milne had been protested, and that in consequence of his failure, I have become responsible for what I had drawn on them for our truly unfortunate gallery. I have a right to feel indignant, not at any intentional oversight, but because I am thus made the victim of a negligence and stupid blunder in leaving their money in the hands of Milne, when any banker was in danger of failure; but it is useless to lose time and write about what is to be remedied by other means. Meantime, I can live here pleasantly and happily, and if I am to lose any thing, I will stay abroad until the loss is made up *à l'Anglais*. I felt half sick about it the first day, but this week has been full of *festas* in the church, and I have been glad to seek and find forgetfulness in witnessing these remarkable scenes. I shall write to Mrs. Carlisle by this mail, and hope, if nothing is to be recovered from Milne, that the managers will make some arrangement for my protection; but you will see to this matter, my dear child. The

casts, prints, etc., are to be taken from Mr. McMicken's fund, which, I suppose, is safe. I trust the ladies will not flinch from the misfortune, but get on as well as they can. By and by the storm will pass, and we can go on again toward success. If we stop now, Heaven only knows who will again begin. We have had two *fonctions* of an unusual character during the past week, viz.: a grand religious ceremony in honor of the new dogma which is added to the faith, "the immaculate conception in her own person of the Virgin," which has been pronounced with great unanimity by the council; and, second, the consecration of the magnificent church built on the ruins of the old one, burnt accidentally, thirty years ago—St. Paul's outside the walls. St. Paul is said to have been buried at that spot, and the old Basilica has existed since the fourth century. The ceremony which attended the reading of the Decretal for the Virgin, by the Pope himself, at St. Peter's, attended by fifty-five cardinals, and more than two hundred foreign bishops, was the most imposing that I have ever seen. It is estimated that more than fifty thousand people were present. All the dresses of the procession were new, of white silk, satin, or damask; and for the cardinals, cloth of silver, all bordered and embroidered with gold, in honor of the Virgin. The vast church was packed in every part. The old bronze statue of St. Peter was robed in crimson damask, bordered with gold, a tiara on his head loaded with precious stones of enormous size, a large blazing diamond on his finger, and richly jeweled slippers.

To secure a good seat, in which I was successful, I set out at half-past six, the ceremonies to begin at half-past eight. L. and the D's fancied that they could find places when they chose; and, going too late, got none at all. The Pope performed High Mass, surrounded by the magnificent array of the princes of the church from every land in Christendom, and read the Decretal while the guns of St. Angelo boomed in the distance to inform the faithful outsiders of the promulgation within. The day closed with the magnificent illumination of

St. Peter's, a miniature of which you have seen among my curiosities. The reality exceeds all imitations; and, with our confined knowledge of these things, I could not have imagined so marvelous an exhibition. Besides this, the old Capitol blazed forth at a great distance, high in the air, for it is on the summit of Capitoline Hill, and the old Ara Coeli, close by, where Gibbon meditated the writing of his history, was in a brilliant flame of light, which extended all along the old Roman Forum, and was reflected back from the Arch of Titus and the Coliseum. The whole city was illuminated by the finest devices, and at several of the great palaces, Doria, Colonna, Orsini, etc., wax candles of immense size were placed along the principal windows outside. There was no wind, and the lights burned uninterruptedly. At every corner where the picture or bust of the Virgin had a place, unnumbered candles and mottoes were placed around her, and arches, illuminated, crossed the streets, with similar devices. Carriages thronged the streets, and moved slowly among solid masses of delighted populace, from whom not an impolite gesture nor unseemly word was heard. In their picturesque costumes, they seemed to enjoy as much as we did, and to regard us without hatred or envy. I have neither seen nor heard of a drunken man in Rome. Since the close of the Council of Trent, three hundred years ago, such a scene has not been witnessed in the Eternal City. I am satisfied, the more I examine the state of things here, that English and Puritans have united to calumniate the Romans, and have had no scruple to utter their malignant falsehoods, when they knew them to be false. So very few English speak Italian, that they have no means of learning for themselves; and, thus prepared, the English writers undertake to tell the world of Italian vices. Money-making, it is true, is not the great object of life; but the soil is rich, and large provision is made for the poor, and in no class does eating or drinking occupy much time or care. They are indifferent to the Englishman's chief delight; but they are often highly learned, for in-

stitutions of learning and science abound, and libraries, too—and even the populace possess a sort of high breeding. As one passes, they often offer a polite salutation, which the ignorant frequently mistake for impudence. My servant never goes out in the evening without putting his head in at the door to ask if any thing more is wanted, and to wish the “*felessesima notte*.” We closed the evening by scaling the heights of the Pincian Hill, which command a view of the whole city, from which the scene was truly grand. The lights around St. Helena, on the tower of the Capitol, seemed suspended in mid-air, and the wondrous cupola of St. Peter’s a burning magic palace—burning, yet not consumed. The ceremony at St. Paul’s was of deep interest. A consecration at Rome, I fancy, hardly happens once in a century, and this is called the third greatest in Rome—St. Peter’s, St. John Lateran (the Pope being *ex officio* Bishop of the Church of St. Paul’s). We had a very pleasant evening last night at the Crawford’s, who are always particularly kind to me. He has made great advances in three years, and now has a very high rank among the first artists. I am frequently invited out to enlarge my circle of acquaintances. Last evening, two sisters of Mrs. Mowatt were present: I also passed a very pleasant evening last week with Miss Clark, sister of the Unitarian clergyman. She is here to study, and already paints very fine pictures. There are a few other ladies here studying as artists, among them Miss Hosmer.

Since Christmas, there has been much gayety here in social life, with less display and nonsense than anywhere that I know of. The lodgings are generally respectably but not expensively furnished. Simple tea and cake for a small party, with ices in addition for large ones, are all the refreshments thought of. Every one has seen something to awaken the mind, and consequently stupid people even are wakened up. This winter, I observe myself and the residents remark that the visitors, both English and American, are more common-

place than usual. It is supposed that the loss of so many English officers in the war, who belong almost exclusively to the highest ranks, have placed many families in mourning, and many others in fear of like bereavements, and has detained at home those who usually make up the more agreeable portion of society. There are scarcely any French or Germans, and no Russians nor Poles. I quite feel the difference in my associates in the galleries. The Americans, as usual, are common-place enough, and consist, in a great part, of successful speculators. Some of them have already passed two winters here, and, by dint of enterprise, have made inroads into high places. By way of paying off my numerous invitations, I gave a little party last week, and I was really amused at the complexion (social, of course) of my guests. They all, however, behaved with great propriety. I see oftener than any one else, Mrs. McAlister, of Savannah. She is a native of Rhode Island, and an intimate friend of my dear friend, Mrs. Dr. Hare, of Philadelphia. I shall now be with her more or less every day, so you need not fear my being lonely. She is a sister of Dr. Francis, of New York, and aunt of Mrs. (Sculptor) Crawford, who is also an intimate friend of mine. At a recent party, I met Archbishop Hughes, of New York, who seemed glad to see me. I told him of my present plans for the fine arts, and asked his advice about laying a request before His Holiness for a statue or antique of some kind. He astonished me by recommending me at once to solicit an audience, and present my request in person, saying that the Holy Father already knew me, and would understand all about it. Is it not marvelous how gossip finds its way between bolts and bars? I shall not fail to try. I shall soon see the Prince Cardinal Altieri, who has been asking Bishop Hughes about me, and as my mind will now be less oppressed by cares at home, I shall be in better spirits to prosecute my affairs.

There is not a tithe of the poverty and misery which the English prate about. The peasantry are as happy as they

need to be. I think I will look closer into the Romish Church than hitherto. I have made the acquaintance of Lady St. George, a daughter of the last Earl of Oxford, who has lived here some years, and her sister, Lady Langdale, and they promise to aid my explorations. I am regularly installed in the English church, where we have a sensible and good man and a sound churchman, Dr. Woodward, who, with his very agreeable wife, are good friends of mine. M. will be glad to hear that I have become acquainted, through several visits, with Overbeck. His old friend, Cornelius, is here also.

It never seems to me of much importance to which of you my letters may be directed, since they inform you equally of my whereabouts; but, as you may think otherwise, I address this letter especially to you, and begin by thanking you for those you have written to me. I was last evening at a delightful reunion at Mr. Crawford's. It was to celebrate the ninth birthday of the eldest child, and being in the Octave of the Epiphany, was also a pretty twelfth night party. They live, as you know, in an old palace built by one of the popes as a summer residence, in the midst of ancient ruins, among which are a part of the old walls of Ancus Martius and Servius Tullius. The rooms are immense, and as they have a lease of fifteen years, they have furnished them as they please. At one end of the grand salon, a temporary screen formed a sort of stage, where Miss Edgworth's "Old Poz" was played by our host and two or three others excellently well, for the amusement of the children, old and young, who enjoyed it with equal zest. Afterward, there were two or three charades. I do not know when I have enjoyed an evening so well. The Americans now here, are, for the most part, very common-place; but the Crawfords, and some half-dozen others, are delightful companions, and are enough to make any circle agreeable. I have lately made the acquaintance, as I mentioned before, of Lady St. George, daughter of the Earl of Oxford, and nearly my own age. She is a

widow, with a daughter just going into company, and two sons at school. She has lived here, a Catholic, for some years. Her residence is in a palace which overlooks ancient Rome and its ruins, and over the Campagna to the Apennines. Never was there a more enchanting view. The grand walls and staircases are covered with pictures and ancient sculptures; and when, at length, I arrived through all those beautiful things to the salon in which was seated the mistress, I found her sitting at a little wheel, spinning flax!

How this carries me back to the olden times. She wearied of the needle, her eyes no longer served her well, knitting vexed her, and she liked to spin while her daughter read to her. She has her own bed linen of her own spinning, and she showed me a chest full of thread which she is now finishing to make a batch of towels. I do not know whether I have mentioned, in previous letters, Mr. Ireland, a New Yorker of some thirty-five years, whom I met in Jerusalem with Mr. Duncan, of New Orleans. He arrived here from Cashmere, China, and Japan, some three or four weeks since, and comes to see me very often. On Saturday I engaged him to accompany me to the Aventine Hill, the most distant and least frequented of the ancient portion of Rome, and also twice as high as any other. From this hill the unfortunate Remus consulted his augurs by the flight of birds, and it was once covered by some of the most remarkable palaces and temples, of which but a vestige remains in the fragments of sculptured stones thrown up by the peasants in working their fields. Three convents, with their gardens and vineyards, now occupy these places. As we approached the principal of these, we saw some peasants diligently employed in constructing a cable by hand, for there is no machinery. At one end a heap of broken capitals, with rich remains of sculpture, all of the finest marbles, were thrown upon a sort of sledge as a make-weight to hold fast one end of the rope, while at the other, some fifty feet distant, a rude pulley was fixed, by the aid of which they twisted the rope, which we saw finished as

we returned—well made and strongly. Every class of people here seem to have an eye for the picturesque, a proof of which met us on our first entrance to the now deserted priory of the Knights of Malta. A small gate was opened at our knock, when, looking down a long gothic arch of ilex, we saw at the end of it, in far perspective, the grand dome of St. Peter's. It was really startling. The air was clear as crystal, with a brilliant sun, and the arcade was so arranged that the magnificent structure had all the effect of being set in a frame of verdure gilded by sunlight. The hill next the Tiber (the side of St. Peter's), some mile or two distant, is a precipice, on which the cave was said to be, which gave rise to the exploit of that very mythological hero Hercules, from which the views are unimaginably beautiful.

Our next visit was to the Church and Convent of St. Alessio, which was long the residence of the dethroned king of Spain, father of Ferdinand VII., and his infamous minister Godoy, where there is the usual richness of marbles, frescoes, and mosaics, which, in any other country, would be regarded with wonder, but such is the unparalleled wealth of art in the churches of Rome that we cease to describe it. The third convent is Santa Sabina, even richer than the others. In one of them it is recorded that St. Thomas, of Canterbury (Becket), is entombed; which is likely enough, for I take it for granted that his body was not left in England to be desecrated by the Puritans.

Coming out of church on Sunday, I met my old friend, Captain Alden, who is here with his wife and children—just arrived. They have taken the apartments vacated by L. Thus I shall have good friends at hand. Yesterday I went to the exhibition of the Propaganda. Lady Langdale invites me to a musical party at her apartment on Saturday, and yesterday Captain Gayford, an Englishman I met in Palestine, called, so I shall probably see much of English society. How I wish you and Rufus could join me on this side the water during the summer.

I have just returned from a magnificent festival at the grand Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, one of the seven Basilicas of the Eternal City, which contains I do not know how many chapels quite as large or larger than our St. Paul's church. One of these belongs to the great family of Borghese (the Princess, you will recollect, *née* Rochefoucault, came over with us from Marseilles). It is covered, wall, ceilings, and floor, with magnificent sculptures in marble and bronze gilt, with such richness as to leave no spot which does not either exhibit precious marbles or works of art. The form is that of the Greek cross—with a triple dome, *i. e.*, one rising above the other—growing smaller toward the top, the ceiling of the highest, at a prodigious elevation, being decorated with grand frescoes. Opposite the open iron gate and railing which separates it from the great nave of the church, elevated on a platform reached by five or six steps, is the grand altar, surmounted by jeweled crucifixes, candelabra, etc. Above these is the rich casket for the host, and still higher, reliefs in bronze gilded taken from Christian subjects, each of them worth an American fortune. At the sides are placed on lofty and highly wrought pedestals, some twenty feet broad and fifteen feet high, statues of gigantic proportions, in marble, of two of the family who have been Popes, and above these again are other large subjects in marble of *alto* or *basso relievo*, variegated with bronzes emerging from precious marbles in such profusion that, although harmony and exquisite beauty reign throughout, the eye loses itself in the grandeur and multiplicity of the wonders that distract the attention. We entered this magnificent monument of the devotion of this family, upon which centuries have been employed with their richest offerings, at three o'clock. The church was already filling up, but, having a genius for getting through a crowd, I went before the others, and in a few minutes we occupied one of the very best positions allotted to strangers in the chapel. The fifty or sixty cardinals who were to assist had not yet entered, and I availed myself of the moment

to count the number of chandeliers, to give you an idea of the illumination (for the rest I can not even convey a faint impression, for I have nothing with which to compare it that you have seen). There were hung around the four great arches, which form the transepts of the cross, and around the altar and within the three domes, ninety cut glass chandeliers of unsurpassed beauty. Some in the center of the dome and arches were of immense size, and millions of cut glass or crystal drops, of which they were composed, sparkled like diamonds. My eye lost itself in counting, but there were many more than a thousand wax candles of three or four feet long. There were no hangings here, for no hangings could equal the richness of the entire lining of the chapel, but the windows were covered with a thick buff cloth, with crimson curtains over them, thus excluding the day. Swiss guards, in their harlequin costumes, were standing in their brass helmets and picturesque halberds at each angle; and from one of these, thanks to my German tongue, I picked up various hints of information. Meantime the procession, penetrating the dense masses of the church, entered the chapel and took possession of their allotted seats, while we poor vagabonds stood behind them, separated by a damask-covered barrier. First came some Swiss guards to open the way, then the mass bearers and men carrying immense *bougies*—to carry lights in front being always a mark of the highest honor—then came a massive crucifix of gold of great size borne aloft, and then in robes, whose richness defies all description, walked the very handsome Cardinal Patrizi, followed by his brethren in purple, among whom was Cardinal Wiseman, with fat and ruddy face and ample proportions, who took his seat precisely in front of me, and within two feet of my position on the other side of the barrier. Then commenced the music, which was, in all respects, worthy of the place. You may imagine what it was when I stood two hours, willingly, to listen. I only left then because an engagement obliged me to go.

If you were on this side of the great ocean, I could willingly pass my days here. The material cares of life pass lightly, while the spirit revels in an "*embarras de richesses*." After dispatching my letter to M., I went with a party to visit the celebrated Etruscan collection of the Marquis di Campagna, at his palace in our neighborhood. It is the most remarkable purely Etruscan collection extant, and consists of vases of all possible sizes and shapes, bronzes, terra cottas, frescoes, and marbles. One vase larger than mine, but not so finely executed, was the pictured story of Jason and Medea and the Golden Fleece; another Danæ and Perseus; another the Death of Hector; another the Expiatory Sentence of Orestes, etc. There are also some remarkable mammoth bones, petrified, of enormous size. The *fac-simile* of an Etruscan tomb, of the size of the original, is very curious. The principal skeleton lies in his bronze armor, which is well preserved, and the walls are painted entirely over in frescoes, with armor, implements of the chase, and many other curiously formed objects, of whose uses we can only form conjectures. The remarkable objects, which fill some ten or twelve large rooms, are all gathered from Etruscan tombs on the estate of the Marquis, near Civita Vecchia, and some are known to be (from marks) not less than 3,000 years old. He has another villa, containing a fine collection, for which he has kindly sent me a ticket of admission, of which I hope to avail myself in a few days. It was only two days since that I heard of the return to Rome of Monsignor Bedini. Having sent the letter given me by Bishop Purcell, he called the next evening, but I was out; a day after he called again, and again I was out. The next day I sent my servant, to express my regrets; and to beg he would let me know when I might expect him. He very politely named an hour on the following day, and made me a long visit. He is a very agreeable man, of some forty-five years of age, with a fresh complexion, and decidedly handsome. His manners, polished in the highest degree, are frank and open, and it is really quite charming to observe his

manner of treating the subject of his misadventures in America. I hear from all who know him that he always mentions them with the greatest good nature, and exempts Americans from all blame in the matter. I understand he has an album, in which he has pasted articles from the newspapers, and abusive hand-bills, which seem only to excite his mirth. I have also met Archbishop Hughes several times in society. Here he ranks as a prince of the Church. He also, though less courtly, is an agreeable talker, and we have become good friends. He, as well as the Bishop of Halifax, was at Lady Langdale's party, on Friday, where was also the French General, Monreat, who commands the military of Rome, with several other officers; some Polish nobles, also some English, do.—Americans, *very few*. The party, however, was so like other similar occasions, that there is nothing to describe. The lady hostess, who is at least as old as I am, played *admirably* well on the piano a duet with a distinguished harpist who was of the party. I am much comforted to find from your last letter that the "ladies" are taking measures to retrieve their affairs, and I hope their present disaster may ultimately have a good influence upon an undertaking which is of far more importance to the well-being of our people than most of those engaged in it have yet thought of. I lose no opportunity of acquiring knowledge which may be useful in the advancement of this good work. I am now well acquainted with a large circle here; and, since the coming of the Aldens, my home is genial and pleasant. Mr. and Mrs. A. seem truly glad to be near me, and their sensible conversation is an unfailing resource. Thus, you may comfort yourself with the reflection that my time flows smoothly on, requiring nothing but the presence of my child to make my life as cheerful as saddening memories will admit. The return, however, of these anniversaries of life's bitterest draught to me, bring to the surface sorrows that refuse to be comforted, and I feel, though I acknowledge it is most unreasonable, "that I shall go down into

the grave to my son, mourning." There is a violence done to nature in the loss of a beloved child, at such an age and in such circumstances, that bears no resemblance to a wound, however deep, which may be healed. This was like the lopping off of a limb for which no remedies can compensate. One may grow used to the loss, but it is irreparable. It has always been a precious comfort to me to have the dear children near me, more and more, as they grow older.

Rome is still delighting in the new honors conferred upon their blessed Mother, the Virgin, in the late bull, which I recommend you to read. There is something very beautiful in their love of the Virgin, whose goodness they fancy is inexhaustible, and who listens to the prayer of her lowliest child. They do not worship her, but they pray God to receive her intercession. There is no shop so poor or mean but that it contains a pretty effigy or painting or colored print of the common object of their affections; and truly I can not see that it does any body any harm, while for these poor people it is an unfailing source of consolation. Preparations are going on for the carnival. The Pope would abolish this saturnalia but for fear of revolt from such a curtailment of their amusements as well as opportunities to make money. All that he can do is to retrench some of the wildest parts of it. God bless and protect you. I close this on this always heart-breaking anniversary, January 30th.

Feb. 11th.

Last night, through the kindness of Lady St. George, I was invited to a ball at the French General's, who commands the military at Rome. It was a brilliant sight. Many of the French nobility were there, but few English, and I was the only American. Our national vanity may induce us to imagine that we are admired by the whole world—and it is true, that by the lowest classes in Europe, our country is regarded as an asylum—but the humiliating fact must be confessed, that when received at all in high society, Americans are looked upon with suspicion, and barely tolerated. We have acquired

a bad reputation both in politics and for want of education and manners; and the most partial observer, if he himself have education enough to judge, can not avoid the conviction that we are not in the ascending scale, in the estimation of Europeans. Nine-tenths of those who travel are very common people at home, and the rarest thing that you meet in general society, is a middle-aged or elderly American gentleman of polite learning. The English, generally disliked, can produce numerous individuals of this latter class. The French abound. The English are greatly in advance of us. They know Greek and Latin well, but in modern languages and general knowledge they are deficient. We have the learning of newspapers and know how to brag. How I wish you could see Paris next summer and the great exhibition. Come in May, and I will meet you and be your cicerone. Be sure to bring M. with you. I have been making a collection of stones and flowers for you, though as my collection at home is already so good it seems hardly necessary, and yet I find pleasure in collecting for you. I have a real piece of antiquity from the Capitol, just by the Tarpeian Rock—a well-sculptured head—which consoles me somewhat for the loss of the Greek head which was stolen, and I have also some really valuable relics from the catacombs of St. Agnese.

Mrs. Peter was greatly amused with the carnival, which had now begun, and gives a most graphic description of this strange scene, in a way so peculiarly her own, that there is a strong temptation to repeat the oft-told tale.

The all-absorbing subject of her thoughts seems to give place for awhile to the sympathy she feels with the fun-makers of this hilarious occasion. She enjoys especially the delight of the peasantry from all the surrounding regions, and their odd costumes and the beautiful old lace and jewels—heirlooms of even the humblest rustics.

All classes laugh heartily. Every one is in good humor, and the poor people have a chance to sell immense multitudes of bouquets, made chiefly of flowers which grow wild in the fields—for they bloom throughout the winter.

The town folk gain by letting out balconies and windows, and all are satisfied to enjoy an innocent scene of merriment. I only wish we could have equally innocent diversion for our people at home. I doubt whether a drunken man is ever seen at Rome, consequently there are no fights nor disgraceful rows.

I never feel quite content to begin a letter to you, when I am unable to say that I have just received one from you. It is nearly two weeks since my last from you. I trust in heaven you are all well. My health continues excellent, and with my very good and truly congenial friends, the Aldens, my days move as pleasantly as possible, so long as I am assured that you are well. We are now in the midst of spring, and I begin to understand the wondrous beauty of Italian skies. The fruit trees scattered over the Campagna and away on the Alban hills are white with blossoms, violets spring up every-where under our feet as soon as we emerge beyond the walls, and the grass is gay with anemones, daisies, and buttercups. Truly, existence alone is a pleasure, when such enchantments meet the eye. Surely, no spot on earth contains so many elements of happiness for the cultivated mind. Art and nature combine to decorate scenes richer than all others in the associations of three thousand years. Until lately, I was not aware of the large and increasing collections of Etruscan remains, which extend to a period long prior to the Romans, and are historical in themselves. There are tombs still to be opened, and much has already been done.

Mrs. Peter gives a description of the services on Ash Wednesday, which are well known to those who have been to Rome, and Catholics generally. The impression

made upon her heart, ready to receive, was very marked. She writes of the music :

Such wails of melody as seem to draw forth the very soul in penitential tears. A prayer and benediction closed what was a most touching, and, I trust, to me, edifying service. In the afternoon, I attended the English service, which seems cold after it. The chapel containing the tomb of St. Peter is wonderfully rich in exquisite reliefs, each representing the various facts recorded in the life of St. Peter. If you and M. were but here, how much I should enjoy your enjoyment.

It requires no little time for one to know the smallest part of the wonders collected here, and there is so much of genuine kindness among these Italians, and they are so delighted to contribute to your pleasure, that it is really doubled. I am under many obligations to Bishop Purcell and Archbishop Hughes for much of the kindness I receive. Cardinal Altieri, one of the highest in rank of the princes of the Church, has been several times to see me. Monseigneur Bedini also visits me frequently. Cardinal Altieri was here last evening, but, unluckily, I was not at home. Monseigneur Bedini made me a long visit this morning. Through Archbishop Hughes, Monseigneur Talbot is also one of my visitors, and also the Archbishop of Halifax; and last, though not least, Dr. Smith, Rector of the Irish College, is quite a friend of mine. Through all these, I endeavor to gain as much insight as I can of the Romish Church, which, like many other things of lesser note, has two sides. Monseigneur Talbot is the son of Lord Talbot, of M., and the companion and private secretary of the Pope. He looks very English, but he has a most amiable face and gentlemanly manners. I think I have mentioned Mrs. Dickenson, too, an English lady, exceedingly clever. She knows Rome well, and I owe to her some charming excursions. She came in a few moments since, to invite me to join her in a drive to-morrow, to see some new exhumation of ruins at a few miles distance, and in my next I hope

to tell you about it. I have tranquil enjoyment in the intellectual and æsthetic life which I have had here, such as I have never known before. I seem to breathe a congenial and kindred atmosphere, not excited, but calm and satisfying. If you were but with me, my contentment would be complete.

March 4, 1855.

On Wednesday, we went, as was proposed, to the church and catacombs of St. Alexander, which, although authentic histories have always existed of the spot, had, through the fearful ruin occasioned by the barbarian incursions, been lost sight of for more than a thousand years, and were only recently discovered, last year, by the continued entreaties of Mons. Guidi, Archæologist to the Vatican, who was guided by the records referred to. Seven miles outside the walls, on the Nomentana road (which, in many parts, is still in fine preservation, the huge blocks lying as compactly as if laid there a year ago), is the spot where, say these records, St. Peter used, under cover of a catacomb, which had a secret opening, to baptize the early converts, who were known to each other to be Christians. About the close of the first century, the third or fourth successor of St. Peter was found baptizing, and, with his deacon and sub-deacon, whose names are also given, was beheaded at the spot, in order to strike terror into the Christians.

The description which follows, of Mosaic pavements, wall painting, lachrymatories, funeral vases, etc., is but what the lapse of years since then has disclosed to the many visitors to these wonderful remains of early Christian worship. On this occasion, as on many others, Mrs. Peter was so fortunate as to be under the guidance of Signor Guidi, which gave her many opportunities for gratifying her own superior penetration, and finding out many things which would be passed by the less observant visitor. The impression made upon her was deep, and

tended to strengthen the already strong inclination to the Church of Rome. She says :

Most of these paintings are of much merit, and were executed, according to their dates, in the first and second centuries, before the great decline of art. Signor Rossi told us that he had found upward of ten thousand inscriptions, all of the first three centuries after Christ, furnishing undoubted records of great value. I saw as many of these stories, prayers both to and for the dead, and also invocations for the prayers of the saints. The learned claim to receive the strongest proofs of these and other dogmas denied by the Protestants, and I can not deny their truth. If the early Christians of the first three centuries are right, then we are wrong? Even in the clerical vestments, a particular of less importance, the Romanists are nearer than we; and it is strange that it has been reserved to this late period for the earth herself to reveal to us these facts, with others, throwing light upon some of the most solemn rites in dispute between Protestant and Catholic.

March 11, 1855.

During the last three months, a change has been gradually coming over my mind, which also may affect your objects in life. Do you remember how often I have said (though, indeed, it might have been said to Mr. Peter, and not to yourself), in relation to the impression I had received during my stay in Jerusalem, and other parts of Palestine, and that had I first seen the Catholic Church in Jerusalem, I should long ago have been a Catholic. There, for the first time, I saw a glimpse of the interior of the system. I often thought of it, and the profound faith, and Christian love, I witnessed among the acquaintances I there made, and of their undoubting trust, their martyr-like devotion to their church. But I had been brought up an Anglican, if not a Protestant, and taking precisely the view that Unitarians take of us, I wondered that people of such

high intellects and extensive information, could bend their minds to superstitious usages, worthy only of children, and I was thankful that a higher light shone into my soul. Yet, after months spent in popish countries, accustomed every day to seeing people who, without talking about it, lived by faith, and not by sight, when again I looked upon England and America, it seemed as if faith had departed. All this I had often talked of at Philadelphia, yet saw no cause to go further. Arriving here, I duly placed myself under the pastoral care of the rector of the English congregation (a sensible man, but very English and unapproachable), and paid my dues. Soon after, from your letters, I saw that the object which brought me here, was, for the present, at an end, and not wishing to waste my time altogether, and weary of the nonsense around me, I began to think of looking a little nearer into the working of the Romish church. In society I met with some of the good old bishops, whose fervent piety (so far as human eye could see) had greatly interested me on our stormy passage from Marseilles here. They were all exceedingly kind and plain in their replies to my questions, instructing me also where to go for further information. I soon found, as I believe, every candid mind must find, that a mist of error surrounded me, that I had mistaken tinsel for gold; that, like other Protestants, I had boldly pronounced judgment upon things of which I was either wholly ignorant, or deceived by false information. Do not imagine, my beloved child, for a moment, that I have been swayed about by any one. Nobody seems to have supposed me so spiritually engaged as to think of taking either measure or persuasion for my conversion. Yet here, when daily I touch the dust made holy by the blessed army of martyrs, whose faith, so far as the earliest records attest (and, providentially, they are abundant both in books and stones to a degree I never dreamed of), is still maintained in all its fervor and purity by their successors at this moment—here, if anywhere, a pious soul may hope for the blessing of God on sincere and fervent prayers

for guidance into the way of His truth. As yet, I prosecute most prayerfully my researches both in the doctrines and practice of the church, without however, communicating my impression to my acquaintances, except the Aldens, who are honorable people. When I come home, I trust, by the Divine aid, to enter steadily upon the prosecution of some of those good works for the bodies and souls of men, which it has always been in my heart to do if I could have had adequate assistance. Under the care of a church which provides food and work for all her children, I shall have helpers. I earnestly desire to have your thoughts upon the change in my faith, which must have both astonished, and I fear, shocked you. My only regret is (besides my grief for the transient pain it may inflict upon you), that you have not been here, and dear M., to accompany me, step by step, in this, my progress, to "a more excellent way" than that in which we have been brought up.

Among the infinite number of opportunities offered by the Catholic Church for gaining strength in faith, are what are called "retreats," opportunities for thought and recollection, and are most often accepted during Lent. Through the kindness of Archbishop Hughes, Mrs. Peter was enabled to make her first retreat in the beautiful convent of Trinita di Monte, the great convent at Rome of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. Here Mrs. Peter found tranquillity and every aid in preparing herself for the step she was to take. She had placed herself under the guidance of the Abbé Mermillod, a distinguished ecclesiastic from Geneva. Mrs. Peter says:

I am the occupant of a nice little dormitory in the Convent of Trinita di Monte, on the Pincian hill, and quite near my lodgings, and thus I have an opportunity of entering into the very arcanum of Roman Catholic life.

In speaking of the Abbé Mermillod she says :

I have never heard a preacher so well prepared as he. He seems to be one of that happy class, the pure and holy constitution of whose minds has preserved them, from earliest youth, from those temptations which always leave a stain, even where resisted ; and to this he adds a pleasing exterior, and a mind so filled out and adorned with a thorough knowledge of all that belongs to his profession, that I regard him with veneration. The sweet calm of the convent, overlooking the troubled city, but raised above it, seems really to lift one's mind to Heaven. It consists of an immense range of buildings, three stories high, in the form of a quadrangle, with a large court in the midst, surrounded by cloisters, or as we should call them, porches, having groined arches and many frescoes, some of them of rare merit. A large and handsome church, filled with fine pictures, extends along one side, and looks across the Campo Marzo (Campus Martius), now all built up, to St. Peter's and the Vatican—on the left of which the Janiculum stretches its length covered with vegetable gardens, and crowned with churches, while on the right is the more distant and lofty Monte Mario, above which, it is said, appeared that vision which convinced Constantine. The view is inexpressibly beautiful, and was enjoyed by Salvator Rosa, whose house is near by, and whose body lies buried in the church, much as we see it now. Nicolo Poussin, who passed his life within a few feet of our convent, is also buried here. The hill is ascended from the Piazza di Spagna by, I think, about 170 steps (a magnificent stairway), and the gardens behind the convent are entered from the third story. These gardens are more beautiful than I can describe, and from them I daily gaze upon the view, of which I give you but a faint outline. They are filled with fruit and ornamental trees, flowers, and kitchen vegetables, and contain many acres; and as they adjoin the lands of the French Academy on one side, and the Villa Ludovici on the other, they appear more

extensive still. The highest order of beauty, however, is within. The nuns are of the order of the Sacred Heart. Some are ladies of the highest noble families, and others are servitors, wearing a different dress. The sisters wait upon themselves, but these do the work of the house, and are attendants upon the other inmates. All have such happy faces. See those women when you will, and you will remark that the beauty of holiness beams forth from every feature.* There are, I think, about fifty in all—they have some hundreds of children, in the house and out to educate, besides the young ladies of high rank who are educated in the convent—so that they are all busy enough. The superior and her chief assistants are French ladies of high education and great mental abilities. Truly it is a gratification to any one favoring the idea of “woman’s rights” to see how great a part these ladies have to perform, and accomplish their work so well. The usual services are held in the church every day, and of late the archbishop of Mayence has officiated. Cardinal Patrizi (the cardinal vicar), was here on a visit of duty a day or two since, and now and then the Pope himself drops in to see how they are getting on in their work, and thus in cheerful industry their days pass on—a part of each day being carefully preserved for prayer and meditation. Do not imagine, my dear child, I am under any sort of excitement. You who know that in matters of moment I am not wanting in steadiness may feel assured that I feel the strength of the ground upon which I stand. I have for years been restless and unhappy on finding that the views held and taught by our church could not satisfy me, and my unhappiness arose from my own self-accusations, because I was not satisfied. Many others, I doubt not, live and die with the same habitual self-condemnation, yet never suspect the cause; and now as I come nearer to the clear light of truth, I wonder that I should always have been so near, and yet never discovered it. I dare say you will feel no little surprise to hear all these things, and wonder how I should now know about subjects hitherto un-

known to me; but I have had excellent opportunities to learn, and fearful internal difficulties to overcome, before I could separate my better judgment from the mass of error which overlaid it. I say nothing of the struggles in my conscience: my horrible fears of being misguided by illusions, but which seem gradually to be dissipated by the light of a clearer faith.

Mrs. Peter made her abjuration privately in the Church of the Trinita di Monte the last Sunday in March, Monseigneur Bedini and Monseigneur Talbot officiating. Very few persons were present. Monseigneur Bedini had requested the Abbé Mermillod to be allowed to assist.

It is not difficult to trace in Mrs. Peter's letters her growing interest in the Church of Rome, and yet those most intimately acquainted with her life and mode of thought were unprepared for the final step of renunciation and the entrance upon hitherto untrodden paths; in her view, a return to "old ways." Mrs. Peter was not impulsive in making the change. She looked carefully, and took her steps with caution, for she knew there were many difficulties to be encountered; and most anxiously did she await the letter from her son, which would communicate the extent of his sympathy with her in the step she had taken. She could not doubt his devoted love and respect, and yet she so well knew his turn of thought that she could not hope for his entire concurrence. No alienation could be anticipated between two hearts so well blended, and yet a difference on this one important point she looked upon with anxious interest. The letters written at this time were of a nature too sacred for other eyes than those for whom they were intended. Sufficient for others to know that though their paths in church life were destined to be apart, side by side did mother and son move on, each trusting in the other with deepest

love and respect, and sympathy in all that was truest and best. Every thing seemed to combine to place all connected with the Church of Rome in fairest view before her. An invisible Hand seemed to be leading her by ways into which she silently passed without any effort on her own part. Surely there was nothing to regret in a conclusion which brought such peace and happiness to herself, and a life so charitable and helpful to the unfortunate of her race. The most bigoted Protestant must admit that the Church of Rome holds out efficient aids and encouragements to her children in charitable work that the Protestant churches fail to give.

Mrs. Peter had, all through life, been a many-sided woman, capable of entertaining, at the same time, various ideas, and of carrying out divers works. Even now, with all the enthusiasm of her nature aroused on the grandest of all subjects for human thought, we see her giving time to the original purpose of her present visit to Europe, and had not the disaster come in the financial affairs of the academy, we should find her work in its interest still carefully and efficiently carried out. We see constantly, through her letters, evidence of regret that she is not free to make purchases in Italy, where such treasures of art abound, and just at the time, she writes, when all Europe was upheaved by the Crimean war, preventing the usual influx of strangers into Rome, especially the English and the Russians, with their full purses, many valuable pictures were to be had at almost absurdly moderate prices.

She writes of Balze's work on the "School of Athens:."

Balze's picture (the School of Athens) is wonderfully well done, so far, and every one says it could not be better, and

this is saying a great deal. I have asked Mr. Crawford to make me a drawing of a device for the seal of the school, which, when I get it, I will inclose to you for approval, and if there is time I can also have it exquisitely cut here. Mr. Crawford's genius grows constantly, and I thought you would like to have something from him. In consequence of your advices, I have bought a picture for myself, which, for some time past, I have regarded with longing eyes. It is an original by Baroccio, and about three hundred years old. It belonged to the gallery of the Cardinal Lambruschini, who died a year ago, and his pictures are now offered for sale. The subject is a rare one for its time, being treated more after the romantic than the monastic school. It is about the size of my Madonna, by Murillo, and represents the carpenter's shop of Joseph, who holds a heavy board, perpendicularly raised on his table, with his left hand, and in the right an adze, with which he trims its rough edges. The Virgin sits near employed in making lace, a part of which (guipure) falls on her lap, and a basket is at her feet, containing the implements of her work. The Savior, represented as a sweet child of eight or nine years, is diligently employed in sweeping the shavings and chips which have accumulated under the table, while the Virgin regards him with tenderness, and Joseph with deep attention. The adjuncts are all pleasing, and I think it a charming picture. There are several pictures in the collection worthy of admiration, and as they must be sold within a given time, and as this is for the artists perhaps the worst season within their memory, they sell for less than half their value.

The calm of decision having now come into Mrs. Peter's life, we find her letters full of joy and peace. Writing on the 23d of April from the Trinita di Monte, she says:

My kind friends at the Trinita di Monte have consented to

receive me as a boarder, and I hope to remain here until I leave Rome. They have given me two rooms, opening into each other, and looking down upon the pretty gardens, which are bounded by the Villa Medici, now Academie Francaise, which I have heretofore described. Beyond this, the view extends along the beautiful grounds, adorned with trees and flowering shrubs, which cover Monte Pincio; then looking across the tops of the houses, variegated with steeples and towers that lie below, the view extends to the now darkly green Monte Mario. When I was last here the spring was just budding forth. Now it is in its full glory and freshness. It delights me to see so many familiar flowers so far away from home. The lilacs here are just as large and well to do, and the tulips as flaunting and fine, and the lilies of the valley as pretty and modest in their white and green, and the johnny jump-ups as flaming and saucy, and the violets as sweet, and the mignonettes as dainty as they used to be at Adena. Nor must the forth-putting snow-balls be forgotten, only they are not so much admired here, and do n't hold their pert heads so high; but I am glad to see them, and think of those I first saw, some forty years ago, when a school-girl at Winchester, Virginia. I can not imagine what it is that carries me so far back, but this spring reminds me more of that, which I passed there than any that I remember; and yet, except these flowers, there is not a single point of association. It is true, my health is excellent, and my spirits, I suppose, derive some additional exuberance from this cause; and then, never have I known a spot so congenial to me as this dear old Rome, where every want finds itself supplied. And such society! If I were always to live here, I fear the dread of death would grow upon me, for there is so much to enjoy.

Mrs. Peter's life was to be very full for the remaining days at Rome. She had planned for her return journey a short tour through the Apennines, and a visit to the

Holy Shrine of Loretto, and some of the towns along the Adriatic, where were the earliest Greek settlements in Italy. To do this, she was compelled to abbreviate her stay in Rome, and much was to be compressed in a short period, but she was in fine physical condition, a free mind, and a heart at rest; and, withal, peacefully situated, without a care, with the good sisters of the Trinita di Monte. We find a charming account given in a letter at the time of a visit made to the Catacombs of St. Agnese, under the guidance of the learned Father Marchi :

He is engaged now in writing a great work on the faith of the early Christians, as derived in part from these records. He explained to me the symbolism contained in the frescoes. I scarcely know how it is that such important facts have not been published to the world long ago. As yet the only reliable account is written in Latin.

Mrs. Peter also described a great celebration at one of the convents of the Sacré Coeur, on a slope of the Janiculum :

Mde. Lioné is the superior of this convent, and head of the order in Rome. There were to be five sisters to assume the black veil, and two to enter their novitiates, so that every one who could gain admittance wished to go. Several of the candidates were of noble birth, and it is singular that five different nations were represented. The Cardinal Vicar Patrizi officiated, assisted by Monseigneur Talbot and others.

Then follows a detailed account of a ceremony often described; but such functions at Rome are always more impressive than elsewhere :

I give this description for dear M.'s benefit. It is better

calculated to interest her than you. Monsignor Talbot, at my request, had obtained permission for me to visit the Convent of the Good Shepherd (for degraded women), near by, and thither we proceeded. It is an immense edifice, which is occupied by female criminals of all ages and character, and it seems to be excellently well managed. I think much of this work, and of making an endeavor to plant the order in Cincinnati. I hope to occupy the rest of my days in this good work, which has always been near my heart, for the poor Magdalens; and, after leaving Rome, I think of passing some weeks at Angers, in France, where there is what is called a mother house. I now know I shall have help enough in this good work, or any other I may fix upon. My life here at the convent is as pleasant as the heart can desire, and you may imagine the self-denial it costs me to leave it. I come in and out and receive visits at pleasure, and all sorts of kindness from the dear, good, sensible, and most ladylike sisters. A few days since, I was enabled to do a service for them, which resulted in much pleasure to myself. They are having made by Hoffman (son-in-law of Overbeck), a statue of our Lord; and wishing to hear of its progress, and seldom going abroad themselves, they asked me to make the artist a visit, and to report the condition of the statue. I am well known at Overbeck's, and I am always received quite as a friend. The statue is nearly completed; and after looking at many beautiful things, I was emerging into the large garden which surrounds the house, when three or four rather plain-looking men approached. The eldest, who was a little in advance, was an old and common-looking person. He inquired of Hoffman, if Overbeck was within; and this other, merely touching his hat and replying affirmatively, continued to accompany me to the gate. This old man, whom I meet every day walking about the streets, is Louis, ex-king of Bavaria, brother of two queens and father of two kings, and creator of the wonders of art which have made his capital, Munich, renowned. What with the decayed splendors of ancient mag-

nificence, and seeing so much of modern royalties here at Rome, we have daily lessons, and most practical, upon the vanity of wordly ambition. I can not tell you how many royalties have visited the Eternal City this winter, and I do not suppose any one takes the trouble to enumerate the grand dukes and princes—their appearance is too frequent to excite observation, and the habits of the court here are so severely simple that there is no room for display. The grandest dress worn by the Pope, out of church, is a white serge (not of the finest), with the insignia of the episcopal order, a gold chain and cross, and a sapphire ring; and his reception room is destitute of every ornament or luxury. The vestments belonging to the church, for divine worship, are often superb, but these are for the *minister at the altar*, not for the man. I mentioned to you at Christmas, I think, that the Queen of Spain had presented to the Pope a tiara covered with diamonds, and valued at one hundred thousand dollars. Wishing to found a house of industry for the poor, and having no private funds to draw upon, and no right to use the public purse, the Pope sold the tiara, and the new institution is already in operation. If I have time, I shall go to see it. I have bought for M. a very handsome set of mosaics, and I am considering an exquisite little statue of St. Cecilia. I am wonderfully tempted to purchase many things, but the financial troubles in Cincinnati make me cautious. God bless you both.

At last the moment comes for Mrs. Peter to leave her beloved Rome, and all the charms and fascinations which have enthralled her great nature. One can but feel regret that this must be, and yet the life at Rome was to her a mainly receptive one. The fulfilment of her mission was in an opposite direction. To give out, to help others, was her life work, and we find always, in the full tide of individual enjoyment, indications that the great end at last must be to arm herself for the

struggle in the battle for human welfare. Now she went forth fully equipped, ready for the work which might develop before her. Her plans were not fully matured, but we see from her letters that her thoughts turned to the poor Magdalens, always with her, as friendless outcasts, subjects of deepest pity. The objective point of her journeyings now would be the Mother House of the Order of the Good Shepherd, at Angers, France. This might be reached directly in a few days, and one less earnest in gaining experiences might have thought of only the one great object; but Mrs. Peter, as we have had occasion before to notice, was a many-sided woman. She had trained herself into the power of freeing herself from any one fixed thought, and now even the absorbing religious interest, which had come into her life, did not enslave her. Before passing out of Italy, Mrs. Peter had determined to make a tour into the heart of the Apennines, and to visit some of the old Greek settlements on the eastern side, washed by the waters of the Adriatic gulf. In her route she was to take Subiaco and Loretto, two places sacred in the eyes of all Catholics, the first as the home of St. Benedict and his sister Scholastica*, who had there founded convents many centuries ago. Her own letters will now be our most interesting guide. Before leaving Rome, Mrs. Peter made some additional purchases of works of art for herself and for her son. She says:

I have bought an altar piece by the master of Ghirlandaio (pre Raphaelite), which I consider myself very fortunate in securing, for there must be very few, if any, like it in our country. The other is beautiful, but modern, an exquisite

*The second was the holy shrine of "Our Lady of Loretto."

contrast of age and childhood, by Minardi, president of the Roman College of St. Luke, now a very old man. It represents St. Anna instructing the Virgin, a child of eight or ten years, to pray. St. Anna is a portrait of the artist's mother, and the picture was painted as a grateful acknowledgment to Cardinal Lambruschini, and presented to him by the artist. At the death of the cardinal, it was sold, and many other fine pictures, among them the one I bought last winter. I do not remember whether I have mentioned a copy, by Balzé, of Raphael's St. Catherine. It is thought the very best of his smaller pictures. I have also bought a little picture of great merit, the death of St. Joseph, and also a little Madonna and child, quite Raphaelesque. In all I have bought six pictures of uncommon merit, all originals, except the St. Catherine. I have also gratified M.'s taste for the antique in the purchase of three very fine Etruscan vases, for which I have had to pay — (do not be too much shocked). When I tell you that one of them is the finest that has been offered for sale in Rome this winter, you will be surprised, not at how much, but at how little you must pay for your treasures. M.'s vases are really finer than three-fourths of those that decorate the finest galleries, and if they reach home safely, she may wear a "feather in her cap" as their honorable proprietor. On one of these vases, I recollect there is a sketch of great value. In short, if you do not enjoy a rich banquet of taste in these productions, you must lay it to the account of your own want of perception. I am quite uplifted by the enjoyment I anticipate from you and M.

PART III.

SUBIACO, *May 31, 1855.*

We left Rome yesterday morning about seven o'clock, Mrs. and Miss Leslie, Miss Gebune and myself. My excellent friend, Madame Cesari, superior of the convent of Trinita

di Monte, called me herself at five o'clock, and saw that my breakfast was served in season, and having found some interesting details about Subiaco, she read them to me while I breakfasted; and would carry my bag herself to the door, to see me off. This is but one of the many evidences of her kindness which I might relate, and she is kind to every creature which approaches her. If you have a map of Rome look for the Porta San Lorenzo, for out of this gate we sallied in a very nice carriage, driven by Giuseppe, a coachman, with whose good qualities and polite manners I am well acquainted. We passed the ancient church and convent of St. Eusebio, on the left, and soon after the Basilica of San Lorenzo, built on the spot of the saint's horrible martyrdom, and then we were fully launched on the great Campagna, now covered with rich verdure, variegated with flowers and shrubs in full bloom. The sheep, and their skin-clothed shepherds, had withdrawn their picturesque groups from the landscape, and their accustomed haunts were now populous with busy peasants, chattering while they plied their antique hoes in stirring the soil. The dresses of these people, as well as their attitudes, constantly place before the eyes a series of pictures. The women wear the squarish, heavy, white cotton handkerchief over the head, and hanging down the back, which you have seen in Italian costumes, with white chemise reaching above the bodice, and long, full sleeves. The bodice is usually of some gay color, different from the petticoat, which is short and full. The men have sugar-loaf hats and scarlet waistcoats, with breeches and sometimes stockings. If they have a jacket, at this season, it is flung across the shoulders. I sat out on the box with the coachman, as well to give more room to those within as to see the country. The Campagna resembles a little our western prairies, only that it is more rolling, and the mountains of the Abruzzi, the Sabine hills, Monte Cavi, etc., rise all along one side, while the sea is on the other; and besides the great stalking ruins of the aqueducts which stride over it, there the eye never loses sight of

rude masses of ruins or tombs. As the malaria always prevails more or less, there are few houses to be seen. A great deal of grass is grown, and this is the hay-making season. The real intent of my journey commenced on reaching Tivoli, for a description of which I refer you to former letters. Here we entered the heights of Abruzzi, following the course of the pretty Anio, which, for its "mill privileges," would cause the "eyes to water" of many an American speculator. Its native population, however, pay very little attention to these advantages, which might prove sources of great wealth. I saw but one little flour mill and one cotton mill at Subiaco. The scenery grew wilder and wilder as we passed on, and the valley, now so peaceful, recalled many a fearful feud during the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the Colonna and Orsini, who made it little better than a battle-ground, and each village was a fortress. The highest and most inaccessible peaks were selected, as the easiest of defense, and their descendants continue to occupy the same inconvenient positions. About forty-five miles distant eastwardly from Rome, turning the angle of a forest-covered hill, the peak on which Subiaco is lifted up met our sight, like a lofty and sharp cone, having a background of the wildest mountain tops that we had yet seen. It was to this wilderness that St. Benedict, the patron of the western Cenobites, betook himself, when a student at Rome, in the year 440, that he might better devote his days entirely to prayer and meditation. His sister Scholastica was also a very remarkable person, and an abbess of a convent of the Order of the Benedictines. Madame Cesari had furnished me with a letter, and I was hospitably received at the grate of the convent by the abbess, the noble Giltroda, and two of her maidens, all of equally noble training. They looked well and happy, and chatted quite like other well-bred ladies. They also sent me, through a dumb waiter, a glass of delicious lemonade, and plate of cake. Leaving them, I mounted the topmost peak, where is situated the Cardinal's palace, looking like a citadel.

LORETTO, *June 18th.*

Here I am, within a few steps of the world-renowned "Notre Dame de Loretto," weather-bound for the first time in all my travels, I believe. My next stopping place, Ancona, is of too high interest to pass by, and the heavy rain would be a great discomfort to my sight-seeing, and so I make up my mind to stay a day longer at this wonderful shrine. I find I have grown tired of traveling merely to see sights, and yet I will not allow myself to pass by any objects of great interest that happen to fall in my way. The history of this place is wonderful, and its wonders have been so carefully attested and sifted as to remove all reasonable doubts.* So marvelous are these things that, though verified, I am reluctant to recount to you.

I came here from Subiaco in the mail coach, which carries only one passenger, the ladies who were to have taken a carriage with me having been so foolishly frightened by flying reports of cholera that almost at the last moment they broke their contract, and thus I am alone and independent. The good sisters at the convent gave me letters here, which I find very useful. I perceive a difference between the eastern and western slopes of the Apennines that I was not prepared for. I had fancied that the sluggish habits of the inhabitants of the Campagna di Roma belonged to the whole population; but no sooner did I enter the mountains than I discovered a remarkable activity, especially in agricultural pursuits; great orchards of olive and mulberry trees; immense quantities of silk are produced; the country is like a garden. The mountains, too, were less rugged than I expected, resembling our own Alleghenies, in being wooded to the top.

Around Spoleto the landscape is magnificent. It is a thousand pities I was not born in an old country, for all my natural tastes lie in that direction, while I find so little congeniality in the raw, crude ways of a new people; still, if they will only let me feel that my life is not wasted in useless nonentities I shall get on. I hope my next date may show

* For full accounts see "Hare's Walks Near Rome."

me safe and well at Milan. In the intermediate time, *Deo volente*, I shall be quite thrown back into the Middle Age cities—a rare delight for me.

ANCONA, June 20, 1855.

I have fairly donned my traveler's cap again—*me voici*—in the old Roman times, and afterward the scene of many a feud in the “glorious” times of the Italian Republic, when the chief glory of men was to destroy each other. It dates back to a more remote period than the Roman, to certain Syracusans, who fled from the tyranny of Dionysius. Almost the only thing left of the Roman dominion is a triumphal arch, erected to Trajan's memory by his wife and daughter. This was A. D. 112, and is of marble.

I left Loretto about one o'clock this morning with real regret. Having made the acquaintance of one of the clergy through my friends at the convent, he introduced others to me, who called each in turn, so that every advantage was offered to me to know the town. I came over eighteen miles in a little carriage. My friends had taken care to secure for me an honest vetturino. They ceased not their care for me until they had seen me safely in my carriage, and prayed for my safe journey. Not one word of English have I heard since I left Rome, and I have grown so accustomed to foreign tongues that I do not feel the want of it. The country between this and Loretto is more thoroughly cultivated, *i. e.*, made to produce more than any I have ever seen. It is generally undulating, with occasional hills easy of ascent, which, from their height, give the eye the command of an immense and exquisitely beautiful landscape. Mulberry and vines, olives, pomegranates, and fig trees, broad fields of wheat or Indian corn covering the soil, give to the extended scene the gayest dresses. The roads were full of people moving to and fro about their affairs in their picturesque costumes. Girls in their pretty straw hats and gay bodices guarding sheep; men in their long smocks and bright-colored waistcoats working or driving their mouse-colored oxen; women filing

after each other here and there with Greek-looking vases of water or broad baskets on their heads, and then the pretty white cottages that spring up over the whole broad land, to which they direct their steps. Altogether, it is the sweetest scene of the kind I have ever seen. Always will my memory rest with delight upon the Arcadian scenery I have passed through to-day. Beautiful! beautiful land! And then the soft shores of the Adriatic bathe it so gently.

PESARO, *June 21st.*

Just let your eye run northwardly along the Adriatic coast, and the third place after Ancona is Pesaro. The country continues to be richly cultivated, but not quite so pretty, to Sinigaglia, where I stopped two hours (I travel alone in my little carriage, so am independent) to deliver a letter to the Marchese di Baviera from her daughter, one of the nuns at the convent, who begged me to see her mother. I was guided to a grand looking old palace, with a broad marble staircase, supported by Corinthian columns, where I found the object of my search. I was most cordially welcomed by the old lady and her daughter who is still with her. She insisted I should rest, and offered me a bed-room to repose myself, water or refreshments, or any thing I would have. When they found I would stay a couple of hours, they claimed me for their luncheon, and I consented. Two other ladies were sent for, and here I was in this medieval palace quite like an habitu  of the house, chatting familiarly with a bevy of Italian gentlefolk—very agreeable people, too. Sinigaglia is noted as being the birth-place of many distinguished people. You know of Madame Catalini, Pio Nono, and Monsignor Bedini. In a walk I passed the family habitations of the two latter. The Pope's family are of high distinction; the Bedini much respected and beloved. My next halting place was Fano, built on the ancient Fano Fortuna, a little town I had never heard of before, but possessing treasures and wonders of art in the churches and elsewhere that are

not to be found out of Italy. If I am ever again in search of pictures, I shall come directly to Fano, for I think I have seen a larger proportion of works of merit than anywhere else. There is also a white marble arch built by Augustus, and added to by Constantine, in fine preservation. This is just the season of the silk harvest, and the country people are busy in gathering and reeling the cocoons. Before entering Fano, which, like all the others, is a walled city, the coachman stopped at a little wayside church, where he said was an image of a miraculous Virgin (picture). I entered and found the place filled with native offerings of the poor people. Houses are scattered thickly over the landscape, giving an idea of much domestic comfort. They are all washed in white or pink or parti-colors. The Adriatic is covered with sloops and small fishing vessels, which look like butterflies in the distance. Pesaro is a town of importance. The house of Tasso, father and son, still exists. The house where Rossini was born is marked by a tablet which records the fact and date. Rossini, like a man of taste, prefers Bologna, where he lives in great state. Pesaro is the center of the silk trade; and just now, as the poor martyr worms are finishing their work, the country is filled with joy in reaping the harvest. The roads are thronged with drays loaded with baskets full of cocoons. The houses in which the silk is reeled are as gay as a merry-making. Women and girls are employed, and the work is light and easy. They sing in concert while they work, and one may pass a half hour very pleasantly among them.

RIMINI.

The drive from Pesaro is exceedingly beautiful. The country is rather more hilly, and the effect afforded by the gentle slopes is often rather curious. For instance, there will be a crop of oats or some other verdure. Out of this will spring rows of mulberry trees. Near these are grapevines which hang in most graceful festoons from tree to tree, and with a little fancy, at a distance one almost sees them move

as the carriage drives along, dancing in a sort of *chassez de chassez*, a forward and back to each other, gallantly leading up the ladies. I have positively laughed to see them. The earth is made to contribute more than her due share. Not even in the Low Countries have I seen cultivation so complete. I wish some one would come and write more fully about these people. They deserve to be better known. They truly scatter plenty over a smiling land. Pesaro was plundered of its works of art by the French. The only thing of great note in that way now is a collection of old Piette di Faenza, of the same kind as my very fine "Sale of Joseph." It has churches, however, which would be thought wonderful out of Italy. On the way, we passed a villa long occupied by the unfortunate Queen Caroline of England, and entered Rimini under a noble arch of white marble constructed by Augustus. Poor Francesca di Rimini is ever in my thoughts, though there exists no tomb, no memorial. The site of the spot where she met her sad fate is even disputed. The Cathedral, built by Sigismond Malatesta and Matilda, his wife, contains a tomb on which is an inscription in honor of noble and heroic women of that house, but no name is designated. This is one of the finest churches in Italy, rich in paintings and a wealth of sculpture. It is hardly conceivable. I was glad again to see Gothic arches. In the market-place there is a little round chapel built on the spot where the good St. Anthony of Padua used to preach, and through the open grate the picture is seen of the saint, when the people neglected listening to him, preaching to the fishes who, so far as the picture is worthy as testimony, were an animated and attentive audience. I saw in the distance the high black mountain on the summit of which is perched San Marino, and to-morrow I shall go there simply for your amusement to tell you about it. For myself I am no lover of republics, and I doubt not they would have been better off to have lived like other people around them.

RAVENNA.

Well, I have returned from my pilgrimage to the only European Republic that has survived. Fourteen hundred years have passed since the good Christian Marino, the deacon, fled to that inaccessible height to escape the Diocletian persecution. The fame of the sanctity of the holy anchorite spread far and wide. The princess who owned the mountain presented it to him. When he was thus enriched, instead of founding a convent, as was the mode in those times, he set up a republic! It is the wildest height I have seen in the Apennines. The village (called a city), is on a precipitous perch, just wide enough for a narrow street, and a row of houses on either side. There is but one road to it, and for the last six or eight hundred feet it is impracticable for carriages. I called on the one man of distinction that it contains, Signor Borghese, an archeologist, who has a fine collection of ancient medals, and a good library. He is an adopted citizen however, and not a native. These seldom rise above the common walks of life. Signor B. tells me the people, some seven thousand in number, are happy and contented, and quite like one family. In the course of a year there are, perhaps, not a dozen strangers who visit the place, and my arrival created quite a sensation. Men, women and children, ran from all quarters to witness the unwonted spectacle, and for the time, your mother was undoubtedly "the glass of fashion and the mold of form." I dare say my dress, at least, will be quoted for the next six months; and as I happened to wear one of those appendages to my bonnet—an English "Ugly," I shall not be surprised to hear from the next visitor that the republicannesses of San Marino, like womankind elsewhere, have pronounced it the very latest "*mode de Paris*." They have lately built a very pretty church, which is filled with sculptures and casts of high merit, and several paintings are also really good. The village is clean, but it has a solitary look—not for want of people, but there seems to be so little business of any kind. They say they need employment; but

they might find more, if they chose, in the fields, which are not so well cultivated as those of their neighbors. The country is beautiful. The road runs between rows of oaks, which would be fine, but that they are constantly topped for fuel, and have a stunted look—between them are the prettiest hedges possible, quite covered with flowering vines, sometimes composed entirely of pomegranates, which are now in magnificent bloom. Immense quantities of Indian corn are raised. Yesterday, in addition to all the rest, I saw quantities of flax. I should be sorry to form a rash judgment of our republican brothers, but it seems to me to be a marked change for the worse in their agricultural management. They have, however, very good reputation among their neighbors for probity and general good conduct. Supposing it was not to be had in America, I have purchased for you the history of this unique little state.

RAVENNA, *Sunday.*

This morning, using a travelers license, I came some thirty miles to this old Christian city, capital of the west under the lower empire. I seemed to be the only traveler. The Sunday would not have been kept more strictly in Connecticut. I set out at five o'clock, by way of getting through my journey early. The road was lined with peasants neatly and gayly dressed, on their way to church. I stopped at one, in a solitary spot, and though the exterior was unpromising, I was surprised to find it really beautiful within. There were excellent paintings; and the high altar, at which a priest was officiating, was of fine workmanship, and all in good taste. The church was full of peasants—the women all in front in pretty costumes, each wearing a small muslin shawl or veil, folded three cornered over her head. They are all more or less embroidered, and evidently of home manufacture. The men were ranged behind. Many were obliged to remain on the porch. Seeing that I was a stranger, they opened the way, and offered me the best place. Leaving these mannerly people at their devotions, I re-entered my

carriage, and soon after I reached the southern side of the Rubicon, which as I had no hostile intention, I passed without hesitation. The country began to grow flat, and then came the famous Pinila or pine forest, which used to supply the old Romans with their timber, and which has been sung from Dante to Byron. It extends some twenty-five miles along the Adriatic, and forms a beautiful feature in the scenery.

About three miles from Ravenna, I stopped to visit a remarkable church—St. Apollonarius—built in 534. It is the most complete of the ancient basilicas; and, what makes it still more remarkable, the walls are decorated, either in mosaic or painting, with the portraits, in unbroken succession, of the bishops and archbishops of Ravenna, beginning with St. Apollonarius, a disciple of St. Peter, who suffered martyrdom, A. D. 74. Ravenna is less changed than any other city of its time, and one ought to occupy a week or a month, while I can stay only two days. The place and the season are sickly, and I ought to hasten northward. What would I not give to have you and M. with me? No language is spoken in these cities but Italian. I have not heard a word of any other language for more than a week. All day I have been walking or driving about to see the remarkable things in this very remarkable town, and the most remarkable of all is, in this fussy, bustling age the “march of mind” has passed by without awakening it from its medieval usages. There is not a single newspaper published in Ravenna, though it contains more than ten thousand inhabitants. Yet they have in an eminent degree arts, letters, and manners.

The country, in one aspect, reminds me of Egypt, *i. e.*, the land is so low, that the roads are all raised like dikes. We are evidently approaching the Lagune country of Venice. In Caesar's time Ravenna was on the sea; now the sea has receded six miles. The library and museum are honorable to the town. They have some fifty thousand volumes, with a large collection of valuable manuscripts, one of which is a copy of the *Divina Commedia*, made by a son of Dante; also

some exquisitely illuminated missals, one of which belonged to poor Mary Stuart. They are all very proud of a unique copy of the Codex Aristophanis of the tenth century. The museum contains a rare collection of valuable things in art, science, and vertu. I wonder if we shall ever possess any thing comparable to it in Cincinnati. Half the money annually expended for superfluous newspaper trash would accomplish it in a few years. The Academy of Fine Arts is also of very high merit, having a school of design attached, where there are some students of high promise.

The mosaics here of the fifth and sixth centuries are the finest I have seen; they are well preserved. In the Church of St. Francesco are some fine monuments. The tomb of Dante is a sort of pavilion, standing alone, as it should do, so pure, so chaste.

IMOLA.

I left the very pleasant town of Ravenna about eight o'clock this beautiful morning, in my nice little carriage, and very smart young vetturino, Antonio, who seems to have acquired a great respect for me. In short, accustomed to the *faineant* ways of the Italian women, he evidently regards me as a "*grande signora*," and obeys me with an alacrity which is very comfortable to me. The houses often resemble those of the interior of Pennsylvania, and it is odd enough to find also the well-poles, common with us, having a weight at one end and the bucket at the other. The great brick ovens, too, for bread. I see many ways which strike me as being so like our habits that one might easily imagine them to have originated here. I stopped a few hours at Faenza, to see the cathedral, and gallery, and school of design. I had a great desire to bring M. a bit of "*porcelaine de faience*," as the French call it, but they asked such ridiculous prices that I gave it up, and came on to this pretty town which within this century has given two Popes to the Church—Pius VII. and Pius IX. The cathedral is beautiful—a magnificent structure, with a crypt of extraordinary workmanship. I feel there has been

so much to see in this little tour of mine that volumes could hardly describe. At Bologna, I shall betake myself to the diligence for greater speed. The entire contrast afforded on this side the Apennines to the other is inconceivable. I could linger on, and enjoy much; but not expecting this, I had ordered my letters to be sent to Milan, and I am very anxious to hear from you.

BOLOGNA.

Leaving Imola at six, I reached this solid-looking town about ten; and shaking off the dust which I had gathered, accompanied by an intelligent *valet de place*, I visited the Gallery of Painting, perhaps the finest among the second-best in Europe. It seems to me, that the proportion of fine paintings here is greater than in Rome, though there are none of the greatest. The country around is beautiful, and covered with country seats all along the beautiful slope of the Apennines. The Campo Santo, just below, is the finest in the world—a vast city of the dead. This town affords, in all respects, a great contrast to those I have just left. The “march of mind” is fully at work. Every hand seems busy. The people have a modernized look. I grieve that I must part with my good Antonio, the *vetturino*. To-morrow, I set off in the diligence for Parma. In the last ten days, I seem to have been out from the concerns of this life, in this quiet, sequestered tour that I have made, but it has been very pleasant to me. I hope this will reach you in safety, for my own sake, as well as yours, for I shall like to look over it again. I confess that I know not what I have written, for I have been obliged to make up my record always at night, when I am fatigued by the labors of the day. I have made nice collections of flowers, gathered every-where, and pressed as well as possible under the circumstances, for you and M. I had a large book made at Rome, on purpose. I gathered a pretty bouquet to-day. I now shall lose little time on the way, if I continue to be so prospered. I fear to say it, but in my travels every thing seems to go well with me. May God continue to bless

me, more for your sake than my own, for I dare say you often feel anxious for me when I have no fears for myself. May God guide and guard and bless you both.

PARMA.

Instead of going to bed, as a respectable woman should do, I shall have to be vagabondizing all night in a diligence, on my way way to Milan; and I avail myself of half an hour after dinner to record some notices of my morning excursions in the city of Correggio. As at Florence, Pisa, and elsewhere, the principal artistic attractions lie in the group containing the cathedral, the Baptistry, and the Campanile. The first dates from the tenth century, and was, consequently, old in Correggio's time; but it owes its chief attraction to his wonderful art. The frescoes are sadly damaged by time, by damp, and by dust, but enough remains to wonder at. The barbarism which seems to possess people at certain epochs is not to be accounted for, unless it may be the design of God that one generation shall destroy, in order that another may have an opportunity to produce. For instance, some twenty years or more ago, it was discovered that, under a coat of whitewash which covered certain chapels, there were paintings (frescoes). These were carefully freed from their covering, and exhibited very interesting and well-preserved series of frescoes of the thirteenth century; but in cleaning, some other coatings of whitewash were loosened, some half an inch thick, and falling off, disclosed earlier paintings—whose date can not be verified—from the places exposed, sometimes two feet or more square. They seem to be of higher merit than their successors, and there is some intention of removing the upper ones. From this, I crossed over to the great Farnese, a ducal palace. The courts below, as well as the open space in front, are crowded with people selling and buying silk in the cocoons. Through the crowd, I made my way up the grand staircase, to see the ducal gallery, library, antiquities, etc. There are many masterpieces in the first, admirably arranged.

The second contains one hundred and thirty thousand volumes, and the third many remarkable and curious things, all in excellent keeping.

MILAN.

On arriving here this morning about ten, I got into a carriage, all covered with dust as I was, and drove first to the banker's, where I hoped to find letters from home; nor was I disappointed, for yours of the 25th of May had followed me from Rome, and awaited my arrival to assure me that you were all well. Believe me, my dear child, when I tell you that in the midst of doubts and fears which shook my very soul, the trouble which, in spite of all assurances, this change would at first bring to R. and yourself was by no means the least. When I come home you will find our ties still stronger cemented. I have been led to the truth, my child, by a Hand that I know not of. If I were a priest I might feel it my duty to talk about the sword, etc., but this is not my vocation; yet I would devoutly hope it may be my vocation to dispel error of prejudice concerning things greatly misunderstood among us. You may rely upon it, I have not lightly yielded up old opinions. I have been again to-day to see that miracle of art, "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, which, when I was last here, seemed hopelessly ruined. Judge of my delight to find it quite clear and almost fresh, not by painting over, but by cleaning and picking off the daubs of former restorations. The face of our Lord is most exquisite in expression ever produced by man, and after having been nearly lost for generations, we have the delight of beholding it nearly as at first.

Sunday.—I went to early service this morning at the Church of St. Ambrose, and it was a great happiness to participate in the prayers and to hear the Ambrosian chants he composed.

DOMO D'OSSOLA.

Monday.—Woe is me that I have again fallen into the hands of the Swiss. Look on the map north of Lago Mag-

giore, and you will see I am on the great Simplon road, made by order of Napoleon, which I much desired to see; but if I had known the diligences were conducted by Swiss, I should have thought twice of it, at least, before I ventured into their rapacious and unscrupulous hands.

PARIS.

After staying three days at Lyons to nurse a cold I had taken on the Simplon, and a short stay at Geneva, I hurried on here. Thanks, dearest M., for your kind letter I received at the last mentioned place, and thanks for your kind invitation to stay with you this winter. I think I had better be in my own house.

Mrs. Peter having reached Paris safely after her many wanderings, determined to settle herself quietly for the few weeks she had still to remain on the continent. She had quite enough to give her life a significance beyond her personal comfort. The pictures copied for the academy had to be looked after, and business matters settled up. She had also to give a week of sight-seeing to Miss Peter, whom she had invited to join her in Paris. Mrs. King and her little boys, too, were there to receive her, so that her rest was to be the rest of change, not of repose. However, after the bustle of arrival had passed over, and Miss Peter's visit finished, little odds and ends for a perfect and satisfactory tour were to be taken up. Mrs. Peter determined to pass a few days in an excursion on the Loire, and to visit the old towns, Tours, Nantes, and Blois, including, also, Orleans. But traveling had become rather irksome to her, and this little detour bears more the aspect of duty done than any very great enjoyment; but with Mrs. Peter's great love for the time-honored, and now her devotion to the Catholic Church, there must have been much to interest her in these quaint old towns.

Evidently her heart yearned now for home and companionship with her family. She took passage on the steamship, "Baltic," which had once before borne her safely over the broad Atlantic, and she had the good fortune to have as *compagnons de voyage* her excellent friends, the Aldens, who were with her through so many charming weeks in Rome. The voyage was a prosperous one, and Mrs. Peter landed in New York on the 20th of September. A week later found her established in her charming home at the corner of Third and Lytle streets, Cincinnati, happy in having accomplished so much, and with vigor to go on in all the good work spread out before her.

The home Mrs. Peter now entered had been secured for her during her absence, though before her departure she had decided to take the house, if satisfactory arrangements could be made. It was a house suited to her needs, and, as the result proved, adapted well to future plans. In this comfortable and beautiful home, Mrs. Peter passed years of uninterrupted, peaceful life, in kindly hospitalities, charitable work, and in informing herself, and in developing her church ways and ideas. This lull seemed necessary to adapt herself to new environments, and after the roving life she had led for the last few years, the turbulence of the breaking up of old ideas preceding new convictions, the sorrows, the changes, she needed and enjoyed *rest*.

Mrs. Peter's family-circle was large. Sisters and brothers were still near her, and a score of nieces and nephews, whom she loved to gather around her; and, as they were in distant homes, it was not surprising that they often found it pleasant to accept her hospitality. Always on the lookout to aid, as well as to provide pleasures, she was a blessing to her family.

Mrs. Peter was not one to look over the heads of those about her to the far-off object, in exercising her charitable feeling. The near always commanded her interest, and she was the adviser, the ready helper, of all about her. Two young nephews at this time claimed her especial regard. Without deserving in its full sense to be called "*mauvais sujets*," they were beyond the control of their parents, and scorned the privileges of education offered.

Mrs. Peter at once determined to use her efforts, and gave time and money to engage their interest in the pursuit of better ways. For a while she was successful, but the result was a failure. The circumstance would not be mentioned, but to show this good lady's untiring endeavors to benefit all about her. This result was in striking contrast to an effort made during her residence in Philadelphia of a similar nature. She took to her home and care the son of a sister. He had lost both father and mother, and his early years had been passed in the then almost wilderness of Texas, where it was impossible for the advantages of education to be had. Every opportunity was now given him, and Mrs. Peter had the happiness to see the constant progress of the growing youth, and at last entire success in the profession he had chosen.

During this period, Mrs. Peter interested herself heartily in the work of the "Sisters of Charity," who had as their superior the good Sister Anthony, beloved by Catholic and Protestant. Her name will ever bring up thoughts of kindly acts and self-sacrifice. And with the "Sisters of Notre Dame," already established in their large convent on Sixth street, she had warm sympathies, and especially her personal relations with the charming Sister Louise opened out many ways of interest for her

in conversation with her family, and with a view to her family thought on her future, and the time of her plans were not far from the foundations, the

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in charitable work. In daily intercourse with her family, and with a heart at peace, she calmly thought on her future work, and there is little to record until her plans were matured, when began those grand foundations, the crowning glories of her charitable life.

**THIRD VISIT TO EUROPE, FOR THE
SISTERHOODS.**

1857-58.

22

*"A sense of an earnest will
To help the lowly living—
And a terrible heart-thrill,
If you have no power of giving;
An arm of aid to the weak,
A friendly hand to the friendless—
Kind words, so short to speak,
But whose echo is endless.
The world is wide, these things are small;
They may be nothing, but they are all."*

—MILNE.

*"Speak gently to the erring one; oh, do not thou forget,
However darkly stained with sin, he is thy brother yet;
Heir of the self-same heritage, child of the self-same God.
He hath but stumbled in the path, thou hast in weakness trod."*
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CHAPTER VII.

SISTERHOODS—GOOD SHEPHERD—SISTERS OF MERCY—FRANCISCAN SISTERS. PART II.—THIRD VISIT TO EUROPE—LETTERS FROM IRELAND, FRANCE, ITALY. PART III.—LETTERS FROM AUSTRIA, GERMANY, FRANCE, AND BELGIUM.

MRS. PETER's third visit to Europe was made in the years 1857-8, and although still interested in the advancement of art, her thoughts had gradually grown more directly into church interests, and to the establishment of charitable institutions under Catholic rule in her native land. In her former visits to Europe, Mrs. Peter had informed herself fully as to the system in the convent life of the various sisterhoods, and had convinced herself that in no way could the cause of piety and humanity be so surely advanced as through these excellent communities, working with loving and devoted hearts for the unfortunate of their race.

Mrs. Peter's thoughts had ever turned with especial tenderness to the degraded and forsaken among women; and before her departure for Europe in 1857, she had already made provision for these suffering and friendless beings in the establishment of a convent of the Order of the Good Shepherd, whose work is devoted to the reformation and protection of abandoned women, and to the care and training of orphans and neglected children. A convent had already been established in Louisville, the mother provincial being Mother Mary Ignatius Ward, who responded cordially and promptly to Mrs. Peter's

desire, and came to Cincinnati with a band of sisters in year 1857, placing at the head the capable and intelligent Mother Mary St. Joseph David, who has, through all these years, exercised a judicious and devoted rule over the convent, which has grown to immense proportions. From this excellent lady's pen, we are enabled to give the following brief but satisfactory sketch of the history and present status of the convent.

CONVENT OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, }
BANK STREET, CINCINNATI, *February 19, 1887.* }

Mrs. Rufus King:

DEAR MADAM:—To-day I learned the exact date of our sisters' removal to Baum street, and now I beg to give you an abridged account of the beginning of our work in Cincinnati, together with other desired information.

Mother M. of St. Ignatius Ward, and myself, left Louisville, Ky., on the 16th of February, 1857. We arrived in Cincinnati the following day; repaired at once to St. Philomena Church, where Rev. Father Hengehold kindly received us. After serving us with breakfast, consisting of coffee mixed with tea, and heavy black bread with butter, his reverence introduced us to dear Mrs. S. Peter, jestingly telling her we were fit to begin the work of the Good Shepherd, as we knew how to practice mortification. Accompanied by Rev. Père Hengehold and our venerated foundress, "Mrs. Peter," we paid our obeisance to his grace, the Most Rev. J. B. Purcell, and then made arrangements to purchase the property we now occupy. During our first week's abode in this city we shared dear Mrs. Peter's hospitality. At her residence we became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Springer, Mr. and Mrs. J. Slevin, and Mr. A. Geis, who conjointly provided us with beds and bedding, and other necessities, for the accommodation of our first penitents. Our kind hostess presented us with the sum of \$100, and on the 27th of the above-named month, she brought us eighteen female prisoners for the open-

ing of our penitent class. We ourselves took possession of the frame building on corner of Bank and Baymiller, at present occupied by a number of colored girls under our care, on the 26th of February, 1857. I must here remark that among the eighteen specimens of degradation was a special notorious character, called the "Tigress of Cincinnati." No force could restrain her. This poor object of compassion is still with us; her ferocious disposition has long since assumed the amiable qualities of a gentle lamb, and we trust she, like many of her former associates in vice, will end her days in the peaceful Home of the Good Shepherd.

In 1863, March 9th, Mother M. of St. Stanislaus, and her sisters, took charge of the poor prisoners at Front street. When, in 1873, the city authorities withdrew this charge, our Fulton colony removed to their present locality, on Baum street, March 31st, bringing with them forty penitents and twenty preservation children.

The 1st of May, 1865, the house of the "Angel Guardian" was opened. Its first situation was on Lytle street. April 22, 1867, our sisters moved to Pearl street, where, on the 1st of October, 1872, the good Mother M. of the Annunciation died. Their next move was to Newport, Ky., January 6, 1875, where they now own an extensive property.

It may interest you to learn that on the 8th of May, 1865, we sent a colony of religious to Columbus, Ohio, and another to Cleveland, July 22, 1869. Both houses are flourishing, each one numbering over two hundred inmates. Our own family, including the preservation children, whom we removed to our country place October 2, 1885, numbers over four hundred.

These statistics prove that the small beginning of the work, in which dear Mrs. S. Peter was one of its leading principals, has proved a success, and we trust has added a brilliant gem to the celestial crown which her many noble deeds merited for her.

Before concluding, I must mention another proof of her

zeal and Catholic faith. At one of her visits to Italy, when all others, even bishops, failed, she succeeded in procuring for us valuable relics of the saints from our Holy Father Pope Pius IX. Among the rest, the body of St. Clement Martyr, which reposes under the high altar of our church. The altar and church were donated by our kind benefactress, Mrs. S. S. Boyle. In the same building, in one of the side chapels, our zealous foundress, Mrs. P., erected a marble memorial altar, which is dedicated to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, whose beautiful image adorns it, and likewise is a gift of the dear one whose eventful life you are devoting your time to.

Hoping my tardiness in giving you these items has not caused a delay in your work, and wishing to be respectfully remembered to dear Mr. King,

I am, dear madam,

Very respectfully yours,

MOTHER M. OF ST. JOSEPH DAVID, *Provincial*.

A warm personal friendship existed between Mrs. Peter and the admirable Mother Mary St. Joseph David. Mrs. Peter never tired of her visits to this wonderful institution, and the good sisters found comfort and help always in the counsel and sympathy of their benefactress. These sisters are cloistered, but their portals were always opened to Mrs. Peter, and it has frequently been the writer's good fortune to pass behind the *grille*, to see the happy countenances of the ever-busy occupants and the loving, sympathetic manner of the good sisters. The strictest modesty is observed among the penitents in every visible sign. While at work, a sister reads some edifying book, and the "children," as they are all lovingly called, of every age, have close sun-bonnets quite shadowing their faces. No loud word, no unseemly laughter, is heard, but gentle peace and quiet content seems to fill the air. Every thing in the dormitories is suggestive of

purity and modesty; each bed and toilet is curtained off, and pure, simple white meets the eye wherever turned. The large inner court is filled with beautiful flowers and vines, and in the rear is a sufficient kitchen garden to supply the wants of the convent.

It is a great mistake to suppose a convent life is an austere life—a very busy and dutiful life surely it is. But the consciousness of duty well performed gives a joyous life, wherever and under whatever circumstances that life may be. Many simple little amusements are furnished for hours of recreation, and the beautiful artistic tastes displayed in the charming embroideries and paintings which occupy the busy hands, show that nourishment is given in this direction. It would fill a volume to tell all about this beautiful, well-ordered community, but every heart must be filled with gratitude to know that there is among us a peaceful haven, shut out from the world and all its garish fascinations, where no temptations assail the erring ones, and where every thing is offered to raise the spiritual above the animal. It is a curious fact that though these poor wandering ones are at liberty to enter life again, the large proportion prefer to stay within the community. It is worthy of note, thus early in an account of the successful work accomplished by Mrs. Peter through the religious orders she was instrumental in establishing in Cincinnati, that she received very little encouragement in the beginning of her work from the Reverend Archbishop (then Bishop) Purcell. She could not, and would not, have done anything in opposition to the wishes of the respected head of the Church in Cincinnati, but she certainly had not his sympathy nor his aid. Bishop Purcell's excellence of character had always been acknowledged; he was beloved and honored by both Catholics and Protestants, but he was not a man

of strength, nor one to undertake uncertain enterprises. He had always found good workers in the sisters of Notre Dame and in the sisters of charity, and could hardly be persuaded that Cincinnati ever could outgrow their power to supply every need. The brave, undaunted spirit of Mrs. Peter never faltered, and having great encouragement from all her church friends in Rome, and in every part of Catholic Europe, even from the Holy Father himself, it is not surprising that she took her course with determination and vigor, and that she reached the successful goal. Bishop Purcell himself acknowledged the benefits of the great work, after its accomplishment, at many times during the latter years of his life, and in the fine and feeling eulogy on the occasion of Mrs. Peter's funeral, at St. Xavier's Church, he touchingly spoke of her work.

In the short sketch given by Mother David, of the Convent of the Good Shepherd, she alludes incidentally to the fact that these sisters were for a while employed by the city authorities to take charge of the prison for women. It was a fact too important in its lessons to pass by without further comment. Mrs. Peter in her works of mercy had never confined herself to the institutions of the Catholic Church. She was a regular visitor of the jails, both city and county, and all minor places for the confinement of criminals, and a very close and critical observer. She had marked with horror the terrible results of the indiscriminate confinement of prisoners, irrespective of sex, age, or nature of crimes. The women she found without employment, and with no elevating influence about them, only idle, brutal degradation. She felt all the indignation of her noble spirit aroused, and she knew what might be accomplished by the separation of the women from the men, and placing

them under the gentle influence of holy women, with only the love of God, and the love of their fellow beings in their hearts. While in Europe Mrs. Peter had investigated the prison system, and had seen, to her entire conviction, the management of the prisons by women alone—the sisters of religious orders. At Angers she had seen eight hundred prisoners, under the management of sisters of the Good Shepherd, where existed an order and perfect control she had never seen in any other prison. It is at last the moral influence, not brute force, which governs the human heart. Mrs. Peter spared not herself, but with all her energy went to the work. In spite of much opposition by city officials, good men were ready to help her, foremost among them the mayor of the city, Mr. George Hatch, and Mr. Thomas C. Ware, City Solicitor, and her reward was the establishment of a prison for women on Front street, in charge of the sisters of the Good Shepherd, with that noble and saintly woman, Mother Mary Stanislaus, as superior.

Many instances of her influence might be given. One instance is specially worthy of record. Before the security of walls and bars and bolts was actually and satisfactorily completed in the new prison, a fallen wall under repair gave a convenient exit to those who had hitherto watched, with cunning eyes, for a way to escape from their stern jailors. Two women, seeing their opportunity, and not yet having grown into the new idea of kindness, precipitately fled. The men at work gave the alarm, and offered their services to the good mother to pursue and capture the fugitives, but she simply declined their offer, and herself appeared in dignified, kindly presence, and hailed the fleeing women: "My children, why do you leave me, come back to your mother and to home." The tone, the magnetism, arrested the

poor frightened creatures, unused to the language of love. They faltered, and with quiet steps and loving words the dear mother followed them—placed her gentle hands on the shoulder of each, and led them back like lambs to the fold, astounding the rough men, and giving them their first lesson in Christ's law of love.

Well did this good woman understand her work—a heart great enough and varied enough in its sympathies to take in every suffering soul; a noble and well-trained mind, and a personal presence so queenly and benign in its influence that none were so hardened as to be unsubdued. Wonderful was the work accomplished by the good Mother Stanislaus, who was, in the short time that the prison was allowed to remain as a separate place of confinement, a blessing to hundreds of degraded women, in raising them to a better life, with habits of industry and a revival of self-respect. As is always the case with these "*religieuses*," their convents are made places of beauty, and the old, forlorn-looking, and dilapidated building which had been appropriated as a prison was soon blooming with flowers and fresh in all its cleanliness. The little chapel was lovely in its adornments, and was, at least for a brief space each day, the holy of holies for wretched hearts, where every object was calculated to raise better thoughts. Then, there was not allowed one idle moment. These poor, degraded, besotted beings, who had been hanging about, idle and neglected, with disheveled hair and clothing scarce enough for decent covering, were first put in simple, clean apparel, and the modest sun-bonnet to shade the scarred, disfigured faces. Work of all sorts was supplied, and from the proceeds the prison was wholly supported. During this experiment, the woman's prison was no tax upon the city. It was self-supporting. What influences were brought to bear,

or why the city authorities thought fit or were so unwise as to discontinue this beneficent arrangement, I have never known. With the dismissal of the sisters from the supervision and care of the woman's prison, their good work did not cease. They established a branch of the Bank street convent on Baum street, as a refuge and reformatory school, still having the wise and capable Mother Stanislaus as superior. This dear lady has passed to her reward, but the good work goes on. Mrs. Peter and Mother Stanislaus were well calculated to work together, for there were many points of character and modes of thought wonderfully alike in these two grand women, and their love for each other was such as only profound respect and approval could give.

During this period intervening between Mrs. Peter's return from Europe in 1855 and her third visit in 1857, her mind was quietly planning more extensive charitable work. She had successfully carried out her benevolent purpose to help fallen women, in bringing the Order of the Good Shepherd to Cincinnati, and in her boundless desire to do good, other fields were opened out to her view. Why might she not bring to our doors aid for "every ill that flesh is heir to?" Her own fortune, so far as she had control of it, she would gladly offer; but far more material means were required than she could furnish, and the next thought was that she herself would go among the good Catholics of Europe, and interest them in the charitable work she proposed. Already having a personal acquaintance with His Holiness Pope Pius IX., and a large circle of influential friends at Rome, including cardinals and monseigneurs, princes in the Church, she determined to proceed directly thither, and be further guided by the counsels and aid she might there receive. She found all these friends most sympa-

thetic with her in her plans. They advised a *quâtie* through Europe, and offered letters to crowned heads and celebrities in high places, which were accepted by Mrs. Peter, and the work undertaken. The plan resulted in great success to her object, and for herself most charming friendships were formed, and experiences never to be forgotten.

She might be received in royal abodes as an accredited Christian woman in pursuit of charitable ends, but before her departure, the highly-gifted and cultured woman had entered the hearts of the occupants, and hospitalities were offered and friendly acts were shown which could only be extended to those whom they regarded as on the same social platform with themselves. Mrs. Peter's letters will tell of all those charming experiences, and her *entrée* into the very center of highest European life—a privilege which has rarely been accorded to an American. This, of course, she owed, in the first place, to the letters of introduction given from Rome; then, she had the very great advantage of facility of speech in so many of the European languages, and above all, her own charm of manner, her perfectly ladylike bearing, her brilliant mind, so richly stored, could not fail to make its impress. Seeing the first desire of her heart gratified in a provision for the destitute and forsaken among women, Mrs. Peter next turned her attention to the sick and suffering among the poor.

When in Ireland, in 1854, she had visited a convent of the Sisters of Mercy, at Kinsale, and saw their good work. She became still more interested and delighted with the order in a second visit, made in 1857, when she was a guest of the convent. She earnestly desired to have a colony of these efficient sisters to go to Cincinnati. After much hesitation, Mrs. Peter's urgent solici-

tations were granted, and though her plans and intentions were modified, after their arrival in Cincinnati, the Sisters of Mercy always retained her deep interest and sympathy in all their work. This order had the good fortune to secure high favor with the archbishop, who, with all the love of a fellow-countryman, better understood the results of their work than of the German and French foundations. They certainly have a wide field for usefulness, and since they have been in Cincinnati they have been untiring in their labors. Especially in seasons of epidemic, and during the Civil War, the record of the work of this useful sisterhood, places them high among the other foundations made by Mrs. Peter in Cincinnati. The duties of the Sisters of Mercy are teaching parochial schools, keeping a house of mercy for homeless and destitute women of good character and of every sect, also children of the same class; visiting the sick and afflicted of all classes, in their homes; also visiting hospitals and prisons. Their rule also allows them to take charge of hospitals and Magdalens, if they are in a city where no other order has charge of the work. During the cholera epidemic of 1866, they gave their Third street house for a hospital—nursed and cared for the patients night and day. At one period of great distress and want among the working-people, sometimes more than a hundred men a day were fed at their convent; and during the floods they took numbers into the House of Mercy, besides assisting others in places provided for them. They built and furnished the Church of the Atonement, and afterward deeded it to Archbishop Purcell. They have houses now in London, Bellefontaine, and Urbana, all towns of Ohio—three convents and houses of mercy in Cincinnati. In all of these they carry on the works above mentioned. Mrs. Peter knew, too, of the

efficient work of the Franciscan Sisters, in their hospitals, as well as in the care of the out-door poor. This order, as well as the Sisters of Mercy, Mrs. Peter desired to introduce into this country; and, for this purpose, she made her visit to Europe, in 1857; and to carry out her object fully she determined to undertake a mission through some of the Catholic countries of Europe, to solicit aid. Mrs. Peter, with the assistance of friends in Austria, applied to the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne, for permission to secure a band of sisters of the order of St. Francis, for the mission work in Cincinnati. His reverence sanctioned the plan, and referred Mrs. Peter to the Rev. Mother Francesca, who, after due deliberation, yielded to the request, and promised to send the sisters as soon as possible. Mrs. Peter visited Aachen in the the spring of 1858, and offered to conduct the sisters to America, but their departure was necessarily delayed, and they reached New York September 7, 1858, and were received by the V. R. Edward Purcell, who, at the request of Mrs. Peter, had kindly consented to accompany them to their destination.

When the sisters arrived in Cincinnati, they were met at the depot and heartily greeted by Mrs. Peter, who conducted them to the Convent of the Good Shepherd, on Bank street, where apartments had been prepared for them. On the 14th of September, they settled themselves temporarily in the building on Fourth street between Central avenue and John, which had been occupied as an orphan asylum.

Mrs. Peter gave her assistance in procuring furniture, etc., and presented the little colony with various articles of devotion for the chapel, especially a large antique representation of St. Francis, in carved wood, which she

had brought from Assisi, where it had served as a door in a Franciscan monastery.

The sisters remained but a short time in this place, for Mrs. Peter had determined to make a gift to them of her own residence—large enough for their present needs—and ground sufficient to make the addition of a chapel. Mrs. Peter reserved for herself two rooms in the second story, to which she made access by an outside stairway, that she might give to the sisters the exclusive use of the main entrance to the house. This arrangement was understood by all to be but for a short time, as Mrs. Peter and the sisters were already planning for the purchase of ground adjoining the residence for the erection of the present spacious Convent of St. Clara, and larger chapel.

In 1866 the work was completed, when Mrs. Peter made a deed to the sisters for her own property, reserving the eastern half of her house, including hall and stairway, for her life. At her death the entire property should go the sisters.

St. Mary's Hospital, on Betts street, was opened in January, 1859.

The hospital in Covington—St. Elizabeth—in 1861.

The hospital in Cincinnati was the first established by them in this country.

The Convent of St. Clara is the mother house of the community (the proper headquarters).

The convent in New York, and hospital, were established in 1865. In Columbus, 1862; in Dayton, 1878.

The success of the unceasing work of these Franciscan Sisters is marvelous. The St. Mary's Hospital is second only to the great Cincinnati Hospital in capacity, and the equal in efficiency of relief to the sick. All classes of people, irrespective of race, color, or creed, are taken

without question, and the large building is always filled. The intelligent and devoted nursing of these sisters calls forth sincere gratitude. Great as is the hospital work, still more wonderful and active is their unceasing outside work among the poor. The most destitute are those for whom these dear sisters spend their thoughts and life. It is in seasons of epidemic that the devotion of these good sisters, working without compensation for the love of God and his creatures, is best comprehended. A few years since, when the small-pox invaded every part of the city, they were found in every alley and lane, working fearlessly in its midst. When they can, they are ready, too, to give their services to the rich, but never at the sacrifice of the poor. The writer has had occasion to thank these kind sisters for valuable assistance in cases of illness in her own household, and can testify to their great ability and devotion. The work of these busy women is always extending. A blessing seems to attend their efforts, and new fields are always opening. They are now building another large hospital, removed from the bustle of the city, with country surroundings, fresh air, and space, which is to be a retreat for the convalescing.

So the little seed, planted by a good woman, intent upon the work of blessing her race, spreads out into a wide shelter for thousands of suffering beings.

PART II.

Mrs. Peter set forth on her third European tour on board the steamship *America*, which steamed out of the Boston harbor on the 6th of May, 1857. The following letter, written "at sea," will give, in her own words, her

experience for the few first days of the voyage, and of the previous sojourn in Boston :

It was an unspeakable consolation to receive, on coming on board yesterday, your telegraphic dispatch, and a little later your letter of Saturday. I had previously received the daguerreotypes, and all happened well. I was *feted* in a remarkable manner in Boston. Messrs. Anderson and Longworth had mentioned I was coming, and every moment was bespoken. At the party at Mrs. Josiah Quincy's many of our old set were present, not, however, as I had hoped, Maria Fay. It was raining, and I suppose she was thus prevented. Mrs. Sparks met me with an "*effusion du coeur*" which nearly upset me, and, I fancy, surprised the spectators. Truly, my old friends seem to love me well. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the Quincys. If you and M. can go to Newport I recommend it, for the visit will include many other pleasant things. The president said over and over again that he would meet you there, adding all sorts of kind messages. Mr. Quincy, Jr., came on board to introduce me to the captain and several others, and staid until summoned away by the last bell. This ship is very inferior in dimensions to the Collins steamers, chiefly, however, in the saloons, which are small. The state-rooms are quite as good as the Collins; the table is far inferior. The passengers seem to be very respectable—scarcely any English, and composed of Americans, Spanish, and French. Some of my Rhode Island friends are on board, and Elizabeth Porter, of Niagara, and her friend, Miss Norton, a pleasing person. My mate, Miss Harrison, is older than I, and a Quaker preacher, and so far she seems very amicable and obliging; and, happily, having few clothes and *no hoops*, I think myself rather fortunate.

We are just passing Liverpool, Nova Scotia, and the long low coast is in view as far as the eye can reach. I am sorry we shall stop at Halifax in the night. I wished to see the town, as well as the archbishop, whose acquaintance I made in

Rome. He is a most accomplished man, and well known as a writer. I shall try and oblige you in the matter of a journal, but I heartily dislike writing, and have no respect for my powers in this way. Nevertheless, I will jot down for your pleasure. If possible, I will try and look up the Worthington records, and also about the Kings. I shall have a budget ready for Liverpool. The prospects are good for our comfort, but the ship is not of the fastest.

The voyage was made in safety, but as the promised "budget for Liverpool" did not appear, the inference is that the usual "*mal du mer*" occupied thought and time, and we next hear from Mrs. Peter in a breezy letter from Kinsale, Ireland.

KINSALE, IRELAND.

Just run your eye over the map a little to the southwest of Cork and you will find Kinseal, as the Irish pronounce it, the little, old, rambling Middle Age town, running up and down hills, in narrow and steep streets, all paved, but without sidewalks, like their cotemporaries on the continent, having houses perched somewhat thickly on the heights, and most of them standing forward as if to guard the pretty, old-fashioned gardens that, covered with ivy, cluster behind them. In one of the oldest and tidiest of these, your mother sits at a little table, the hour pointing at nine P. M., though the twilight is still bright. The walls of stone are not less than two and a half feet thick, and the little windows of heavy sashes, and panes about six by four inches, form deep recesses, giving place for a wide window-shelf. Across the garden and over housetops of old tiles is seen, through the branches of a large tree, the little river below. The tide is out, and a fleet of sloops and small craft are reposing in beds of mud, reminding me of the comfortable porkers of Cincinnati, who are seldom at a loss for as comfortable a place for their *siesta*.

Every thing within is old—the hostess and her household goods—but all are so scrupulously neat that they *smell* clean.

The sofa in the sitting room, with its cover of antediluvian flowers, is entirely overspread with a beautifully knitted tidy of prodigious size. The counterpane is also knitted in close, heavy pattern. In the center of the pretty bow window there stands an ancient round table, with a large knit flower stand, which is already the object of my covetous regards, and upon it an antique glass filled with pretty fresh flowers. All these harmonize charmingly with the cottage; but at some remote period, the present or some previous hostess having, as I fancy, visited the neighboring capital of the South, has been inveigled into the extravagance of adding red moreen curtains, which have bravely borne the brunt of sun and dampness. Of dust, I think there can be positively none, for in this showery clime the well paved streets are too often washed to permit its accumulation. I dare say the visitors of half a century hence will see them in the same condition as I now do.

And now, having exhibited an interior, I return to Dublin. There, as elsewhere, I have been struck by the appearance of the women of the higher class. They do not seem to be in any sense servile imitators of fashion. Neither here nor in England have I seen a hoop worn in the street. In the Irish women there is a happy sparkle of the eye, a cheerful, joyous bearing, a vigorous step, free as a child's movement, which it is joy to see, as it is almost sickening to observe the overdressed, silly mannerisms of too many at home. The common head gear of the Irish ladies in the street is a large black fur hat and feather, turned up on both sides alike, and drooping before and behind. I met some young girls, of sixteen or seventeen, wearing overcoats of dark cloths, not unlike pea-jackets. I could almost fancy they were borrowed from their fathers or brothers.

I left Dublin yesterday morning at nine, in the train for Cork, reaching the latter at three P. M. I observe a vast difference in the temper of this people and their neighbors across the Channel; and truly, though their often want of

exactitude in the hotels is troublesome, they seem so kindly disposed that one likes them too well to be severe. I have not heard one oath, nor harsh word, since I first touched their soil. The railroad was well and punctually managed. It is curious, for once, to see the Hibernian brought into quiet, implicit obedience and submission. Perhaps, when rails are laid all over the country, they may effect what kings and governments have failed to cure—for their failings teach them the danger of delay. So far as I can learn, the Irish railroads have had no accident. But such hacks of public carriages! The jaunting car, which they persevere in maintaining above all others, is not only the most comical, but the most unreasonable vehicle you can imagine. The uncomfortable passengers are all blown by the wind, and clinging, as if trying to hold fast to a boat turned bottom upwards. There is only possible room for four, including Jehu. I did not find the face of the country, yesterday, so beautiful as I expected—it is too level, generally, to please me; and there is often much bog land. Cork is finely situated on hills and valley, and with many fine buildings. The house of the Sisters of Mercy is new, and hardly completed, but it is a most pleasing specimen of monastic Gothic structure of modern times that I have seen anywhere. The superior is a charming woman. What a pity we can not be so happy as to have them in Cincinnati!

DUBLIN.

At last I was successful in engaging a community of nuns at Kinsale, admirable women, too. Two of them were in the war of the Crimea. But the most difficult part (the money) is yet to be secured. I have already some donations. Tomorrow I go to London. I hope to reach Paris on Saturday, and on the following Thursday to sail from Marseilles for Civita Vecchia, so as to reach Rome Saturday week. I am obliged to confess I do like the Irish in their own country—they resemble the southern Europeans, and most unlike the English.

Here I am again in this little old parlor at Kinsale, which I left on Friday, never thinking to see it again. The seven conch shells, all set in a row, under the old spindle-legged side-board, gave me a shining, grinning reception; the little, black-framed view of Florence, and the shepherdesses, in their round gilt borders, looked out a cheerful welcome, while my hostess, the staid Mrs. McCarthy, gave me the usual hearty "Ye'ar welcome back agin," which they give me even at the hotels when I return from a walk or drive. The Sisters of Mercy desired that I should postpone my departure, as they wished to have further consultations with their bishop, Dr. Delany. So I returned, and expected to get away again this afternoon; but I shall wait till to-morrow. After chatting with them, and all was finished that was to be said, I descended to my former pretty nest, and invited my hostess to take a walk with me about the town. The first visit was to the Carmelite Priory, once an abbey, the ruins of which, in the neighboring cemetery, are a part of the old monastery. Only a fragment remains, and is fitted up for the habitation of the fathers, who are successfully endeavoring to restore these desecrated altars. They have contrived to build a very pretty church, and I learn are a great blessing to the town. The parish chapel next claimed our attention. This also is of recent date, and owes its remarkably beautiful construction to a saintly priest, Father McNamara, who gave all his private fortune, and his fine taste, to render it a worthy offering to the Lord. A monument, sculptured in Italy, with a full-length likeness, records the grateful remembrance of his people. Its fine execution quite startled me.

Next, we went to the parish church (for among the insults offered to the people was the prohibition to continue the old title of church to their places of worship). This was, five hundred years ago, the parish church, before the rightful owners were ejected. It is a venerable pile, almost covered by the verdant ivy, and surrounded by heavy piles of tombs and gravestones. Its interior contrasts strangely

with the exterior, being now occupied by the English Church. Its dimensions are contracted by partitions into a long, narrow parallelogram, with two galleries, which, it would seem, are the aristocratic quarter, since the pews, eight or nine feet square, are well furnished, and the walls hung with mural memorials. Kinsale also boasts of pretty assembly-rooms, having a "green" in front, bordered with hedges. On the whole, I am quite charmed with the place, and feel a strong disposition to ask the staid Mrs. McCarthy to give me a summer's lease.

While awaiting the decision of the Sisters of Mercy, I went to another pretty town, on the other side of Cork—also, like this, a place of summer resort—called Mallow, to pass the day, by invitation, with the Misses Gallagher, cousins of the Archbishop of Cincinnati. They are pleasing, sensible women, of, as I hear, easy fortune, and the "ladies bountiful" of the town. Two of the clergy called to see me—both very gentlemanly and cultivated men. The ladies drove me out to see the lions of Mallow: the House of Mercy, the Spa, Norrey's castle, etc. This last, before Elizabeth's reign, was a stronghold of the Desmonds, who were attainted, and was, of course, confiscated; but a daughter of this proscribed family married a court favorite, Sir John Norrey. The castle was, under Cromwell, bombarded and destroyed, and is now covered all over the highest walls and towers with ivy. It is a fit subject for a romance. The descendants of the Norreys have built, at a little distance, a handsome residence, which they now inhabit. The people seem charmed to meet a friend of the archbishop, who is remembered with affection. He left them at fifteen years of age.

LONDON, *May 30th.*

I rise betimes to greet your birthday, for I go to Paris to-day, and we shall arrive too late to write. The fortieth anniversary! brings with it, I dare say, a foreshadowing of coming age, and you begin to fancy yourself an elder in society. I was at Cambridge when I reached the same age, and well

remember my reflections. May the Lord bless you and keep you, and give you the light of his countenance, and keep you in peace, my dear, dear child.

You have received my Dublin letter, without doubt. While in Ireland, I was excessively engaged in the duties of my mission, and had but little time either for sight-seeing or writing. The fact is, I suppose, I have satisfied myself in the former, and find myself quite indifferent about it. At nine this morning (it is now six), I am off for the continent; and on Tuesday I sail for Civita Vecchia, whither I am hurried by the lateness of the season.

PARIS, June 7th.

I am just on the wing for Rome. Happily, the Rev. Dr. Forbes has arrived and reported himself, and we go together to Rome. On Wednesday morning I went to Rennes in Bretagne, about ten hours by rail. Almost all the way my *vis-a-vis* were sisters of charity going to their different houses, all full of benevolence and cheerfulness—enchanted to hear all about America, and overwhelming me with good wishes. I passed over much of the scene of the Vendean war. The country is remarkably beautiful from the abundance of trees, every-where carefully preserved, and the curious hedges you have heard of. They seem to have a thick foundation of stone, some four or five feet high, covered with earth, from which grow flowering shrubs and large trees, and ditches outside. As they ride along, travelers bow to each other. The old costumes are still worn, and a sort of Arcadian simplicity seems to reign throughout—little boys take off their hats, and girls courtesy. I reached Rennes about six, and seeing a priest (for very properly the priests here all wear their distinctive dress), I accosted him to ask his assistance as a stranger. He was a young man, exceedingly well-bred, and at once acceded to all I asked. He accompanied me to the archbishop's, where I met the vicar-general; and, my visit being ended, my young friend accompanied me to show me the way to the hotel, and to order a carriage for Peltiere,

three miles distant, the nearest house of the "Little Sisters of the Poor," this being the object of my visit. He then took leave, asking to hear from me, for he felt much interest, he said, in my success. Instantly then I went to Peltiere, and entered the blessed house. The superior insisted so kindly on my staying there the night, that I did not desire to refuse, and I sent back for my sack. Behold me, then, under the roof of this most sacred of orders. All was severely plain, but as clean as holy hands could make it. The pretty garden was bordered with sweet flowers. The poor subjects of this loving hospitality of the sisters were enjoying the evening air—the sisters passing here and there. Accompanied by the mother superior, I went, as is usual among Catholics, to make a visit to the little chapel, and afterward to the cemetery, where repose the mortal remains of Sister Marie Thérèse, the second who entered this order, and who died at Rennes of fatigue in the pursuance of her holy calling. This was their first house, and after death they brought her home, and there are few more touching things to be seen in the world than the grave, surmounted by its simple cross and fitting inscription, covered with sweet flowers, which will always be lovingly tended, for it will be one of the precious traditions of the order, that here is the grave of their first martyr, who died in the flower of the youth she had consecrated to God. The next morning, after early mass, they sent me in their Breton carriage to La Tour St. Joseph, which is now the noviciate, occupied only little more than a year. The coachman has lived with them from the beginning, and seems as true and loyal as those of his ancestors who died for their liberties. A young sister was also sent to attend me. You can hardly imagine the beautiful simplicity of their character—as delicate as the most refined, and modest and unassuming as that beautiful ideal of "old and attached servants," which is becoming only a tradition, yet in Brittany it is in full life. We passed over a delicious country, having productions very much like our own, only more cultivated. Every cottage was covered with vines

and wall fruit trees, all so clean and cheerful. I entered a small hostelry while the horse was resting, which was lined with really beautiful old-fashioned carved wardrobes. When I expressed surprise on seeing such fine things in such a place, they replied, of course in French: "Madame, every house in old Brittany is full of these old things." Then above them were bright rows of brass kettles, of vast proportions, holding I suppose, from twenty to forty gallons, and flowers in vases standing about; while the hostess, in her pretty Breton cap, spoke and behaved like a gentlewoman. At length we reached Tour St. Joseph, passing through beautiful woods with excellent roads. The noviciate was formerly the chateau of the Counts de St. Pern. Rarely is there to be seen within a compass of about three hundred acres such variety of surface. There is level and hill, wood and water, pretty, long alleys of lime trees so thickly interwoven as to exclude even a sun-beam, and magnificent gardens. The little lake is on a high level, and turns the mill, which grinds all the flour that is needed. They grow wheat and every thing which is necessary for food, keep cows, etc., so that their living must cost them very little; and they are now building a very large house, which is very necessary for the very rapid growth of the order. The "*bon père*," as the whole household of one hundred and fifty call the saintly founder, Mons. l'Abbé le Pailleur, is not more than forty-seven years old, but the beauty of holiness beams from every lineament of his face. The first sister whom he won for his order, Marie Jurnet, is now the superior-general. She is a lovely woman, devoted to her duties. Jeanne Jugan is also there (see the history which M. knows), and it is well worth the journey to become acquainted with her modest, solid worth. In fact, human weakness and worldly affectation seem to have departed from among these people. Though I saw a Polish countess and a Belgian marchioness all clothed in simple costumes, not a trace of mannerism was left. Doubtless, the simple Breton manners have greatly helped in producing such results. These

sisters are asked for all over the world (I do not wonder at it). It may be some time yet before we can secure them, for the novices must first be trained. No labor seems to frighten them; they are actually building their own stone house, with the assistance of workmen.

All were assembled under a noble group of trees to take leave of me. As you may suppose, a trans-atlantic visitor is a rare occurrence. All joyfully expressed their willingness to go to America. Having no thought for themselves, their only desire is to devote themselves to suffering humanity. How devoutly I pray they may come to us. They truly "gather the fragments that nothing may be lost," and they will support many on the scraps which are now thrown away from our kitchens. But I must stop. Yesterday I had an audience with the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, who received me very cordially. Your letter came to tell me you are all well—thank God. Do let the boys play in my yard. Of course they must be obedient to Anne's care, but if the grass should be a little spoiled, what of that?

We find Mrs. Peter, now, with all the energies of her enthusiastic nature aroused—strong physical health and determined purpose—to carry out the noble plans she has made. Her one object is to solicit aid for the foundations she is determined to plant in her native land. With her own fortune, she has done what she could, and now she will expend time, strength, every power of her nature, to carry on further the good work. She turns neither to the right nor the left for any self gratification, and though the season is far advanced for southern Italy, she hastens to Rome. Though she knows that it is too late for much success there, as all the wealthy have fled for cooler retreats, she goes for advice and for letters of introduction and credentials from the "higher powers."

We see, in a letter dated June 18th, that Mrs. Peter has safely reached Rome, and in her own words we shall trace her progress.

I reached this blessed city a week ago to-day. My last act in Paris was to put a letter in the mail-box for you. Dr. Forbes and I came together from Paris, reaching Marseilles at four P. M. Monday. I went to visit the "little sisters," to tell them of the welfare of the good Père le Pailleur. Embarking at Marseilles, we reached Civita Vecchia at ten A. M. on Tuesday. Soon we cleared the custom-house, and entering a diligence, reached Rome about midnight. I have often occasion to remark how impossible it is for those unacquainted with the Italian language to understand what they see. Good Doctor Forbes, with the best intention, was perpetually mistaking the character of what he saw, for he was unable to ask for even a glass of water. I must have been a sort of God-send to him.

At the hotel I found some Philadelphia acquaintances, and in the adjoining Piazza di Spagna, I was saluted at every turn—"Ecco! la Signora Peter me felice de vider la ancora," etc. You may know I was not long in finding my way to the beloved sisters at Trinita di Monte, who gave me a most affectionate welcome. Dr. Forbes had affairs with Monsignor Bedini, formerly Nuncio, you know, and my very good friend. Doctor F. asked me to be his interpreter. I went, not thinking of recognitions, when no sooner was the door open than there began a chorus among the waiting men—"Ecco la buona Signora Peter! Mi piace multissimo"—and as we entered the salon, the good archbishop stood with outstretched arms to receive me, and the good Cardinal Barnabo was scarcely less cordial. It was truly more like returning home than visiting a foreign city. If my duty and affection permitted, how gladly would I make this my home. The strangers are nearly all gone, and these amiable people are left without *gene* to manifest their simple and true affections.

I meant to have given you a letter full of something or other, but one of my old friends came in and made me a long visit, so I have no time left. The Cardinals Reisach and Altieri, and the general of the Jesuits, all pay great attention to my demands, and I think there is little doubt that I shall get as much money as will suffice for the foundations I so earnestly desire to make. What a blessing they will be to us. I think I shall probably go to Naples in a few days to beg, and then to Milan. Having such powerful friends, I trust to have no great trouble. I shall try to take care of my health. Do not fail to write every week.

My letters should be considered as common property between you and Rufus, but to do honor to your birthday I write specially to you to-day, so that the missive may be considered your own property, with right of entrance to Rufus. Alas, I do not feel in very good spirits in beginning this, for, although I am here nearly three weeks, not a line have I received from Cincinnati. [Letter delayed.] I pray heaven there is no particular cause for this silence. I try not to be anxious, but foreboding shadows crowd around me. I trust soon they will be driven away by the arrival of some dear, cheerful letters. We closed here yesterday with the commemoration of the martyrdom of SS. Peter and Paul, a constellation of religious festivals, which have somewhat interrupted the progress of my particular work. None of them touched my feelings more than that of St. John the Baptist. What a life of patient suffering, of humble self-abnegation, of mortification, of humility, without a parallel, save that of our Lord himself! Without an expression of regret he announces his own decline: "He shall increase, but I shall decline." He came the herald to announce the advent of his Master; to mortify himself for the sins of others, and then to die the victim of a terrible conspiracy. What a lesson for human faith, not only in his suffering life and abject death, but in the world-wide commemoration, in gorgeous churches and holy

shrines, of this one obscure and suffering saint! The church called by his name in this center of Christendom takes precedence in some respects of that of St. Peter. I am getting on better than could be expected, all say, in obtaining recommendations and "material aid." The Pope is still at Bologna, where he is to pass the summer, and in his travels he is giving such generous "*largess*" to the people, that I shall be careful not to ask him for any thing at an untimely moment. The Propaganda, of which my good friend, Monseigneur Bedini, is secretary, have given me a strong letter of recommendation, with their great seal affixed; and if there is money to be had, I shall get my share of it. I not only have the support of the Propaganda, but of the father-general of the Jesuits, and three or four eminent cardinals. My affairs oblige me to make a much closer acquaintance than before, with both clergy and people. Of the clergy in general, including cardinals and dignitaries, there prevails the very highest standard of Christian faith and morals. Just as I concluded the above sentence, a man entered, bringing me three letters all at once. What joy! What consolation! Two of them are from you, dear M., and I thank you with all my heart. Thankful, most thankful am I, to know that three weeks ago you were all well. You have had a gay time in Cincinnati, from Rufus' accounts, and even dear old Chillicothe was waked up. I am right sorry I was not there to see. However, I shall work hard this summer to get my charities in motion, and then I think I shall feel at liberty to retire, while they do my work, as a capitalist retires on his revenues. As yet our destitution in this way is so great in Cincinnati I could not eat my bread in peace.

I wish I had some pleasant adventures to entertain you, but I am so occupied with my affairs that no time is left, even if I had the inclination for sight-seeing. We are reveling in fruit at unheard-of low prices. Cherries, apricots, and raspberries are magnificent in size and flavor; strawberries sweet, but small; oranges in abundance. Never have I seen such a

profusion of flowers, and so artistically arranged. The perception of grace and beauty seem innate in this people. I find the art of photographing much improved since I was last here, and I intend to bring home some for you and Rufus. Many of the great masterpieces in painting and sculpture are admirably represented. I have accepted an invitation from the Marchesa di Campagna to see the distribution of prizes in her school by the Cardinal Altieri. Every body ought to be learned in Rome, for there are more free schools, in proportion to population, than any city in the world. And now, my dear M., my paper is nearly out, and I must say good-by. I hope all your wishes about Rufus' partnership may be realized. I fully concur in your sentiments, as you know already. I am really thankful for your letter. Kiss the dear children for me when you see them.

ROME, July 8th.

I sent off a long letter to M. last week, filled with I scarcely know what, for my time, though fully and laboriously occupied, furnishes nothing wherewith to amuse you. I had a little diversification the day after I wrote, in an invitation to be present at an exhibition given by the Marchioness of Campagna, for her schools of little girls of the lower class. The palazzo is large, as is usual here, and her husband is very rich, and, happily, benevolent, and having no children of their own, they bestow their care on those of other people. We were invited to be there a little before six, and, as I think I have never given you a description of this mansion, I will tell you of what I saw as I entered. The palace is near the Piazza del Popolo, and extends through from the street Barberino to the Corso; the grand entrance being on the former. At the great *porte cochère*, guarded by three stout men in livery (for show, not defense), a cardinal's carriage had just arrived, and I awaited the descent of his eminence before coming up in my lesser vehicle. The men at the door recognized me, and announced me to the next man in waiting as Signora Paytay, for simple as my name seems to our linguists,

it is positively unpronounceable by Italian lips. The next man being unable to comprehend *Paytay*, and being a stranger to me, as were the next half dozen whom I encountered on the way, I passed along announcing myself to each through the pretty alleys of the garden, the apparent extent of which is prodigiously magnified by these winding alleys intertwined above, and opening here and there upon fountains surrounded by flowering shrubberies filled with singing birds; rocks are also distributed about the fountains, and you might fancy yourself in some natural retreat. At length, I espied the cheerful face of our hostess, with her husband, who led me into a suite of rooms on the ground floor, the largest of which, decorated with a profusion of flowers, was set out with chairs to be occupied by and by. Meantime, as the company dropped in, we were occupied in another saloon, where the various works of the children were arranged for our inspection. There were plain shirts and fine ones, and baby clothes, and tidies, and embroideries, cushions and chair covers, of such artistic patterns as only Rome can furnish; in fact, so great variety was offered, that I can only sum it up by saying that the room was filled with every thing that female fingers can produce. There were present no less than nine or ten cardinals, and as many archbishops and bishops, together with the father-general of the Jesuits, and of other religious orders, besides a few ladies. It was very agreeable to me that I found many acquaintances among them, and this was the first time I had met so many in a private circle, and so I thought I would avail myself of the occasion to observe their manners and conduct, and pass over the children's work. Nothing struck me so much as the simplicity with which they moved about examining the various articles, and chatting with each other just as any other well-bred clergymen would do. Every one bore in his face the impress of piety, and that seriousness of demeanor which seems habitual to men who are accustomed to lead devout lives. At length we were invited to take our seats. A lady placed herself at the piano,

and a hundred and fifty little girls, dressed in calico and gingham frocks, entered under the care of five sweet looking nuns, to whom their instruction is confided. The children then sung a hymn, accompanied by the piano; and one little thing, not more than eight years old, supported the solos in a way to call forth our admiration and astonishment. The little ones, of five or six years, recited various short pieces; then there was a general catechising, all being interspersed with music. There was no *mauvaise honte*, no pretention, though some of the children were pretty enough for artistic models. Now and then ices were handed about, and the distribution of prizes crowned the whole. We separated, all well pleased with the occasion. The simplicity of every thing and every body, struck me very forcibly. With us there is always a straining after effect, an evident desire to catch the public applause, which destroys our naturalness. I wish I could see our girls as suitably dressed, and as unconscious of being looked at as they were. Our perpetual appeals to public opinion destroy the simplicity of character. I have procured some magnificent photographs for you. There are many fine pictures to be had, and if you have any money to spend in the fine arts, I can assist you in making selections. I may have to stay all the winter, though I have not the least desire to do so; quite the contrary, I am satisfied with seeing, and would greatly prefer to be quiet. I am again in my blessed convent, the Trinita di Monte, surrounded by dear good friends, and I have only to look out of the window to see Rome beneath, at the foot of the eminence. Now that the moon is full, there is nothing in the world so magnificent, in its past and present, as the "Eternal City" asleep, bathed in the beautiful, almost brilliant light. I must, however, leave it next week.

I shall hurry on to Bologna, where I wish to see the Pope, Monsignor Talbot, etc.; afterward, I propose to enter Germany, having letters to distinguished people every-where.

ROME, July 15th.

On the last day of my stay in this blessed Rome, I can scarcely expect to finish the letter which I am beginning, but as my truly good friend, Dr. Smith, is writing to the archbishop, you will be able to learn from him about me, and it will not matter if this is incomplete. Instead of having more time to look about, as I fancied, or to write, I find that I have positively no time at all at my disposal, for my occupation as a *mendicant* obliges me to "keep my eyes about me," and look for chances to "do a little business," as keenly as the veriest Yankee that you ever heard of. It was only this morning that I could find time to visit a prison, which I have longed to see ever since my arrival. It is conducted by French nuns. There are usually about two hundred women, criminals from all the Papal States. When first brought, I understand that they commit all sorts of violence, insulting the ladies, and filling the air with blasphemies; but after a few weeks they become quiet and peaceable—and to see them at their work you would suppose it was merely a charitable work of industry. It seems (what before I was ignorant of) that lace making is easier to learn, and also more agreeable employment than most others—the larger part are occupied in this way. I saw in their hands (and they seemed very proud of it) as fine Brussels and Valenciennes as you will see anywhere; and one woman was occupied on a magnificent piece of appliqué, nearly half a yard wide, ordered by the French ambassadress, the Countess de Reybaud, to be finished in October, and doubtless it will figure in the most splendid festivities of the coming winter. Others do embroidery, knitting, sewing, etc. All wore an air of calm and contentment, which made it difficult to imagine that not a few were tenants for life in that habitation. They have large gardens and magnificent views, which they are at liberty to enjoy at certain hours. Their beds are good, and their rooms very airy. What heroism in women who devote their lives to such a service!

PERUGIA.

Well, here in this old Etruscan capital, made famous also by Dante in verse, and by historians in more sober prose, as well as by its own monuments of the griffin holding in his arms the conquered lion—old emblems of the Guelphs and Ghibellines—here I resume my journal. We left Rome on Thursday, as we expected (Mrs. Peter was joined for a short time by a lady friend). I could not finish my letter, because the dear old Cardinal Reisach summoned me to take a stroll with him in the convent gardens, to receive his blessing and his counsels, which are always wise and good, and a bundle of letters which had occupied him, he said, all day. He is a delightful companion, speaking English almost like a native, and well acquainted with our country, as well as with most others, and his letters to nuncios, archbishops, etc., will be very valuable to me. I was sorry to be summoned away from his agreeable conversation, to meet the good Cardinal Barnabo, who also brought his own letters, and called to say adieu, and gave me all sorts of kind wishes. Two or three others also called; and, finally, my firm friend, Monsignor Bedini made his appearance, between nine and ten, having just arrived from a ten days' absence. It was an unprecedented hour for a convent, but he was unwilling to let me go without saying *addio*. Thus, besides the dear friends in the convent, I seemed surrounded by kind hearts. Our journey of three days here was delightful. Besides Miss T. and myself, there was a Dominican father, who, though still young, is a professor in the Collegio Romano, and proved to be a most agreeable companion, and also a young militaire from Turin. At Terni we turned aside to see the cascade. The whole excursion was charming. Yesterday we made another side-way excursion to Assisi and Notre Dame des Anges, both remarkable places in the early Middle Ages, and then we reached Perugia on the evening of the third day. The old town is full of the works of Perugino and his pupil, Raphael.

Having a letter to a very distinguished lady here, the Countess Constabile, I saw that which is his loveliest Madonna.

AREZZO.

My afternoon was most pleasantly concluded by a visit from my agreeable fellow-traveler, the Dominican, and the superior of the Benedictines. They stayed chatting chiefly about our country, until their rule compelled them to leave, and I went to bed to be ready by five this morning, when, mounted in the *banquette*, we had a very pleasant drive hither. You are such a lover of warlike feats, that I wished you had been in my place as I passed through these scenes so full of the traditions of the terrors of battle. I contented myself with a trophy of olive branch, to prove how peaceful is now the pretty landscape. After dinner, I sallied forth to see the town, the birth-place of so many of the great of olden time. They have a very nice way of informing travelers of their distinguished townsmen by placing an inscription on the walls of the houses where they have lived. Thus I looked upon Petrarch's birthplace, and many others. Among them was he who invented the common musical characters, and there was something so comical I was forced to laugh—only fancy, after saying in plain Italian: "In this house was born Guido," mi, ra, sol, fa, mi, in musical lines, cut in the stone and colored, without any other notice!

BOLOGNA, July 24th.

Blessed be the invention of steam, and thanks to the Great Giver of all good, who permits me to enjoy its blessings. Here I arrived last night, and this morning I received your letter, mailed on the sixth, two weeks and five days! Thank M. for hers. Truly, I am thankful, that all my dear ones are well. The Pope is at Ravenna, to return to-morrow, and then I shall see him and hope to add to my collections. The climate here seems to be, in summer, not unlike our own, less cold in winter—perhaps not quite so hot in summer. I think

from here I shall return to the cooler regions of the baths of Lucca.

Not until I get into Germany can I know fully of the success of my mission. If I succeed, we shall all have reason to rejoice; if not, I shall have done what I could. I am to dine to-day with the curé of the church of St. Gregoire.

God bless and keep you all.

LEGHORN, *August.*

To prove to you that your letters are always most truly welcome, I again address this to you. Thankful, most thankful am I to hear from you, and that, through the Divine mercy, you are all well and happy. I was so busy and so dissolved by the heat of Bologna, that I could not write. Our blessed Papa (of which Pope is a corruption) returned from Ravenna and received me in the kindest manner possible. He is a most lovable person, and I fancy he begins to regard me as quite an old acquaintance. And then Monsignors Talbot and de Merode and Hohentohe are with him—old acquaintances too—so that when I was in Bologna I had quite a home feeling. After a few days passed at the Hotel del Marco, the good nuns of the Good Shepherd invited me to stay at their convent—an invitation I was thankful to accept—and there I found an acquaintance in a most noble looking French woman (the provincial), whom I had seen at Rome two years ago. She recognised me instantly, to my great pleasure. The people of Bologna are noted for their hospitality and the simplicity of their manners, and I was really charmed with the acquaintances I made. The excellent curé of the Church of St. Gregoire, Father Pini, who so strikingly resembles those fathers of their flocks of whom we sometimes read. This holy man seems to be endowed with every quality to complete the priestly character. He invited me to dine with him (his sister being his housekeeper) several times, and the last night of my stay, as the convent was too far from the coach office for the early hour of four A. M., he insisted upon my sleeping at his house. These, however, are mere nothings, except

that they are tangible points to illustrate the kind heart of the man. There I found, too, the Countess Mareschalchi and her sister, the Duchess D'Albergh, lovely characters, and the learned and world-renowned Father Bresciani (Jesuit). Except the melting weather, I have delightful reminiscences of Bologna, and left it, after a weeks' sojourn, with real regret, and returned again to Florence, having designs upon the purse of the grand duke and others. For the sake of our poor I hope I may not be disappointed.

The marked approbation which I have received from the Holy Father, who gave me a letter approving my design, adding in the kindest manner a very handsome gift in gold Napoleons, will tend greatly to facilitate my future quests, and I feel confident of success. Monsignor Talbot gave me a letter to the nuncio in Florence, who is a most agreeable person, and as the grand duke is at the baths of Lucca, I came here "a fishing" among people of fortune, who are bathing, and having done "a good business" in Florence, I propose visiting the baths of Lucca with the same disinterested intention. The Countess Bourteline and her sister, the Marchioness di Somma Riva, have given me letters to their brother, Prince Poniatowski, to which the Nuncio has added valuable introductions, and also one of the great Jesuit fathers, Père Franca, whose sermon I heard at Florence on Sunday, was the most eloquent possible. He is regarded as quite an apostle, and I have found him, distinguished as he is, both as an author and a speaker, a most gentle and agreeable companion and friend. I have also lately made acquaintance among the Dominicans, who are generally distinguished by their sound understanding and very gentlemanly bearing; to the last of which, doubtless, their simple white worsted but very elegant costume, contributes to some extent. The tomb of St. Dominic is at Bologna, and is most beautiful. I am trying to look as carefully as possible into the character of things and men around me. My affairs throw me into a sort of intimacy with many distinguished

men and women. Society in all its phases seems less factitious than with us of the Anglo-Saxon races. Less attention is paid to external things or appearances. People are at liberty to dress or do as they please, provided they are not *revolutionary* in their tendencies; and the individual character forms itself with far more freedom than with us, where every body is afraid of what every body will say or think if they diverge from the ordinary line of common-place. Utility also is less regarded, and manners and conversation and politeness are the prevailing aims.

BATHS OF LUCCA.

Within a few hours I have made a change to a temperature so cool that winter clothing is necessary. In Leghorn, I was positively parboiled; they say such weather was never known. Half an hour on the rail brought me to Pisa. I have bought for our little Tom a model in alabaster of the "leaning tower." Another half hour set me down at the gates of the old republic. We had scarcely crossed the boundaries before a rich verdure covered every thing. Not even in Flanders is the cultivation finer. The people look very cheerful and happy, and the dear old curé, at the baths of Lucca, who has lived there twenty-three years, when I inquired about the morals of his people, who must be sadly exposed, one would think, to evil influences from so many strangers who visit every year, told me that he had never heard of the commission of any great crime during all these years. Here is Arcadia rediviva! The whole population, he says, are regular church-goers, and the women are remarkable for their purity. Every spot on the mountains is planted with olives and grapes, and a pretty little mountain stream that goes bounding along the whole extent of the valley, turning aside now and then to keep a mill in motion, gives an air of refreshment and life to the whole scene. *Addio*, blessed little Lucca.

The grand ducal family have a chateau half way up the mountain, where I was received with a simple, unpre-

tending kindness which would astonish most of our democrats. The dowager grand duchess is a princess of Saxony, a most saintly woman, whose whole life is one good action. Besides as much money as she was able to give, she gave me letters to the king and queen of Saxony, with many kind words. The grand duke is evidently a good man. I sat with him perhaps an hour *tele-a-tete*. He seemed much interested to hear of America. The grand duchess is a charming person. Of course, I gather the opinions of others whose opportunities are greater than mine, in which I coincide. This lady is daughter of the late king of Naples, niece of the queen of France, sister of the duchess of Berry, and through her sister, Queen Christina, aunt of the queen of Spain. Dressed in a buff muslin, simple collar, no ornament beyond a scrap of black lace at the back of her head, she received me with the perfect grace of a gentlewoman, but also with a simple, kind friendliness that indicated the habits of the good wife and mother, who gives a frank and cordial welcome to her guest without a thought of pomp or pride. She has a sparkling eye, and, I should think, must be the life of the domestic circle. If this country is not happy, it is no fault of theirs.

It was too cool to stay at the baths, and having excellent friends in Florence, I determined to return. My old friends, the Countess Bourteline and the Marchioness di Somma Riva, will remain until after the Pope's visit, which will be on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. I will pick up what I can while I pass my leisure hours in the galleries.

Having fully satisfied herself with the sojourn in Florence, and having had special opportunities provided for the enjoyment of the papal reception, Mrs. Peter proceeded to Leghorn, there to take passage for Genoa. Reaching this city of palaces, she set to work to deliver letters of introduction, and in her own words we shall tell the results:

GENOA, August 22d.

We reached here safely at three A. M., and you may be sure I lost no time in going to the banker's for letters. I had the joy to find yours of August 2d, and M.'s of July 23d. I have already looked around to gratify M.'s desire for guipure lace, which can be had here in perfection. I have purchased a beautiful mantilla, which I am sure she will like. I have made the acquaintance of the Marquis di Brignoli Sala, the greatest and best man, they say, in Genoa. He called for me to go to church this morning. He is about seventy-five or eighty years of age, but full of vigor and heart. He was long ambassador at Paris. I have had very interesting conversations with him, which, if I had space, I would relate. I forgot to mention Powers in my Florence letter. Of course, I immediately called on him, and he speedily returned my visit. I did not see his wife, for they had just buried one of their children. His studio is much increased, and he is always improving; but I think, though there is more an expression of sentiment and delicacy in his female heads than any that I have seen, his genius does not seem fertile. Nevertheless, he will live in the history of his art, and will maintain a high place. I proposed to him to send out casts of his busts to our gallery. He is afraid it might be thought forthputting. We ought to have them. It would cost but little beyond the transportation, which from Florence is less than Paris.

I have nearly given up all hopes of returning for the winter. Every body assures me every-where that all the affluent in circumstances go into "*villeggiatura*," or to watering places, during the summer, and do not return till October or November; and that it is useless to try to make collections now. I am really quite inclined to run home for a month, and return.

Before proceeding in her *quête* in Northern Italy, Mrs. Peter made a detour, going again to Lyons and Marseilles. Having determined to remain in Europe through

the winter, she went to the latter place, to send off trunks of summer wear and books, which had become cumbersome in her much wandering. The consul, Col. Morgan, had most kindly offered to facilitate her in the disposition of her surplus luggage.

At Lyons, she was for a few days the welcome guest of her loved Sisters of the Sacré Cœur. In this order, she always found such congenial companionships. So many women of highest cultivation find in these convents peaceful retreat, and here is ample field for their talent and culture, as it is the highest of the educational orders in the Catholic Church. The dear Madame Cesari, superior of the Trinita di Monte, at Rome, remained Mrs. Peter's faithful friend, and on the occasion of her death, her son received from this saintly lady a touching letter of sympathy.

TURIN, Aug. 27th.

Turin is a beautiful town. This is my first visit, and this morning I occupied my few hours of leisure to walk about it. They have long arcades in many of the streets, and an idea of comfort, which I see for the first time: these arcades are continued across many of the streets, so that, in all weather, you are covered. Carriages pass, of course, under the central arch. There is much evidence of artistic taste. Both in Genoa and here, there is a great rage for exterior decoration in fresco. The galleries have many excellent works, among them numerous copies. My letters of introduction are to grandly-sounding names—among others, the Montmorenci. I called at several of the palaces, but many were still out of town. I think they affect here and at Genoa greater magnificence than in the more southern Italian towns, though their pictures are very inferior to the latter. In both these cities, old sculptures in the churches are singularly beautiful, and filled me with covetousness. I am now *en route* for Milan, where I am to be during the fêtes of the archduke.

I have to do all chiefly through others, by means of letters of introduction from people of distinction to each other. I do not doubt that very often I am a great nuisance, but they seem to like me very well. I have letters from the Cardinals Reisach and Altieri to the archbishop here, a most noble man, who received me most kindly; and to the Duchess of Melzi, who is lady of honor to the archduchess, who promises to do all possible; and to the Princess Vidonia, with whom I am to dine to-day.

MILAN, *September 14th.*

Since I last wrote I have had the great comfort of M.'s letter of August 19th, and the same packet brought letters from Sophy Quincy and Jane Sedgwick, so that I felt myself quite rich in home memories. Though so many are still in the country, which interferes with my work, I have made so many charming acquaintances that I make a little pause here and repose myself, which I much need. Even the nuns of the sacred heart are in *villeggiatura*, the Duke di Scotti, whose wife is one of my patrons, having offered them the use of his villa, near Como, for a month.

I have ensconced myself in a quiet little hotel near the Duomo, which I realize more and more is one of the wonders of the world. I have the luxury of a bath, hot or cold, whenever I please, and fruits in abundance. The grapes are particularly fine. My good friends kindly came to see me, and I hope to pass a few days very tranquilly and peacefully.

Within this day or two I have revisited the venerable Ambrosian Library and collections with renewed pleasure. The books are all in plain binding, and the pictures and sculptures are of the rarest merit—portraits of the distinguished dead in long lines at the top. Articles of *vertu*, and original drawings of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Leonardo extend through long suites of rooms. Among them is the well finished original, by the hand of Raphael, of the "School of Athens," in crayon, and several of the figures of the "Last Judgment," by M. Angelo. There are original letters of Lucretia Borgia,

that greatly injured woman ; letters of Petrarch and Galileo, Tasso and St. Francis de Sales, and St. Philip Neri, etc., ancient manuscripts, even of the fourth century. There is a small picture by Baroccio (the same who painted "The Interior of the Shop of St. Joseph," which I have), which tempted me exceedingly, and I could hardly restrain my inclination to order a copy. It is a deposition from the cross, the whole conception of which is entirely different from any that I have seen—a beatific smile seems to pervade every feature of our divine Lord.

M. would be ecstatic over the beautiful tessellated floors. I hesitate to set my feet upon them, they are so delicately beautiful. They are in various colored woods, with flowers and arabesques. The Duchess of Melzi took me through a suite of her drawing-rooms the other day, all floored in this manner. I take great pleasure in the church services here, which are at all hours. There is very little instrumental music, but the people, even the poorest, sing well.

VERONA, September 25th.

I left Milan three days since with the loveliest woman I have ever met with, the Countess Mocenigo Sorango, of Venice. The Mocenigo, you know, is one of the oldest ducal families in Venice, which furnished five doges, in the course of a thousand years, to the republic. The other name, Sorango, is older than Venice, for their ancestors were lords of Anco, the port of Rome, before the removal of the seat of empire to Byzantium. The Venetians, I hear, laugh at the absurd pretensions of the Hapsburghs to antiquity, for they were a thousand years old before Rudolph was born. But to return to the countess, who parted from me here to go on to Venice, where I shall see her again. She is the child of another lady who has shown me a sisterly kindness, the Princess Vidonia, by birth a Russian noble of high degree, married to an Italian prince, who died early. My belle is therefore Russian and Italian, good as beautiful, highly educated, with

great strength and decision of character, and devotedly pious. She was waiting at Milan to help my work. The Marchioness di Somma Riva, whom I mentioned for her exceeding kindness at Florence, is her aunt. It is a thousand pities that I am not in the least inclined to write a book, for I fancy no foreigner has had the *entrée* into so many houses of high rank as my work opens to me; and as I am received without ceremony, I see all things in their every day aspect. This freedom naturally obliges me to a certain honorable reserve so as to avoid any breach of confidence, but I may say in a private letter that so far I have found every-where the strongest proofs of family affection and devotion, and every mark of the prevalence of purest morals. The Genoese and Milanese affect a greater splendor in furniture than the more southern Italians, and by a sort of consequence there are fewer pictures; for in the midst of such magnificent damask hangings and curtains, and girandoles, and candelabra, and vases, and cabinets, the fine arts are crowded out of place.

But the floors may almost be reckoned among the "*belles arts*." They are exquisitely inlaid, and the ceilings are vaulted usually, and covered with beautiful frescoes, bordered with high and low relief figures and flowers. One of the last palaces I visited in Milan was richly carpeted in every part, but my eye had grown so accustomed to the other, magnificent as it was I thought it had a *stuffy* look. It was the palace of the Visconti. Passing through one great room after another, filled with the treasures of ages, I finally reached her ladyship, who received me with great kindness. I presented the letter of the Princess Vidonia; and while she read, for which "*impolitesse*," she begged "*milles pardons*," I occupied myself in looking around. She was a most handsome and agreeable gentlewoman, "fat, fair and forty." The rooms were filled so full of articles of *vertu*, that I was really afraid to turn around; happily, however, I resolutely refuse hoops and flounces, and escaped all accidents. I could fill a volume with descriptions, but I dare say I tire you. And so I am here in

this old Roman town of Verona, at a hotel on the open square of the old church of St. Anastasie, where there is just now being held a Novina. There seems to be great devotion among the people, and the priest, who preaches every day, strikes me as being, in the best sense, the most extraordinary preacher I ever heard. He brings the doctrines of Christianity to bear more fully upon the duties of every-day life, and of all the relations of life, and more happily than I ever remember to have heard. I say less of the Church than I would, for reasons that you will understand, but it is infinite happiness for me to find myself in so elevated and congenial an atmosphere. The population of this old town is, I should think, one of the best in the world. There is a primitive simplicity which is truly delightful. As I walk around and inquire the way, with a gentle kindness they send some one to show me the way, which wins my heart. The most curious thing of the modern Verona is the little church-yard filled with magnificent tombs of the Scala family, who reigned here in the twelfth and fifteenth centuries. When we talk of the "dark ages," we should limit ourselves to certain nations. These tombs belong to what the English historians would consider the darkest period, and yet in the nineteenth century it would scarcely be possible to obtain original designs of equal beauty. The adjoining church is some hundred years older, and is kept in perfect repair. I am accustomed to having my little dinner sent to my room for greater privacy, and follow my usual habit of reading at table when alone. Usually, for want of books, I ask for a newspaper. You may imagine my surprise, in casting my eye on the feuilleton of the Veronese Gazette, which like those of Paris, is placed at the bottom of the page, to find a translation in Italian of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," translated expressly for this Gazette, to be continued from day to day.

Saturday.—I thought to have gone to Padua to-day, but through the kindness of Monsignor Giuliani, one of the canons of the cathedral, have discovered various opportunities

of angling, which are not to be overlooked. One good lady, in the kindly fashion of the place, thinking I should have difficulty in finding my way to certain houses, where I was to *quite*, sent her maid to guide me; and in another truly charming family, the Count Minnescálchi, the grandfather, father, and mother, and the little girls, each gave their golden offering for the poor. I have also a charming letter from the saintly Countess Sorango, so you see my day is pleasantly filled. To-morrow I remove to Padua and Ferrara, and then to Venice, where I am impatient to receive the letters I hope to find. It is impossible yet to decide positively whether I shall return home this winter, yet I fear I shall not. It is better to stay some months longer, and finish my work. I have seen enough of the world, and desire to be still. Now, as I see so much of charities and holy people who support them, I groan in spirit over our destitution, and gather courage to go on.

FERRARA, *September 30th.*

Yesterday, I saw Mr. Field, of Philadelphia, who married Eliza Peters, Frank's sister—they are the first Americans I have seen for months. They have been two or three years in Europe, and have lately been on a visit to William Story and his wife, who are passing the summer near Sienna. Poor Mr. Crawford, he says, is dying in London. This is a great grief to me.

VENICE.

I reached the Queen of the Lagunes last night. Our entrance was grand beyond description. The moon was brilliantly full, the flat lands were actually so lit up, and reflected so much light—a phenomenon which I never witnessed before—that I actually thought for some miles we were passing the lagunes, until closer inspection showed my mistake. On arrival at the depot, I immediately betook myself, or rather was taken, to the Hotel Europa, where I was so comfortably lodged six years ago. I soon went to the banker, and found to my joy your letter of the 5th September. I

hoped for one also from M. She is a very dear daughter, and the more so since she has no other mother in the world. I have said nothing of Ferrara, where my patron was the Marquis de Strozzi, of an old Middle Age family. There is, in the old palace of the Este, in perfect preservation, a gallery of fine old pictures. Here Tasso paid his court to the too charming Leonora. The fine old citadel, too, where I went to pay my respects to the papal legate, is a fine structure of the "Cinque Cento," containing many magnificent salons, covered with pictures in fresco or oil, by great artists. There is also a library of thirty thousand volumes, and invaluable manuscripts.

VENICE.

Your letter of the 18th ult. reached me nearly three weeks after date. You can scarcely imagine the satisfaction I derive from these letters. I only desire to have them longer. Have you no thin paper, that you may write more at length? I shall stay a few days longer at Venice than I expected, for I have a real reluctance to leave this beloved Italy. Viewing it in any light, it surpasses all other nations. In natural position and fertility of soil it is unequalled—in history it is of nearly equal interest to Pagan, Mussulman, or Christian, and "mistress of arts as once of arms, imperial Rome," is still the center to which tend the aspirations of the civilized world.

I have bought some photographs, to show you the great pictures here. Of course the galleries and churches are full of Titian, who seems to me to come next after Raphael. I have now seen Italy at every season of the year. This last harvest season has made me better acquainted with many of their peculiar ways. I hope you have received your guipure mantle. I think it was well not to get both shawl and basque of the same. At Paris I hope to find something to please you. Every thing in this respectable and dignified City of the Doges is polite and highly civilized. The very little dogs—no other quadruped, but a cat now and then, is visible—the little dogs turn aside in the most obliging way to let you pass

the narrow ways. Even the few beggars are positively high bred people. There is a modest, gentle, friendly manner throughout all classes, and an air of kindness which, to a lonely stranger, is above all praise. The water-carriers interested me much. They are usually women, and dressed after a jaunty fashion—the head is the principal point of attraction. There are earrings of antique and massive gold; the hair is plaited and curled, and braided in the most intricate manner, and on the top of all is a coquettish little black fur hat, sometimes like a man's, only turned up equally all round the narrow brim. In this are stuck small feathers or flowers. The dress is short, of dark colors, and the broad, splay feet are bare. Truly, there is no accounting for the caprices of fashion. The bust and throat are always modestly covered, but feet and hands are supposed to have a right to show themselves. You remember how I described to you the Arab women of Syria. I was right glad to see the other day an extract from the “*Examiner*,” commenting most justly on the folly and unmitigated ugliness and extravagance of present fashions in woman's dress (immense hoops and trailing skirts, flounced to the waist). Much as I am disposed always to regard my sex with tenderness, I am too often now obliged to regard them with disgust, if not contempt. Neither can I pray for the long life of the Empress of the French, who is most blameworthy, I fear, in encouraging so vicious an example.

PART III.

GRATZ, STYRIA.

Here a sudden and remarkable change of scene. I grieve to part with Italy, and with the people who, after the French, are without doubt the most amiable, and the most polite people in Christendom. Their kindly disposition has been, perhaps, one of the causes of their misfortunes, from the great

willingness to please and to oblige, united as it is with less self-love than belongs to other races. I forgot to mention in its proper place, that having received a pressing invitation from the lovely Countess Mocenego Sorango, and her husband, to make them a visit at their country home, I passed two days there, which I shall not easily forget. It was beautiful to see them filling so sweetly and so Christianly their elevated position. The Princess Vidonia was with them, and an English lady and daughter (an early friend of the princess). The English lady is the Countess of Belhaven, sister to Lady Stanley, of Alderly, herself daughter of Lady Dillon, and formerly maid of honor to the Queen. But what a difference in character, manners, and appearance! She is a good-natured, bluff sort of woman, but she seemed a discord amid their harmony. It was an old, old, *old* Venetian country seat, wide, spacious, finely situated, with wood and water; and at a short distance a little, old, ruined, ivy-covered, Middle Age, walled village, with its fortress and tower, and its old church belfry peeping from behind. One day, four or five of the neighboring gentry came to dine with us. Every thing was so void of pretension, so easy, so kind, so natural. Except that the dinner was most delicately cooked, and served by excellent waiters, one might have thought of Arcadia. I was sorry to find that the plain-spoken English woman, though a staunch Protestant, had no favor for the overpraised Miss Nightingale, whom she accuses of being secretly a *Catholic*! Adieu to Italy. With infinite pleasure could I revisit so many scenes which, from their association, have been dear to me. The Countess Fugelmont and her daughter, the Princess Clary, of Venice, were exceedingly kind to me, and to them I am indebted for letters to the Countess Pascalis, of Gratz, with whom I have dined to-day. She has introduced me to the Graf Furstenberg, and others, who seem to regard me with much satisfaction; and as they add liberally to my funds, I may hope that I may still further "give satisfaction" to others. They promise to help me at Vienna; but advise

I should not go there yet—perhaps for a month. Every body who is any body is out of town. It seems that great families remain at their castles or chateaus, in the country, until nearly Christmas; and so adieu to all hope of returning home this winter.

All-saint's Day.—I have heretofore omitted to mention that I am enjoying the hospitality of my beloved Order of the Sacré Coeur, having brought them a letter from the Convent of Trinita di Monte, Rome, they at once invited me to stay with them—an invitation I was too happy to accept; and it was particularly fortunate for me, since the sudden damp of the climate (Gratz, they say, is one of the coldest places in Germany) has given me cold, and to avoid making it worse I stay in my room, and now write to you from a sofa. My pretty room has two windows, made of double glass, and the bed all hung in the purest white. An *ofen* of some white substance, either of earthenware or iron, gives a most comfortable temperature; and the sun shines cheerfully in at my windows, from which I see the distant Tyrol mountains and the wide plain around. I have been very busy for two days, “fishing,” accompanied by the good Gräfin Pascalis. We are received with an affectionate warmth, which I fancy must be chiefly due to the amiable and greatly loved Gräfin. Everybody gives something. The prince bishop gave handsomely, and added a strong note of recommendation. Meantime, I observe manner of living, houses, furniture, habits of thought, etc. The ladies are highly refined, yet simple in manners, and the men seem good and domestic. From the immense number of portraits of the House of Hapsburg, which decorate the walls, usually beginning with the buxom figure of Maria Theresa, I should fancy them the most loyal of people. There is also a prodigious affluence of family portraits, chiefly of women in miniature, hung in platoons, with all the ridiculous frizzes and head-dresses of the last forty years. One would have thought that in a land so full of art they would have learned better taste. One does not find such travesties in Italy. Most of

the churches have admirable pictures and sculptures, and here, as in Italy, the churches are kept scrupulously clean.

I confess I am quite taken by surprise by the excellence of the pictures. There are also some very old houses having exterior decoration of great merit. They have extensive public pleasure grounds finely planted. The ancient citadel, which is perched upon an oblong, mound-like hill of, I should think, 150 feet high, rises in the midst of the town. If I had nothing else to do, I should like exceedingly to stay here several weeks. There seems no want of books, nor of pleasant society. One of the charming ladies I have met is the daughter of Count ———, the minister of war who was murdered in the outbreak at Vienna in 1848. I had never known how much mischief was done by that short revolution.

The dear little boys! I hope they do not forget me. If the box from Rome arrives, give Tommy the alabaster tower from Pisa for Christmas; take the photographs for yourself.

VIENNA, *November 7th.*

Well, here I am, this blessed Saturday evening, just arrived in this old city; have taken my tea, read the "Galignani" to see what has happened during the last ten days that I have enjoyed so happy a retreat from this troublesome world, and now "alone in my glory" in a nice little room in the Hotel Hertzog Karl, which they tell me is near the magnificent Cathedral of St. Stephen's, for it was too dark for me to see where I was when I came rumbling along in a rather shabby fiacre. After this profusion of preface, I commence my chat with you. I left the blessed convent at Gratz at nine this morning, accompanied by all kind and affectionate wishes and prayers by the admirable ladies, nearly all French, of that most dear community, who parted with me with great reluctance, fearing I should get another cold, and reaching the depot I entered a car; but "woe's me," I am no longer in Italy; no longer among a refined, polite, and kindly people; they all reek with tobacco, and instead of putting smokers in

a car to themselves, they allot only one small car in the train for those who do not smoke. I have this morning called on the Countess Stadion, at the Lichtenstein Palace, with a letter, afterward going to a service at the Capuchin Chapel, near by, one of the most severely plain to be found, yet underneath, in the vaults, repose, as I told you formerly, the whole house of Hapsburg, from Rudolph to this day.

I am glad my good Anne is contented. I hope she is careful with the house, and looks after its affairs well. There is my bottle of water from the Jordan in the large cabinet, which ought to be put in the cellar, or where it will not freeze. She will recollect it from last winter; do not omit to mention it to her. I have made the acquaintance of our minister, Mr. Jackson, from Georgia, a very gentlemanly and well educated man. He is unmarried, and lives in a suite of furnished apartments, all looking very proper. He spent last evening with me, and we had a long and pleasant chat; and then he sent me a batch of the latest arrived newspapers, chiefly the good, sober-minded old "National Intelligencer," which it comforted my eyes to look upon, for I have not seen it since I left Rome, and now I am quite *au fait* about home affairs.

November 27th.

I have just returned from a quiet dinner with the Countess Esterhazy. What a pity one is not at liberty to tell of all that one sees in these entries into the domesticity of what is called high life. I am every day familiarly engaged with that circle which is regarded at an awful distance by the *lower* (?) world, and it seems to me quite a thing, of course. I go trotting about the mysterious and vast pile of the imperial palace, now with the Princess Auersperg, then with the Countess Festitch, or the Princess Esterhazy *geboren* Lichtenstein, or with his Imperial Highness, Maximilian, the head of the Teutonic order, etc.; they all seem like other well-bred and quiet people, far more plainly dressed than our Cincinnati dames, and infinitely less of pretention. They seem all to like me, and

invite me to come and see them, and take an interest in the progress of my mission.

This is chiefly personal, for it is evident they do not like America—they are too polite to say so, but the questions they ask show very plainly what they think. I shall have to send you a short letter, but since I could not write last week I fear you may be anxious, so I send what I can. Our ambassador, Mr. Jackson, spent last evening with me, and no time was left for my letter. This evening the Countess Esterhazy surprised me by a visit, and occupied again the time intended for you. To-day I have been to church, visited a hospital, and dined with General and Baroness Martini. This will reach you, I hope, before Christmas, when you will all be thinking of me, and I of you. I pray to our dear Lord to give to you all his choicest blessings. I am not sure whether I shall be here, or at Munich. I have gathered much here, chiefly from the imperial household. I am too polite to make point blank attacks. I do not make *demands*, but insinuations. I show my papers, and leave my benefactors to the consequent induction that their purses should be opened. I am amused at your resolute defense of the English. Some of these days you will see for yourself, and you will have an unusual luck if you not come to the conclusion so many have reached. I am preserving all sorts of letters and notes which I receive from friends in Italy, from which you will soon observe the kindlier feelings of these people, as well as their higher civilization. To-morrow morning, at six, I set out for Graú and Pesth, and my next letter may bring you novelties from Hungary. Love to you all, and my health and good-will to every one who inquires for me. May the dear Lord bless you all. I write in prodigious haste. I hope Rufus takes care of his health.

GRAU, HUNGARY.

I sent off a hurried epistle to M. yesterday from Vienna, and to-day came over in seven hours by rail to this small town, which is the seat of a cardinal archbishop—fishing of

course. The whole distance extended over one enormous plain, denuded of trees, with some hills in the distance. I am not inclined, from what I see, to think very highly of the Magyar industry. They seem to be a softer and gentler race than that of Germany, and the language has to me many sounds resembling our Indian languages. The people have a Tartar look. Their dress borders on the Oriental, and one sees that he is no longer in Western Europe.

FOST, *December 1st.*

What a singular life is mine. Here am I in the palace of the Count Karoli, who with the Esterhazy is one of the two magnates of Hungary. His late wife was the sister of the good Countess Marie Esterhazy, of whom I have already written to you. She gave me a letter to her niece, the Countess Palfy, *nee* Karoli, who, after the death of her mother, she brought up. By some misdirection I was delayed, and did not reach here until sunset, and as it is an hour to Pesth, they invited me so frankly to stay that I accepted the invitation, and after dinner I am seated, at nearly ten o'clock, to give you an account of the day. Grau is not so very small. I set out this morning to mail a letter, and found the distance to the post-office rather inconvenient. The population is about eighteen thousand. On approaching it from the opposite side of the Danube, you are struck with the magnificent cathedral, which stands on a flattened hill, about 180 feet high, the declivities of which are covered with the debris of the ancient walls, of prodigious thickness. I inquired what had destroyed these so solid fortifications, and the reply, of course in German, was, that they were "*gesprungen der Turken bis zwei hundert Jahren.*" Here was then the whole history of Sobieski, and the siege of Vienna; and this was the last stronghold which separated the infidels from Vienna, when Hungary, then independent, came to the relief of Austria. The houses are chiefly a story and a half high, and as every-where, since I left Trieste, have double windows,

which are generally filled with flowers in pots, which have a very pretty effect. Often, too, you see bright-colored apples and grapes, reposing there till they are to be eaten. My success there was as good as could be expected. I came away, and as I was directed, instead of going to Pesth, stopped at a station, which was nearer my destination, and where I was told I could get a public carriage, but the "designs of mice and men oft gang alee." There was no carriage at all, and I was constrained to send for a peasant and his wagon, made of rude wicker work, in which they placed a bundle of straw, covered by a sort of blanket; and seated on this, with my trunk and bag before me, and in front of these a wild-looking Sclavonian, who knew not a word out of his own language, and before him three as wild-looking, but rather starved horses abreast, we scudded across the plain, over a country road, till we came to the porter's lodge, where a "gentleman," in elegant scarlet and blue, awaited our approach. As my equipage could in no sense be considered "*comme il faut*," my own very respectable air (as I flattered myself), did not counteract the bad impression made by accessories, and the man professing not to understand German, with a very significant wave of the hand, ordered my chariot to turn back, and not to enter the park. Whereupon I drew out my letters, and pronouncing the magic words, "*Gräfin Esterhazy*," "*Erzbishop von Grau*" (the fellow could read), another gracious salutatory movement permitted our entrance, and a mile and a half further brought us to the little village behind the Schloss, where there is a Wirthhaus. Here I descended and deposited my effects, but the only "*schlaf-zimmer was besetzt*," and off I went under the guidance of the "*Wirths-tochter*" to the great door of the Schloss, where I was received by another elegant gentleman in scarlet and blue and yellow, who conveyed my letters and card to the Gräfin Palffy. Her father, the Gräf Karoli, was out with the hounds, and not yet returned. The lovely Gräfin received me with all kindness, and invited me to stay. By and by the Gräf entered, and by

his cordial and highly polished manners, I was placed quite at ease. He speaks English very well, and is well informed about our country. I was conducted to a nice warm room to prepare for dinner, when their eldest son was presented to me, with three or four other gentlemen. The dinner was very elegantly served. The gentleman next me, Count —, seems to have read a great deal about America—Mrs. Stowe's book, of course—that infamous calumny; but only imagine, he had always understood, that of the very few white servants who would condescend to serve, they always sat at the table with the master and mistress—he had never before heard this contradicted. No American, I fancy, ever enters the highest circles here.

PESTH, December 2d.

I had such a nice, comfortable bed, that to-day I am quite uplifted. Among other good works of the friendly Magyar is a church of exquisite beauty in all its parts, which he has built within a few years, as well for the villagers as for his own chapel. On one side of the church is the *geistlicher residenz* (the priest's house), and on the other, schools. The whole forms one of the finest groups of modern construction. Indeed, the interior of the church might form one of the finest models of modern times. We went to the nine o'clock mass, breakfasted, and then, as I desired to proceed on my journey, a coach and four appeared at the door, the good count handed me into it with all good wishes, and thus "with flying colors," i. e., my coachman in mazarine blue and scarlet embroidered in yellow, I drove into Pesth, about eight miles distant. What a contrast to the equipage in which I entered! The elegant gentleman at the porter's lodge recognized me as we whirled through the gates in my magnificent equipage—and these Hungarians are quick as the Germans are dull—I saw that he comprehended all at a glance. He remembered the magic *briefen* (letters). At breakfast a sealed note had been put into my hands, which I afterward found contained a munificent donation. Every thing here is

delicately and handsomely done. I had a long conversation with the count last evening and this morning, and truly he is one of the most agreeable men I have ever seen. His high-bred politeness seems to proceed entirely from the nobleness of his nature, and I felt as much at home as if in the house of an old and dear friend. He is the most truly noble man I have met in my travels. Things here look far better than in Vienna, which is no very great compliment. When I was first in Vienna, I had seen no other great capital but London, and Vienna seemed gay and cheerful; but now my more practiced eye observes deficiencies before unnoticed. The shops here (Pesth) are all in good taste; the women are often pretty, and look cheerful and happy. The Danube is about as wide as the Ohio at Cincinnati when not overflowed. There are two pretty islands in view, which add much to the beauty, as seen from the magnificent iron bridge which spans the river.

December 4th.

I had this morning an audience of his Imperial Highness, the Archduke Albrecht, Palatine of Hungary, who occupies an imperial palace high up on the hill opposite, in Buda, which is called Ofen by the Germans. He is a cousin of the young emperor's father. He received me with much kindness, and seemed much interested in our chat on American affairs. He is, apparently, fifty or sixty years of age, and enjoys the reputation of being a sincere Christian who does all the good he can to every body. In fact the whole reigning family have this reputation without, I fancy, a dissenting voice. They are extremely simple in their habits, and while giving constantly to every object which promises to be useful, they are carefully economical in their personal expenses. When I am at home I will say more about politics. Their position is very difficult in this respect, and, as is usual, it is much easier to discover defects than to remedy them. This afternoon the archduke sent me a very handsome donation in gold, and to-morrow I return to Vienna.

VIENNA, *Saturday.*

I returned here yesterday, and found M.'s letter, for which I am very thankful, bringing me, as it does, the good news that you are all well.

OLMUTZ.

I had the comfort of receiving your letter of the 22d, in due season.

I left Vienna last evening, at eight o'clock, after a very pleasant little dinner party given me by the Countess Esterhazy, *née* Princess Lichtenstein, the *grande maitresse* of the Empress. She has, on several occasions, shown really an affection for me. She was so very obliging, as to say that if the Empress had not been suffering from a bad cold, she could no longer have resisted the pleasure of making my acquaintance, but that if, as she hoped, I should return to Vienna, she wished to see me, etc. I have had most cordial evidence of sincere regard from this charming circle of Austrian nobility, who constantly evinced their regard by invitations to dinner, little presents of affection, etc.

This morning, on my arrival at Olmutz, I presented myself to the Prince Archbishop von Fürstenberg, who forthwith became possessed of a desire to further my work. He gave me, on parting, a handsome donation, and a letter for his mother, the Landgrave von Fürstenberg, at Prague, and sent Count Belscept, the Dom Herr, to go about among the canons and make collections to be forwarded to me. He sent his servant, in livery, to attend me. Calling at the grand provost of the diocese (I had letters from the Nuncio at Vienna), he received me, dear old gentleman, in the most affectionate manner, saying, "Of course, you dine with me to-day." I could not refuse so kind an invitation, but as I had yet an hour or two, which I had designed for "fishing," he sent a servant with me to help me. Could any thing in the world be kinder? This most holy man has a sweetness of manner it is impossible to describe, and which seems to be a part of his nature. I returned to dine, and found his niece, the Countess Mathilde,

and another young lady, the Countess L——, for they are all nobles. The dinner was simple, as became the office of our host, but all was so well done I was charmed with the whole circle; and then in the evening the Count Belsept (also a priest) came in to see me, and was so polished and agreeable, and apparently of such pure and fervid piety, that I was charmed again and greatly pained to leave so many fascinating people. This has been one of the most pleasing episodes of all my travels. I hope I may see these dear, good people again, though it is not probable. So I left them, and came on to the fine old city of Prague, where I am now writing. It contains so many more fine things than Vienna that I recommend you, when you come on your travels, to give Prague three days to every *one* you give Vienna.

It seems to have belonged to a race immeasurably superior to the present. There is a breadth, expansion, magnificence, in their numerous works of four, five hundred years ago, which, except in St. Stephen's Church, you see no where in Vienna, nor in any modern works. The old palace of the Hradschin is admirable—the Dom Kirche attached to it is wonderful. Mines of wealth in gold and silver and precious stones, the offerings of nearly a thousand years, are gathered within it. I called to see the Prince Cardinal Archbishop von Schwärtzenberg, who was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. He is a son of the beautiful Princess von Schwartzenberg, who was one of the victims at a ball given by Napoleon I., when the hangings took fire and many lives were lost. This holy man supported, I am told, out of his resources, which are moderate, sixteen hundred poor and sick people. I have been twice at his house, and both times the rooms were full of poor people, who had come to get their stipend, and they tell me it is always so. The furniture is always as plain as possible. From here I went to the Hradschin, the imperial palace, with my letter to the Landgravine von Furstenberg, who is aunt to the cardinal, and made known to her my work. She received me and my letter from her son,

as any well-bred lady would do, quietly and without fuss. While I was with her, the Princess de Rohan entered to make her a visit. I then called on another of the ladies whom I had seen in Italy, the Countess de Taafe, and then to see again the church, of which I have spoken already.

The next morning came a note from the landgravine saying that her Majesty would be happy to see me in the evening at seven o'clock; and so at seven I went. The first thing that attracted my attention was the floors, the ground resembling satinwood, interspersed with patterns like an elegant carpet, light and beautiful. The chairs and sofas were all of white and gilt wood, and a fine shade of nearer scarlet than crimson; the walls also white and gilt, with mirrors here and there; but in the immense salons through which I passed there were no pictures, which surprised me. The empress received me in a smaller room, where there were books, working implements, some miniatures and religious pictures. This lady is of the royal family of Sardinia, and the wife of the Emperor Ferdinand, who abdicated in favor of his nephew, the present emperor, during the revolution of 1848. She and the Archduchess Sophia, mother of the present emperor, it is said, saved the country at that epoch. The poor emperor was good as a man can be, but incapable—could do nothing—and Metternich and his cabinet were frightened to death; but these two ladies seized the fallen reins, took the command, gathered the resources of the state, arranged the abdication and succession, in which each announced her right to the throne, and formed the combination which has brought order out of chaos. Everybody in Austria seems to know this, but how little is said about it. The archduchess remains with her son to guide him, and the dethroned empress lives but to bless all who come to her for help. She received me in the most simple and cordial manner, inviting me to be seated, and placing herself at my side; and then, in the gentlest way, as she smiled, inquired how she could make herself useful to me. And first, I suppose, M. would like to know

how she was dressed. Our American women are generally so overdressed that I find it difficult to make a comparison. The only person who seems to me to be in style plain enough is, perhaps, our friend ——, who is older than the empress. She wore a darkish silk dress and cape of the same, without flounces or trimmings, except a little on the cape. The silk was of a tawny oak color, having small figures through it. It was probably a Foulard. A small embroidered collar was fastened by a simple brooch; her black hair was curled about the temples, and a little lace head-dress, with scarlet bows, on the back of her head. I should think that she was about forty or forty-five years of age. She is not what the world would call beautiful; but comely. Amiability, an evident forgetfulness of self, and a desire to show you that she wishes to sympathize with you, is traced in every feature. She is dearly loved by thousands, as she deserves to be. To have seen us three together, no one could have thought otherwise than that we were three friends devising ways and means to further a good object. She wished to know "all about our affairs," and of my family and my children. I gave a very good character to you both, and of my mission. Finally, I took my leave.

Yesterday morning I went out "fishing" among the nobles, two of them, Schwartzenbergs, and another, Wallenstein, in the same palace in which the general lived. In the long suite of rooms, on the way to the cabinet of the gräfin, there was a hall, I should think, 150 feet long by 60 or 70 wide, entirely lined with marble. Each window, and they were numerous, formed a niche, such is the thickness of the walls, which were perfectly arched at the top. The lady received me courteously, and while we chatted she showed me some charming portraits of her young children and of her mother in her youth. She is herself young and very handsome.

Returning to my Hotel de Saxe, I passed the remarkable bridge over the Moldau, which I must have mentioned in previous letters, and stopped a few minutes in the Dien Kirche to pay my respects to the effigy of Tycho Brahe, which, in

rather a knightly guise, is made to stand upon his tomb leaning on a column. Each had displaying the insignia of his renown.

Dec. 18th.—Having occasion to call on one of the ladies of the empress, I saw her approaching with her majesty just as I alighted from my carriage. Both bowed, but as it is contrary to etiquette for royalty afoot to stop and converse in a court, we all proceeded up stairs—of course, I following. On reaching the first gallery, the empress turned and begged me to stop a moment. She inquired of my health, and taking both my hands in hers, she said she desired to tell me how much she wished for my success, and that she should constantly pray for it, and that I must not forget to pray for her. She pressed my hands in the most affectionate way, and with what do you fancy her hands were covered? Grey yarn mits coming well up on the wrists, for the morning air was keen. She wore a plain straw bonnet, and a cross-barred woolen Scotch shawl, that I suppose none of our *elegantes* would think of putting on their shoulders. The empress is so very gracious and elegant a person in manners, that wear what she will, she is unmistakably a lady, and it is a beautiful spectacle to see one having so much at her command deny herself every superfluity that she may secure the means to make others happy. She contributed most generously to my mission.

DRESDEN, *Dec. 19th.*

One step more in my pilgrimage. I left Prague last night at nine, and reached my hotel about four this morning. I did not breakfast till nine, and found myself none the worse for my nocturnal rambles. As I walked out, I found this usually quiet town all alive with glee—it is the Weihnacht Fair—every thing gives way here as well as in Vienna, Olmutz, Prague, every-where to these festivals. Notices everywhere of *Geschenke fur Herren, fur Frauen, fur kindern, fur Madchen, fur Knaben*, for every possible relative, infinite varieties beyond imagination. I lament I am too far away

to offer something to my dear children. I duly presented myself this morning at the royal palace with the letters which the good grand duchess of Florence, their sister, had given me to the king and queen of Saxony, and to-morrow I am to see them. I am in a sort of dilemma among all the invitations I have for to-morrow. The Princess Metternich has invited me to come to her at the same hour the queen mother has summoned me to her. Of course, even the Metternichs must give way to royalty, and I must make my excuses to her princessship, who is an Austrian, and will probably feel herself slighted.

Well, I have seen their majesties. The grand chamberlain, perhaps by their order, sent a servant to guide me to the palace, which is at a short distance from my hotel. I was duly ushered through large halls into a most comfortable room of moderate dimensions, having an open fire, a rare sight in this land of *ofens*. The doors were thrown open, and I found myself in the presence of a lady in the simplest attire, and a gentleman in handsome military dress. They were both singularly pleasing. These were the king and queen of Saxony. The king "took up the word," saying "*Was für spreche, madame?*" I replied, *Französische, Italienische, oder Englische, wen sie willen*. They were both very cordial, and we had a very pleasant chat for all parties, I fancy. The entire absence of all awkwardness or airs or assumptions in all the people of the highest station that I have met has a great charm for me, and I declare to you that I feel much more at home with them than with many not bearing the astounding title of royalty. This visit being ended, I moved away to the Schloss of the Queen Dowager. Older and perhaps more *spirituelle* than the reigning queen, who, having eight children to think about, is sufficiently occupied—and I hear the king and queen are both as careful in their personal attentions to their offspring as the best of parents can be.

The Queen Dowager took occasion to scrutinize my affairs more closely. She insisted I should be seated, and we both

sat and discussed at leisure all sorts of things. I went to-day (Sunday) to the gallery to see the divine Madonna di San Sisto. There can be no doubt that it far surpasses in beauty truly divine, in the sense of super excellence, any picture in the world. It is now in the new gallery, and I am sorry to see they have surrounded the picture with gilding and decoration, quite out of taste with such a subject, so majestic in its simplicity, so celestial in its beauty, that it seems a thing only to be worshiped. I am direfully tempted to order a copy.

WENZBURGH, BAVARIA, *Dec. 24th.*

Here I sit in my solitary room in the Gasthaus Kron Prinz, having arrived at nine P. M., from Bamberg, and looking, I fancy, more like that woe-begone "Pelican in the Wilderness," of which renowned personage no painter has yet condescended to give us a *vraisemblance*. More, I say, like her, than the jaunty "Sparrow on the House-top." I have got one of my abominable colds in the head, which has become a fountain of tears, in spite of shawls and every thing else; but, nevertheless, I am thinking of all of you, and the X-mas tree for the children, on which I hope to have a part, and I am consoled for being so far away, by the hope that all my fatigue and annoyance, while they are acceptable to God, will do good to hundreds and thousands when I am at rest. Their majesties of Prussia were generous, but not so much so as Prince Radzivil, a most kindly man. I did better in Dresden than in Berlin, which is a peculiar sort of a town; over the house-tops and every-where, you see statues which, for the most part, seem placed there from the same motive which has filled the picture-gallery with inferior and mediocre pictures, because it was necessary to make a display of æstheticism. [This was written more than twenty-five years ago, since which time wonderful advances have been made in Berlin as an art center; as in every thing else, improvement has made rapid strides under the great and good Emperor William, whose departure from this world's stage is universally lamented].

There is, however, an excellent collection of casts from the best models, as well as a large number of antique marbles. I think the casts give a more pleasing idea of the antique statues than the originals, which are usually so defaced by time. The arrangement is excellent, and we are able to have just as good a one in Cincinnati.

MUNICH, Dec. 28th.

I reached here night before last so much fatigued, that I occupied yesterday chiefly in repose. Thankful was I to receive your and M.'s letter, and to hear that all my dear ones were well. The Countess d'Ano, an Italian cousin of the Duchess of Melzi, of Milan, sent her carriage this morning (being herself confined to her room), and the lovely Countess Bassarer, one of the *dames d'honneur*, to accompany me to the royal palace to deliver a letter which the Queen of Saxony gave me to the Princess Luitpold, sister-in-law of the King of Bavaria, who himself is indisposed, and the good Count Siegfried has called twice to offer his services. The Nuncio, Monsignor Chigi, is to call presently. This is the home of Cardinal de Reisach, and I owe these attentions to him chiefly. But it seems to me a singular freak of destiny for me to be taking letters of introduction among royal circles. It has grown, however, such a matter of course, that except when I change the scene of my thoughts by writing home, I scarcely think of it. They are all so well bred and so easy, not patronizing—*never*—that I quite forget their crowns.

On calling at the Countess d'Ano's, where there are five or six children, from seventeen downward, I, for the first time, saw the interior of what they call their *Christkindlein*, i. e., the room set apart for christmas-trees. I could not understand why so many were for sale on the streets, but now I discovered that each individual has a tree with the name of the owner in colored tinsel fastened on a pretty scroll, and suspended upon the tree, which has bows of ribbon to which are fastened the gifts, which are not laid on the tables beneath, for each tree has its table. If we are all alive next year, I will show

you how to arrange it. As I was just finishing the last sentence, one of the *dames d'honneur* entered to invite me to the Princess Luitpold to-morrow. She is the Countess of Turkheim, a very lovely young person in pink silk, on her way to some X-mas party. I fancy this is a happy little capital.

It is time to send off my letter, and I am too tired to write more. May God bless you all forever.

STUTTGARDT, Jan. 7th.

Yesterday, at Munich, I was invited by the Count and Countess d'Ano, to witness a celebration of the festival of the three kings, and afterward to dine with them. The countess is the admirable daughter of an admirable mother, the Countess Mareschalchi, of Bologna, and niece of the Marquis of Brignoli Sala, of whom I have already spoken, cousin of the Duchess Melzi, of Milan. The Epiphany in Catholic countries is a great festival, and in all these religious celebrations alms-giving has a chief part; and on this day children are the principal heroes of the feast, out of regard to the infant Savior, whom the Magi came to worship. The parents, as well as the children of poor people are invited. The children of those who entertain are encouraged to lay up their little savings (which are eked out, of course, by mamma and papa), to make presents of books, clothing, bon-bons, etc. On this occasion, which I witnessed, up stairs in a plainly furnished room (I fancy a play room of the children of the house—in the Ano family there are eight), a longish table was placed on three sides. There was a tree for each child, brilliant with wax lights and bows of ribbon. Under the shadow of these trees lay many things. The girls' table was on one side, the boys' on the other. A plate, napkin, etc., was placed before each tree. On one side was a full suit of nice warm every-day clothes, with a little warm cloak underneath, and on the other were books, and stockings, and coils of wax lights, which as they go to early mass, they take along with them to see to read. Play-things were not forgotten.

All were seated in their places, and served in the kindest way by the d'Ano children, who duly began by tucking a napkin about the neck of their protégés, and then offering the soup, which was prepared for them. I was struck by the absence of all patronage or shyness. The parents were seated at the third table. All, old and young, received what was offered with as much frankness as it was given, and one little boy begged to take what was given him to his mother, who was sick and could not come, but when he was assured that she too should have her share, he ate his without further scruple. It was a most sweet and simple little affair. The family did every thing for me through my whole stay in Munich, and I left them with great regret. I only stayed in the evening, after dinner, long enough to run through the picture gallery, which seems to be in remarkably good taste. Many are modern pictures, and there are many copies from Italian masters. One of the Transfiguration is a real reproduction of the original. The weather was excessively cold, and the floors of stone. The palace and its gardens are fine. I hastened on to Strasburg, where the good bishop, a friend of our archbishop, was as kind as a father to me. I dined with him, and visited several religious orders, among them the admirable "Little Sisters," who I still hope to secure for us. The cathedral is wonderful. The old stained glass windows are excellently preserved, and the marvelous clock goes on as usual. I stayed only two days.

PARIS, *January 26th.*

I rejoice to find your letters. I am glad the photographs have arrived safely. The *rubbishy* pictures were presents from an old convent, which I could not refuse. The engravings are good. Let them all be put in the second story of my house. I am sorry and vexed that M.'s lace shawl has not arrived; the box in which it was sent from Marseilles, and I have written to Mr. Morgan, the consul. It can not be lost, unless the ship has perished. It is singular how long boxes are on the way.

As I sent off last week only a hurried note, I have now two letters from each of you to acknowledge. I read with pleasure your account of Mr. Longworth's golden wedding, and thank you all for being toasted. I read without any particular emotion of the misfortune of the poor Pompeian crane [a valuable bronze, left in Mrs. King's keeping, and broken by a servant in dusting], which may yet be healed when I return, for I am quite skillful in such cures. M. need not lay up money to replace him till she goes to Italy, for there only is this bird to be bought, and when she finds another let it be for herself. Pray console poor T., for it was more her misfortune than her fault. I wish I were as little distressed in hearing of L.'s removal from Cincinnati, with her dear little boys. This bereavement hangs like a black cloud over my spirit.

Mrs. King had determined to return to the home of her childhood, her father and mother still living. This necessary separation from the children of her departed son took from Mrs. Peter's life much of her joy and satisfaction.

I have spent the last few days in Bretagne, and availed myself of the opportunity to examine the two grand old cathedrals of Le Mans and Chartres. The former dates its origin from the eighth century. The external architecture is wonderfully beautiful, and in some respects unlike any that I have seen. The stained glass and altar are very fine, but fewer monuments than usual. Among them, however, is that of Berengaria, the wife of Richard Coeur de Lion, and also of Charles of Anjou. The Plantagenets originated here, and Henry II. was born in this town (Le Mans). The public grounds are large, and planted with fine trees. They have also a museum of antiquities and a picture gallery. The Chartres cathedral belongs to the eleventh century, and is a perfect

treasure of stained glass and sculpture. They say there are more than one hundred and thirty great windows, all filled with the richest possible tints and subjects. Many of the subjects are very curious. I returned to Paris to find your letters of the 17th. I was unprepared for the sad news you communicate, of the death of the dearly loved friend of my whole life. Although separated for so many years, I lose more in Mrs. Douglas than I can express. I had resolved on my return, being freed from the trammels of my house, to be often with her at Chillicothe, and I have often thought of our approaching old age, and the pleasant companionship we might enjoy. God's holy will be done, but I submit with a heart-ache. My letter from Paris will be short, for I have seen the lions so often I cease to run after them. I occupy myself chiefly with my affairs. Dr. and Mrs. Mutter, and Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, from Philadelphia, are here, and I am with them often. The Parisians dash on as usual, for good or evil. It is always a heavy sort of a place for me. I was to have had an audience, and will probably yet get it, with their imperial majesties, but the "*attentat*" of the 14th January has brought so many royal and courtly visits, that no time is left for better things. I do not like to say much of politics, neither can I pretend to know much. The results of the attack on the life of the emperor have set the people to thinking how very frail is his tenure, and how suddenly all may come to an end. I saw him and the empress yesterday, and I fancied they had a look of evil foreboding. It was Mardi Gras, and having to call on the grand almoner in the Palais Tuilleries, without being aware of what was to be seen, he kindly invited me to remain. It is an old custom to have a buffo procession on this day, and the dresses of the far Middle Age are represented or caricatured; the guild of the butchers' are the managers. First, a troop on horseback, looking like Froissart's figures, with musicians and clowns, richly decorated cars, enormous beeves, banners, plumes, etc., the riders on donkeys or Shetland ponies, in the most ridiculous dresses.

The imperial pair greeted them from a balcony, and continued to come in and out, remaining but a few moments on the balcony—I fancied to avoid being aimed at. The crowd was immense. I wish to tell you I have had the very great pleasure of making the acquaintance of Monsieur Auguste Nicolas. He is one of the most delightful companions I have ever met with. He has presented me with two of his later works, one of which is just out. The Marquis of Brignoli invited me to dine a few days ago, and Monsieur Nicolas was one of the party.

How much I wish you could be acquainted with the marquis. Full of the most recondite learning, his manners have a sweetness and simplicity that irresistibly win affection and confidence. Another acquaintance whom I esteem most highly is the Countess de la Rochejaquelin, sister-in-law of the marquis, who wrote the “Memoirs of the Vendean War,” and a most charming person.

PARIS, *March 4th.*

Nobody can say why it is, but everybody knows that nobody can find time to do any thing in Paris. I positively never was so hard worked in my life as during these two months past. It is a pity that I can not give you more than a catalogue of my acquaintances, for I breakfast *à la fourchette*, or dine almost every day with some charming friend. This, added to my “fishing,” leaves me little leisure. We had a grand gathering of the old nobility at the Hotel de Merode (the greatest of the Belgian families), and we had most of the great historic names of old France, among them the Duchess de Montmorenci, and de Rohan, and de Beauvois, and d’Estade, de Brissac, etc., all of whom professed to be really glad to make my acquaintance. The dear old Marquis de Brignoli, one of the most distinguished among them, is my dear friend, with his wife and their daughter, the Duchess of Galliere. He drops in to see me nearly every day, and invites me to dine or drive, and the lovely Countess La Rochejaquelin seems really attached to me. I am almost

like an inmate of the family. Her husband, a most gentlemanly man, is the only surviving brother of the hero of La Vendée, Henri la Rochejaquelin. In fact, I am received among these people whom the world calls great, and who deserve to be esteemed so, quite as if I belonged to them. The Count Montalembert, also so distinguished as a writer, seems to like me very much, and Monsieur Auguste Nicolas and I are great friends. I hope by this time you have recovered your shawl. I can not tell you how desolate I am to think that the dear little boys are no longer in Cincinnati. God's holy will be done.

LIEGE, *March 13th.*

I must present myself (the time being near ten o'clock of this blessed Saturday evening), seated before a bright fire in a pretty tasteful chamber, all hung in the sweetest of white curtains delicately fringed, with pretty engravings, on sacred subjects, covering the walls, in the vicarage of the learned and amiable grand vicar of the diocese of Liege, a most saintly man of the gentlest manner, who has kindly invited me to stay with him during my sojourn in this ancient lair of the Wild Boar of Ardenne. For the last two hours, he and a canon of the cathedral and I have been sitting around the fire in the dining-room, while they have made me recount the history of some of my travels, and we seem to have parted for the night with mutual regret, we three gray heads. And now the cathedral bells are ringing out a fine old tune to tell me that it is ten o'clock, and I must make haste to get on with my letter. I forget where I left off, for that *fussy* Paris never left me time to remember any thing. I will begin with the Sunday of two weeks ago, when the Duchess of Bussano was so kind as to send me a ticket for the midday service at the imperial palace, with an intimation that "*tout le monde*" were expected to be well dressed. Therefore, for M.'s satisfaction, I will mention that I wore my black moire antique, with the black velvet, lace-trimmed cloak, which she remembers, and an ermine tippet, so I certainly considered

myself well dressed, my bonnet also being unexceptionable (bonnets are now worn two inches larger in front). And being early—I always go early—secured an excellent place. The sermon was by the bishop of Tournay, whose utterance is so very indistinct that I made out very little of his discourse, and so occupied myself in making observations upon their imperial majesties, who were so near me that I might have touched them. Never could I have imagined that a physiognomy like that of the emperor could cover such a genius as he has proved himself to possess. His features are delicate, and his hair chestnut brown, fine and silky. The profile is decidedly agreeable, but when you meet his eye it is so dead that it startles you. I did not like it. The empress did not strike me as being beautiful, or even particularly handsome; but she has been ill of late, and she looks anxious. Her dress must not be forgotten. She wore a black velvet pelisse, excessively full, with basque, close sleeves, with little puffed cuffs, and a simple pink velvet hat and feathers. Her features are almost like a doll's, and her head is too small, therefore the mode of wearing her hair puffed and off the face, and a bandeau of hair above, is becoming. They were preceded into the chapel by an array of twenty or more officials richly dressed, who, in their gold and scarlet, quite outshone the finest of the ladies. The emperor wore a blue coat and epaulettes, a scarlet sash across the shoulders, with stars and orders, sword, etc. As they retired they bowed to the audience, and we followed them out. In coming out, we paused to look at the Siamese ambassador and suite, who were just entering their carriages. All were in their national dress. Curious enough, to be sure.

By the way, I think, I never gave you a description of the display at Notre Dame, when the *Te Deum* was chanted on account of the emperors' escape from the attempt at assassination. The Duke of Malakoff was there, side by side with Canrobert, and all the civil and military dignitaries of Paris.

I have become quite habituated to the grandeur of Paris, and probably have been admitted more completely into the heart of the ancient regime than any American. I have been dined and fêted here and there, until I am well pleased to get away. My last dinner, where I had all the honors, was at the Countess de Goutant, born of the princely family de Rohan, and in the evening there came such a brilliant display of princesses, duchesses, countesses, as I have not even time to name. There was to be a great ball in the evening at the Duchess de Gallière's, daughter of my especial friend, the Marchioness de Brignoli Sala, who was in a blaze of diamonds. They came to stay an hour or so with the Countess de Goutant. I particularly admired the Countess de Montalembert. There was the most perfect simplicity, and apparently friendly confidence on all sides. Not the slightest evidence of any effort to shine or to produce an effect, which is but too easily discerned in our society, and the old ladies had the "*pas*" conceded, however, not demanded. Neither was there much noise, though every body chatted gaily. Neither were we tormented by refreshments. A salver bearing a cut glass water pitcher, and decanter of wine and glasses, stood on a side table, and on another, early in the evening, coffee was served, and those who wanted, came and took a cup *sans façon*. I made various observations, too, at the dinners, for M.'s edification, as I never expect to preside at another myself; but all this I will tell you when I return. I have never in my life had more touching conversations than with two dear old ecclesiastics. It carries me back to my pleasant sojourn in England, with Mr. Kenyon, when Mr. Landor was his guest; but now our subjects are far deeper and higher. It is quite a holiday for me, and I regret that you are not here to bear a part. There is such a beautiful union of delicate minds, and pure hearts, with the highest culture, and long experience, and to crown all, a sweetness of humility, which I have never found in any other class.

MUNSTER, WESTPHALIA.

After leaving my kind hosts at Liege, I came to Aix la Chapelle, the mother house of the sisters of St. Francis, to engage a colony, who are greatly renowned for their good works. My previous correspondence had prepared them to expect me, and I spent several days most happily with them. The good Mère Françoise, the superior, is a very remarkable person, and we were soon of one accord in our views. She will, I suspect, herself conduct the colony, and establish them. I wish she could stay. The "Little Sisters" could not come for some time. I thought it was best not to wait, and I now think this order is better suited to us, since its duties are more extensive. They beg (*i. e.*, they receive from house to house what is given them, whether in broken victuals or money), and having visited the poor, who are in need, they prepare a sufficient quantity of food, of various kinds, and the poor either come or send for it at certain hours. At various houses I have seen, the food is nicely and delicately prepared. The old, the sick, in doors and out, receive their care, and when there are sisters enough, without interfering with the poor, the sick among the wealthy can have their service. I know of no order which does as much as this. I need not tell you that Aix is a curious old, very old town. It startles one, in traversing the pavement of the church, which gives the town its distinguishing name (*la Chapelle*) to Aix, to find your feet pausing unconsciously at the quaint letters of bronze inserted in the marble slab, which covers his tomb, *Carolo Magno*. I declare I was quite startled, and jumped on one side with an electric start. This was the home of the renowned Charlemagne. The enormous fountains of hot water, which burst up and fill the air, at this season, with steam, may well suggest the proximity to some hidden volcano, but no history tells of any more violent eruption, and you tranquilize your apprehensions.

My good friend, Mère Françoise, came with me as far as Cologne, where his grace, the cardinal archbishop, grants her

a general *quite* in his diocese for the Franciscan sisters. From Cologne I passed by Dusseldorf (which makes far more noise in America than in Europe) to Paderborn, a town as old as Aix. I passed a most pleasant Sunday there. The houses are seldom, I fancy, less than four hundred years old, built of imperishable stone, with peaked ornamental gables turned to the street, often having well carved images of the blessed Virgin and patron saints. The interiors of the churches are exceedingly rich in sculptures of all kinds. All were built before the thirteenth century. I came on to Munster, where the excellent bishop is so truly kind and lovable that I must make mention of him. He sent one of his vicars, a most amiable gentleman, to assist me in my *quite*, which was a great comfort.

AMSTERDAM.

Arrived here a few hours since, and have been making a visit to the family of a rich bourgeois. To-morrow I am to dine with them. They are good, intelligent, and hospitable, and will give me every assistance. I am glad to see neat brick houses again after the eternal plaster, which prevails all over Europe. I think I wrote to you some time since of my coadjutor Felicitas, a young lady of Dantzic, who offered herself to me at Vienna to help my work. She has been here some two or three weeks, and has done well in Amsterdam and the neighborhood, and I think I shall very soon cease to be a mendicant.

I have just received a compliment from King Louis, of Bavaria, of a thousand florins, and another gift from Munich of fourteen hundred florins. I sent off my last letter from that nice, quiet, water-besprinkled old Amsterdam. I did not find it as *outré* as I expected, neither is it any cleaner than Philadelphia, of which I was frequently reminded in the perpetual washing. I was recommended to the family of a rich merchant there, who received me most kindly, helped the mission generously, and showed me the town. It is here we see Rembrandt in his glory. I like

the Hollanders. They are exceedingly kind and gentle in their ways, and fresh and clean in their dress and habits. It is the first European country I have visited that I have been unacquainted with their language, but most of them understand a little German. Many of the streets have a canal through the middle bordered with fine trees, and are beautiful. At The Hague there is a fine collection of pictures and a very curious collection of objects from every part of the world, chiefly from India and Japan. I saw "Le jeune Taureau" of Paul Potter, which seems to have touched the hearts of some of our people more than any picture extant. The greatest charm of the Hague is the forest touching the town, which is as complete as if it were a hundred miles away. The early flowers are springing up, the tree buds are opening, and reflect themselves in the sparkling little sheets of water, and the stillness is unbroken, except by the sighing of the trees and the animated chorus of the joyful birds, who seem to shout "spring-time is coming, is coming," etc. Far away among the grand old trees are here and there pedestrians, who seem to enjoy the freshness and solitude of the forest. Now and then a carriage passed along the road. The air was so soft that, being alone in my little carriage, I grew sleepy, but hearing the rapid approach of horses, I opened my eyes just in time to see the royal coach and four, with out-riders and servants in livery, as it whisked by. At Rotterdam, I found, by appointment, Felicitas, and we were most kindly entertained at the house of Mynheer Biederlak, who speaks good English, and is a most estimable gentleman. Their principal saloon has its walls covered with fine old pictures, very large, let into the wall. The house has been, for some hundreds of years, in the same family. Nor do I suppose their manners are more changed than their house. All indicates a good faith, simple, hospitable, kindness, and the fear and love of God as the ruling principle. I made there the acquaintance of a Dominican father, so in-

telligent and agreeable in his fervent piety, I shall never cease to wish he may come to us.

PARIS, *April 19th.*

Since I wrote last I have visited, in turn, Antwerp, Ghent, Mechlin, and Louvain, etc. I found at Antwerp, in the vicar-general, an old traveling companion, who recognized me at once. I found myself surrounded by kind friends, and grieved to leave them. I had no idea that Antwerp contained so much to delight the traveler. The fortifications, so terrible in war, are now dressed in all the verdure of spring, variegated with flowers and shrubs, affording the most charming walks and drives; and the churches are full of admirable works of art. When I saw them before, it was with the inexperienced gaze of a neophyte, for we entered Europe at Ostend, and we had, besides, the pestilent plague of an incompetent courier, whose ignorance directed our inexperience. I again saw that wonderful picture, the Descent from the Cross, and I am actually in treaty for a copy of it. We must have it at Cincinnati. Its subject is, of course, finer than any of the great works of Raphael, and if its drawing be less classical, the coloring is the finest in the world, and it is a picture toward which the heart of every Christian should turn, every soul for whom the Lord was pleased to die, must bend in solemn contemplation. It is the only picture I think of securing at present. The pulpits at Antwerp, Ghent, and Mechlin, are wonders of art, accomplished in the so-called dark ages. Happily, history seems at last to resume her rights, and mankind are awakening to the truth that it has not been for the want of facts and records that history has for some ages been devoted to chronicling the wars of men, but to the want of ability and sound judgment in those who have pretended to write it. I made the acquaintance at Brussels of a charming family, the Baron and Baroness de Secus, and their nephew and his wife, the Count and Countess de Guien, refined, elegant, cultivated, good, and the young Marquis di

Sommariva, the son of my beloved friend at Florence, a most rare young man.

PARIS, *May 2d.*

Certainly Paris is a wearisome place. The good Abbé Mermillod—that dear and honored friend, to whom I owe so much of good—when he passed only a few days here in February, I asked him if it were not possible to prolong his stay, replied: “*Ah tres volontiers s’il était autrement mais Paris me tue!*” And truly it kills me; there is such a hurry nobody has time to listen. I hope to go to-morrow to Lyons, and on to Nantes and Touraine, and I rejoice to get out of this vortex, while I lament my separation from some I love dearly. I am delighted to hear you are going to Cambridge to the commencement, and afterward to Virginia. Do not allow *any thing* to cause you to relinquish the plan. M. has so long waited, and so much desired to visit her family in Virginia, that you ought not longer to defer it. It is due both to yourself and your class to be at Cambridge. Since I wrote to you last, I have been dining and breakfasting as before, with kind friends, who are unceasing in their invitations. I have added to my list, the Countess de Brissac, Countess Benoist d’Assy, Countess Harène, etc., and if I am to remain here, my association would be decidedly with the *haut monde*. I never was in better health. God bless you both.

LA SALETTE, *May 16th.*

You will wonder where I have brought myself, for I doubt whether you have ever heard of this once obscure but now world-renowned sanctuary. It is the seat of the most remarkable events of modern times. I will not attempt to say any thing in the brief space of a letter, but when I come home I will show you books written by clerical and lay gentlemen on this wonderful place, and the miraculous cures. The scenery is wonderfully wild and grand. An exquisite little chapel has been erected on the spot where the “beautiful lady” ap-

peared. It is at such a height that no shrubs grow, only lowly flowers.

Again I am at Lyons for two days, and then to Paris. I shall remember you on your birthday. I hope never to be absent on another such occasion, for I am likely to find charities enough to occupy me. I am too tired, though delighted with my excursion, to write more. The exceeding beauty of the scenery from Grenoble to the mountain of La Salette is beyond description. It resembles somewhat the ascent to Chamouni, only infinitely more varied in outline and picturesque features. I can never forget the "*himmel rose*" tints which were reflected from the setting sun. I could fill a volume with the enjoyments and wonders of the last few days.

PARIS.

It is quite true, as Rufus says, in his letter of the 9th, that the atmosphere of Paris is particularly unfavorable (to me) for letter writing. The distance, the hurry-scurry of the people, all these disagreeable things have their natural effect, leaving me in a perpetual state of discomfort. The people seem to be, as you meet them or in the shops, in a state of *boiling over*, without apparent cause. If you ask a question, it is rare to find a person who will take the time to answer in any coherent manner. I can not discover why the people are in such a hurry, except that their normal state of revolution has produced a like condition of excitation in the nervous system. I think this will probably be my last letter from Paris. I fancy that little remains to be done. A few days since I went to Reuil, the village near Malmaison, where the Empress Josephine is entombed in the village church. The emperor is a model of family affection, and forgets nothing. The little ancient structure, almost ruinous when I visited it six or seven years ago, is entirely renewed, not pulled down, but faced with white stone, within and without, and the nave is much enlarged. The old tombs were in good taste, erected by Eugene and Hortense; and that for the latter, by her son,

when he was an exile, indicated the slender treasury, as well as the filial affection of those who raised them; and they are now placed over the graves in the crypt of the church, while others, more magnificent, but of chaste simplicity, occupy their places. They are of a pale, almost pearl-colored marble, the figures of the natural size (portraits), robed and kneeling before a *prie Dieu*. It was the anniversary of the death of Josephine, and there was a funeral service. The pretty church was entirely hung in black, with silver borderings. The *Miserere* and other solemn words were chanted, suitable to the service. There was a great crowd of people, but nothing struck me so much as fragments of old soldiers, all wearing the old uniform. Every one gave way to them. The imperial family were also there, and it was a scene that called up many reflections. I remember well the fall of the first emperor, and the mighty crash of his downfall. Josephine must have possessed the most lovable qualities, for she is dearly loved, by tradition, by the villagers among whom she died. Two days since I assisted at a very different scene. The marriage of the eldest son of the Duc de Rohan (brother of the Countess de Gentaül, and the Countess de Bauden), at the beautiful church of St. Chotilde. For the nuptials in such families, it was necessary that one should pay the homage of respect, and, therefore, the celebrities of the Faubourg St. Germain were almost all there. M. will, at once, ask about the bride's dress. It was of heavy white silk, of the purest white, with flounces of most exquisite lace ever made by mortal hand. Under the flounces, to give effect, I suppose, to the lace, there was a wreath of orange blossoms, and tufts of tulle. The bodice was close in the throat, turned up with a lace collar, and white bow in the front; a fichu of lace, but not an ornament in jewels of any kind; a wreath of orange flowers fastened the exquisitely beautiful veil. As she stood by the door of the sacristy, her father on one side, her husband on the other, to receive the compliments of the company, she held a pretty prayer-book in her hands, which were bare, and her sleeves—lace—came

to her wrists. The salutations finished, the bridal party entered their carriages and departed, the bells ringing out joyous peals. It happened, on your birthday, I dined with the Countess de Brissac. She is a cousin also of the Countess de Gentaui, and the Duc de Rohan, but her name was greater still. Her father was Duc de Montmorenci, and her only surviving brother will probably be the last of this great name. Their family union is really beautiful. I have dined there several times. Their hotel is quite in my neighborhood, and their beautiful garden is almost like a park. It is full of noble trees, and shrubs, and flowers, and the remarkably fine children have all the advantages of the freshest air. Two days ago I was invited to meet a bishop from China, who has lived at Canton twenty years. The good Marquis de Brignoli continues always his kindness.

Mrs. Peter was well satisfied to turn her face homeward, and as her work was done, and her mission fulfilled, her most sanguine expectations realized, she left the "noisy, bustling, fussy Paris," and the "smoky, sooty" London with a happy heart, and we find her, July 15th, at the "Blessed Convent of Mercy, Kinsale, Ireland." She says:

I am helping the good sisters here in their active preparations for their departure. There will be eleven. They are ladies who are coming who would grace any circle. If I were to stay a month in this dear old town, I should never want to leave it. I fear I should be tempted to stay always. There is such a sweet calm, the air is so soft, the pretty bay nestling among the hills, peeping up in little circlets here and there, as if to ask how it can best please, and dotted, as it always is, with little boats paddling about, with here and there a sleepy-looking trader or revenue cutter lazily extended upon the glassy surface, is the very prettiest little bay I ever saw. The village, green in perennial fresh-

ness, is bordered on all sides with magnificent lime trees of gigantic proportions. On one side is an old (for every thing in Kinsale is old, except the children) gothic hall, and a wall guards it from the precipitous descent beneath. I can never pass it without pausing to enjoy the view, which is all the finer in the distance, for the handsome façade of a Carmelite priory, which rises above the grand old ruins of an abbey of the Middle Ages, destroyed by the violence of the fanatical Puritans. The prior breakfasted with me a few days since. When asking him how long they had been there, he replied, six hundred years; for they continued to remain even after their loved sanctuary was destroyed, and those faithful men lingered around their beloved ruins and faithfully ministered to their poor shattered flock.

After a safe voyage and a short sojourn in New York, we find Mrs. Peter at home in Cincinnati, full of happiness in the contemplation of work well done, and armed to continued effort for the relief of human suffering. As we go on with Mrs. Peter through life, we see that each year developed more and more fully the strong dominant traits of her character, the intense energy, the untiring effort to help others, the ever-aspiring spirit, longing to grow into truer life, and over all, the recognition of responsibilities. There must be no rest from work for those who would walk in the footsteps of the Master. Each moment of life was precious, and this good lady never put off till to-morrow what might be done to-day. Her own good health and ability to work, perhaps, at times, induced her to be a little exacting toward others not so capable as herself, and patience was not always the most prominent virtue with her. The object to be accomplished was more to be considered than the hands to effect it. Not that Mrs. Peter was overbearing; on the contrary, as soon as the earnest

desire to effect a purpose could be satisfied, the loving tender consideration for others would have its sway, and the weak dawdling brother would have her sympathy. She was, in her energy, however, and in her impulsive desire to act without hesitation, where a good object was to be attained, like the restive animal, whom neither bit nor bridle is able to restrain. As age came on, this strong principle in her character was more under control, and helped by the soothing influence of her religious life, she was willing to wait, and patience became with her a marked virtue.

This period of Mrs. Peter's life may be considered pre-eminently the culmination of the vigor of her whole being. Mind, soul, body seemed to be exercised to the extremest tension. This, indeed, may be called the time of uninterrupted, unceasing work, invaded by no thought of self, nor of this world's pleasures.

**WORKS OF MERCY DURING THE CIVIL
WAR.**

1860-1867.

*"The wounded from the battle plains,
The dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.*

*"Lo, in that house of misery,
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.*

*"And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.*

*"A lady with a lamp shall stand,
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.*

*"Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore."*

—LONGFELLOW.

CHAPTER VIII.

RETURN FROM EUROPE—SHARES HER HOUSE WITH THE FRANCISCAN SISTERS—MISSION TO THE BATTLE-FIELD, PITTSBURG LANDING—LETTERS—PRISONS AND HOSPITALS—FOUNDATION OF THE “LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR”—COMPLETION OF THE CONVENT OF ST. CLARA—SUMMERS IN THE MOUNTAINS OF VIRGINIA.

MRS. PETER had now arranged perfectly all her plans for future work. She had visited, while in Europe, the different orders in their convents, and had made all preliminary arrangements for future foundations. Her mission had been successful beyond her hopes. She had gone forth in the true spirit of self-abnegation. She knew that her work would lead her through hitherto untrodden paths; that scenes and experiences would be opened out to her, before unknown, probably humiliating. All thought of personal enjoyment was merged in the one determination to bring her mission to a successful issue. Therefore, great was the astonishment to find herself, in highest places, a center of interest and affection. In the retrospect she took of her work, a brilliant path of triumph was seen, instead of the lowly devious way she had expected to tread. The experiences which appear in the letters written while Mrs. Peter was in Europe during her successful *quete*, tell the story so graphically as to make further comment unnecessary.

We now find her at home after her many wanderings, but not long to remain in her luxurious surroundings. Already was she arranging to plant one of these orders in her own house, and in another place we have seen that the Franciscan sisters were the recipients of her special bounty. For a while, she preferred the narrow limits of her two rooms, with a convent life, and service entirely by the sisters. She refused the pressing invitation of her son and daughter to come to them, as her work could be done only by her constant presence and a daily religious life. Perhaps, it was best for the moment, but the arrangements soon afterward made for greater comfort in her own household affairs was a satisfaction to her children. The repose of the quiet convent, freedom from all domestic cares, with liberty to come and go as she pleased, suited Mrs. Peter well after the year of excitement, and unrest, and responsibility she had passed through in Europe. Her hands were very full, for the good sisters, strangers in the ways of their new home, constantly needed Mrs. Peter's advice and aid.

The life of this noble woman was now in every point the life of a sister of charity. Her surroundings were barely sufficient for her own personal comfort and convenience. She had no room to offer for hospitality, and in all things, she lived a simple convent life. Mrs. Peter, in a hovel, would have had a tasteful, well appointed home, for the sense of fitness and love for beauty were so strong in her nature that her environments were ever the outgrowth of her inner life. Bright and fresh and cheery were those rooms, and the beautiful, kind-hearted woman was ever ready every evening to make her circle of friends, who constantly sought her, happier and better for being with her. During this

period, it was a great privilege to her son and daughter to make their home useful in every way to Mrs. Peter. Their house, their servants, every thing was placed at her disposal, and this, to them, was some compensation for her refusal to make her home entirely with them.

As has been before stated, this good woman, devoted to her work, felt that the full benefit of her plans could not be bestowed but by the sacrifice of every other interest. In many ways she had her reward—the sweet quiet and simplicity of the calm life she now led, with holy influences always surrounding her, was a great and necessary rest after so much excitement as had filled the last few years. A window of her bed-room looked into the chapel, and the sweet voices of the sisters, all through the night, in prayer and devotion, lulled her slumbers, and gave peace to her dreams. Her own morning devotions were made at this window, just over the high altar, with all its suggestions to holy thought. From this home of peace she went forth on her daily round of untiring work, visiting every place where human suffering could be found, and strengthening the hearts and hands of the good sisters in their own works of love and charity.

Mrs. Peter still worked with vigor for the Ladies' Academy of Art. She lost no time, on her return from Europe, in calling together the managers, and effort was made to carry on the work. Other thoughts than those of art soon filled the public mind. The spirit of war was in the air, and the plant of art can only flourish in an atmosphere of peace; so, for the present, all efforts were suspended, and, as we have seen in another chapter, the pictures and casts were placed for security in the hands of the directors of the McMicken University.

1861-1865.

The beginning of the year 1860, the sixth decade of Mrs. Peter's life, found her in full strength and physical vigor, with a dauntless spirit for the great work before her. There was work for all in the fearful struggle which was impending; the clouds were fast gathering, and the distant thunders were already heard, so that preparations, not only for the battle-ground, but for the hospitals, employed the hearts and heads of all. There were those eager for the conflict; there were feelings of bitterness, of deadly hate; but, like an angel's wing over all this blackness, was the loving spirit standing ready to comfort the fallen, to soothe the suffering and the dying. Mrs. Peter's wide, loving heart knew no North, no South; her hands were ready to work for all, for all who suffered. We shall see her seeking the battle-field with her noble band of sisters. We shall find her in the hospitals solacing the dying, and in the prisons her kindly acts and gracious words brought comfort to those far off from friends and home.

The armies of the Union under General Grant, and of the Confederacy under General Sidney Johnston, had met at Shiloh, and the great battle of Pittsburg Landing had been fought. The number of killed and wounded was immense. The public provision made for the care of the suffering was altogether inadequate to the existing demand. Boats were provided with all necessities, and sent from various points; bands of nurses volunteered their charitable services; none were more to be relied upon, and whose services were more promptly accepted, than the sisters of the poor of St. Francis. The skillful surgeon, Doctor George Blackman, was prompt in offer-

ing his valuable assistance, and had already made several trips, and now set forth at the head of a party of relief on a well-supplied steamboat, taking with him this well-trained band of nurses, the sisters of St. Francis, who consented more readily to go, as their loved and trusted patroness, Mrs. Peter, had volunteered to go with them. This excellent lady, though past the age when active charitable work ought to be expected, set forth with all the vigor and energy of her devoted nature to the relief of the suffering and dying. The progress and result of this work of noble charity can best be gathered from her own letters, written hurriedly at the time.

LOUISVILLE.

The boat shakes so much that my steel pen makes rather hieroglyphics than letters. Doctor Blackman and wife came on board a few minutes after you left us, and at eleven-twenty we left our moorings and crossed over to Covington for some purpose of the captain; we lay there a half hour, and then moved off on our voyage. There are four surgeons on board. Surgeon Blackman has already made two voyages. We expect to reach Pittsburg Landing on Thursday. He thinks there must be a battle to-day or to-morrow, and we must bring back the newly wounded.

The boat is well provided; you need have no misgivings. I hope the sick will be half so well provided for.

Many thanks for the apples, my good, kind son.

God bless you. Love to M. and the doctor. The sisters are all well and cheerful as usual. Have been very busy all day sewing bed-ticks for the straw, getting ready bandages, and making lint, etc.

Do not be alarmed about me in the fight. I shall not be near it until it is over—fifteen miles distant, I hear—and shall be very careful.

May 15th.

We reached this hamlet of *Hamburgh* between seven and eight this evening, and the expected battle not having yet begun, we are ordered to await it. The town of *Corinth* is from seventeen to eighteen miles distant, and they say we shall hear the cannon. I still hope the Confederates may retire, and save bloodshed. As we passed along above *Pittsburg* landing (which is a mere ferry, and place to ship cotton down the *Tennessee*), we saw the *Silver Moon* (hospital steamer), but, of course, I could have no communication with her people. It is a wretched-looking place.

I was thankful to get away. The *Tennessee* is a magnificent river, with beautiful landscapes all along. Whatever culture there is lies back from the river, which always overflows at high water. We passed five or six hospital boats with yellow flags at the prow. The country back of this is covered with hospitals, and Doctor Blackman is to take us early to-morrow to visit them. So far I get on well, far more comfortably than I expected. We have all been busy to-day fixing on the floors the beds destined for our patients. All are perfectly clean. This is now the extreme outpost on the *Tennessee*. To-morrow, I hope to send some message to my brother Tom, but if the battle be impending, he can not come, nor Arthur neither. Doctor Blackman has come in with a change of programme. We are to leave here to-morrow morning, to take sick and convalescents to *Henderson*, and to be here again in three days, in time to receive the wounded of the expected battle.

TENNESSEE RIVER, May 19th.

We are now hastening back to *Hamburgh*, in expectation of the impending battle, and if it be in progress, we shall await the issue of events; otherwise we are to take up as many wounded as we can, and then I shall return home. I would willingly continue to take care of the poor soldiers, but the want of authority in the right place, and consequent want of order, disgust me, and for all that I can do, under

the circumstances, "*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*" Most of the new nurses left us at Evansville. Two of them I regret: the others were nearly useless, and the brunt of hard work has fallen on the sisters.

This Tennessee is a beautiful river. Its borders are nearly an unbroken forest. The river is tolerably high, yet there is scarcely any current perceptible, and, consequently, the water is unwholesome. The pilot tells us that at low water it is often covered with green as in ponds. I have written these last few lines at Pittsburg Landing, where we arrived yesterday about four-thirty o'clock. Sister Felicitas and I profited by the occasion to mount the hill and see as much of the battle ground as time would allow. It is piteous and hideous to look upon.

There is quite a fleet of steamers here, and among them two gun-boats, "Tyler" and "Lexington," which, as they are obliged to keep up their steam, are perpetually strutting about in the river, like braggarts who wish to be seen, and to defy any body to touch them if they dare; as their province is to display their prowess to all ill-disposed spectators for their edification, it is all right, but you can scarcely imagine any thing so amusing.

Since writing the above, I have passed much of my time in visiting the camp on the hill. Many of the tents are clean and orderly—many the reverse. The hospital tents are full, but they do not contain more than from twenty to thirty. Dr. Le Count seems to be an intelligent young man, with very kind feelings. I like him better than any of the hospital surgeons I have met with. He tells me they lose fewer patients here than in the hospitals with us, and that Dr. McDougal agrees with him in thinking the sick had better remain here. The tents are under lofty trees, and I think as well attended as the circumstances will allow. There is an atrocity, however, which ought to be published, and provided against. The myriads of the things which are provided by the kindness of the people, and placed in charge of the San-

itary Commission, and forwarded, very rarely reach the camps. They may be in the boats sent by the commission, but scarcely any thing in ours. If I had not hastily put up some things, our very sick would positively have had nothing suitable to taste. I wish you to tell sensible members of the Sanitary Commission, from me, that somewhere there is an enormous system of fraud. Of one hundred edibles and garments sent, I am convinced not more than eight or ten reach the soldiers. They are, in fact, scarcely to be seen at all. I think if they were directed to the surgeons of the regiments, and notice given (no difficult thing), much might be saved.

PITTSBURG LANDING,
S. B. SUPERIOR, *May 24, 1862.* }

We are still lying here, as you see, waiting for the battle, and Dr. Blackman tells me that he is ordered to wait three days longer. The weather is pleasant, cooler than we could expect at home, and I suppose the water, for the river is still high, keeps us still cooler; in fact, after last night's rain, we were cold this morning. My health is excellent. I have my state-room all to myself, and our side of the boat opens on the river. Opposite is the station of the two gun-boats, which I think I spoke of, the "Tyler" and "Lexington." The small boats are continually in motion when the large ones are still, and other steamers are continually passing with commissary stores or soldiers, etc., so that the scene is full of life. Did I tell you in my last letter that we made an expedition to Shiloh church? Fearing that I have already mentioned it, I will not repeat. I brought away a broken epaulette and some fresh flowers, which I have pressed. General Rosecrans arrived yesterday, and Dr. McDougal came over to tell me that your Uncle Tom had fallen by a shot from a sentry, that his body was already brought down, etc. He was unwilling for me to go to make arrangements in person, but relying on past experience, I went to the boat where I was informed he was laid. The box was closed, and I desired to have it

opened. Meanwhile, a young officer presented himself, who informed me that he was appointed to convey the body to the widow and the children. In short, the unfortunate gentleman proved to be Colonel Worthington, of Iowa, and not my brother Thomas. I must close in haste.

PITTSBURG LANDING, May 25th.

Knowing how much you like to be addressed in *propria persona*, I send this to you, having yesterday dispatched a scrawl to Rufus. The only thing I omitted to bring was a quill pen, and I can find none. The steels being so bad as to be impossibilities to me.

Every day there is skirmishing in the lines near Corinth, but we understand the Confederates are more numerous than the Union men. Three steamers have passed us this morning, loaded to the water's edge with fresh victims of the battle, and the more dangerous camp fever. Ah! it breaks my heart to see so many poor fellows, who left home full of hope, now wearing away with fever and dysentery, who may reach home, but have not life enough left to survive the summer. Doctor McDougal told me, several days since, that he had sent away, within the last three weeks, more than eleven thousand sick. Since then two thousand more have gone toward the north, yet thousands are all about the country round, in scattered huts and hospitals, some on cots, and as many on *the ground*. Of the thousand things sent by the Sanitary Commission, not ten in a hundred reach the soldiers. My calculation is, perhaps, too liberal. In the hundreds of huts I have visited, officers and soldiers unite in declaring they get nothing. The boats are all well provided, but in the camps there is nothing. I have visited at least a thousand soldiers in camp, besides the more than a thousand we have nursed in this boat, and not one had either gown or slippers. They get shirts sometimes, and this is all. The sisters and I have spent all our money—except five dollars, which is all that remains to me—in purchasing things which

the sick must have to be kept alive. I doubt not we have saved many lives. Whenever a hospital boat arrives I go aboard immediately to bring off all I can get. Yesterday, eighty men more were brought suddenly on board, and there was not a morsel of bread nor crackers. I had some rice put on the fire, for the men had tasted nothing, sick as they were, since morning. I wish you would tell some of the Sanitary Commission what I have said of their affairs. They can refer to Doctor McDougal, Medical Director in Chief, and other men of note. Hundreds of lives are sacrificed every day, simply from incompetent management.

P.S.—I am always so busy with the sick, that there is little time to write. If the battle does not begin in a day or two, we are to return with a load of sick.

Mrs. Peter's visit to Pittsburg Landing was the first active enterprise, which engaged her after the beginning of the civil war. On her return home, she found that there was enough for her to do in the hospitals and prisons at her very door. Adventure and enterprise sent many off to the distant fields, but the pure spirit of love and charity was necessary to inspire those who would quietly and unostentatiously work at home. In the hospitals, Mrs. Peter found no obstruction in carrying out all her plans of benevolence; but it was not so in the prisons, now crowded with the sick and friendless. Noble hearts could understand how this brave good woman could be true and loyal, and still remember the injunction to be merciful and helpful to all, but there were men who could not understand her tender and loving acts to those whom they would have spurned in their bitterness. This true follower of Him who never turned His compassionate eye from the forsaken and despised, was untiring in her acts of mercy to those who were met by bitter scoffs, and were held unworthy to receive the

most bare consolations and comforts of humanity. Tender women as well as brave men were among the sufferers, and blest the very footfall of this angel of mercy among them. Dark and suspicious eyes were cast upon her. All her first brave services for the suffering among the Union soldiers, were forgotten, and suspicions and complaints were raised among the subordinate officers of the prisons.

A circumstance occurred, too interesting not to mention, and so illustrative of the character of a noble and gallant officer, it would be unjust not to mention it. General August Willich was chief officer in command in Cincinnati, during the years 1863 or 1864. He had given a permit to Mrs. Peter to visit and furnish comforts to the prisoners, some of whom were women suspected of disloyal intrigue, etc. Of course, the permit was given conditionally. Mrs. Peter's energetic, merciful course, brought upon her the criticism of a maliciously disposed, merciless under officer, who had received from Mrs. Peter decided reproof for conduct unnecessarily cruel. This officer reported to head-quarters certain suspicions he had harbored against this noble woman, and demanded her withdrawal from the prison.

General Willich knew Mrs. Peter well, and was capable of appreciating her great heart. He went immediately to her himself, and told her, in a few words, the charges made. With the clear look of truth which permeated her whole nature, she replied: "I gave you my promise to do nothing disloyal, I could not break it—this is all false, basely false." The General only responded by a gracious bow, which expressed all the confidence of his gallant nature, and said: "I shall go with you, Madame, myself, to the prison, and show how little reliance

I place upon the charges made. I am at your service, and will go now, if you please." They entered the prison, Mrs. Peter leaning on the arm of the commanding officer, visiting each prisoner, and critically looking into each department. On leaving, the General gave oral orders that Mrs. Peter's wishes and efforts for the comfort of the prisoners should be respected by all—that she had full permission to go and come as she pleased. After this she had no more trouble; but an occasion offered for showing her merciful, forgiving nature, in attention of the gentlest kind to the very man who had so falsely made charges against her, who, in an illness, was nourished and helped by the very one whose kindly offices he had attempted to interrupt. These noble evidences of the spirit of a true follower of Christ constantly flashed forth from this good woman's heart like light, and often illumed and helped those who had hitherto groped in dark places. In this instance, tears of gratitude were brought to eyes which had long been dark to holy influences.

Many were the occasions when Mrs. Peter's ready kindness saved the lives of those who would have perished from neglect. Careful nursing, in her own house, revived the feeble body, and comforting words of sympathy brought back life to desolate hearts. Gratitude revived love and kindness where cruelty and neglect had blighted and seared the better feelings, and many went forth from the purity and peace of her hospitable home with hearts far more inclined to noble and better things than could have been expected under other influences.

One case, more marked than all the rest, was that of a handsome, dashing, chivalrous young trooper of John Morgan's cavalry, depressed by disease and captivity, This gallant youth was taken to her motherly care, and, after months of anxious watching, went forth with re-

newed life and vigor, and now is a soldier of the cross, with all the enthusiasm of his youthful ardor, as priest in the church Mrs. Peter so dearly loved.

Another case may be mentioned of a character very different, which shows how much may be done by a gentle, good woman to soften the roughest nature. A noted "soldier of fortune," Colonel Grenfel, was a prisoner in Cincinnati, and the recipient of many kindnesses from Mrs. Peter. This strange man came of a gentle Cornish family, but in early life he left his home, and wherever war was in the wind, there turned up this wild, ardent adventurer.

In the Algerine trouble, at the Crimea, in far, distant oriental lands, last of all in our own civil war, appeared the brave, lawless Grenfel. Mrs. Peter's very presence seemed to raise in this rude nature better thoughts. He talked with her of home, of childhood, of mother, of sisters, and tender tones would come into the passion-pitched voice. Letters came to Mrs. Peter from him of the tenderest gratitude, and no unseemly word ever escaped his lips in her presence. Only to Him who sees all things can it ever be known what change and healing might have been brought to this sin-stained heart. The gallant old colonel rests now amid the coral reefs of the Mexican Gulf; for in attempting to escape from the Tortugas, whither he had been sent a prisoner, and as a wild beast chained to the rock, his little boat was wrecked, and the mad waves closed in mercy over the turbulent life. Pages could be filled with such incidents, but all would tell the same story of the wonderful influence of a woman whose heart was full of the spirit of Christ.

Another illustrative incident occurred at the time, which has a certain interest as showing Mrs. Peter's influence over even stern and decided natures. General

Hooker, a martinet in all military affairs, had issued orders concerning prison discipline, which Mrs. Peter felt convinced he would not have done had he seen every thing through an undistorted medium. She therefore determined to have an interview with him, face to face. Any one else would have been rebuffed by the first decided and cool denial; but this was not her way when the object to be attained was for the good of others. She patiently waited in the ante-room, and over and again sent her desire to the commanding general, and was each time denied, when at last came to her grateful ears the stern, determined voice, "Send the woman in." She had never before seen General Hooker; he had never seen her; but when this gracious woman of years entered his presence, with the decision upon her face of the justice of her appeal, and in the thoroughly lady-like way so natural to her, the gallant officer at once lent his ear, and the result of the interview was that Mrs. Peter gained all she asked for. Afterward, this handsome, gallant man was married to one of Cincinnati's most beautiful and charming women, and he asked permission to write one invitation to this happy occasion with his own hand, and this invitation was to Mrs. Peter.

Mrs. Peter's thoughts were not wholly absorbed in the interests of the war. The convents, in all their varied work, occupied time and attention. It was during Mrs. Peter's third visit to Europe that she first became interested in the work of the Little Sisters of the Poor, and she at that time made strenuous efforts to secure a band of these sisters to make a foundation in Cincinnati. Their work is entirely among the aged of both sexes, who are gathered into communities, where these excellent women pass their lives in ministering to the wants and comforts of these dependent beings. Wherever they

plant themselves, these busy little women are blessings to the community. With no ostensible means of support, they gather the fragments day by day, and trusting to the good Father who feeds the raven and clothes the lilies of the field, they never become a burden to society. Quiet in all their ways, cheerful and happy, their family, always pleasantly occupied, forms a striking contrast to institutions conducted on different principles.

In 1868 Mrs. Peter succeeded in her wishes, and a band of these sisters, conducted by the excellent Père Le Lievre, left their home in France and came to Cincinnati. This good priest had been educated as a lawyer, and for some years was in the practice of his profession. Becoming very much interested in the work of the little sisters, he determined to give his fortune and influence and work to this object. A gentleman by birth and education, he has always been to them an invaluable friend. These sisters have now a large convent in Cincinnati, with at present over two hundred occupants. This convent, with a large chapel adjoining, is situated in Deer Creek valley, nearly opposite the entrance to Eden Park, where, in summer, the happy old people are often seen refreshing themselves in its shaded walks and byways. The sisters are erecting another convent of equal size on Clifton Heights, near Burnet Woods, which, when finished, will accommodate from two to three hundred inmates. It is now sufficiently completed to give shelter to more than one hundred old people. The two convents will provide a home for at least five hundred. These convents receive persons of every nationality and creed. There are now many Protestants among the old people under the care of these good little sisters, who are tended with the same sympathetic interest, and seem quite as happy as their companions of the Catholic faith.

The building of the present large Convent of St. Clara was completed in the year 1866, and this ended the period when Mrs. Peter conformed her life to strict convent rule, with all its accompanying self-denials. Now that the sisters had ample accommodation for all their work, Mrs. Peter took for her own use, the eastern half of her former residence, determining to resume housekeeping and home life, and surrounded herself with all that was comfortable and beautiful in the furnishing. She was fully equipped now for the duties of social, as well as religious life; and though she could never again enter the gay world, she was free for all that intercourse with society that she was so well fitted to adorn. Her home was once more a center for charming reunions, and there was rarely an interval when Mrs. Peter was without a guest in the enjoyment of her gracious hospitalities. For ceremonious dinners and receptions in honor of guests, the privilege of the son and daughter was to lend their aid.

During the years of the war, Mrs. Peter abandoned her habit of seeking the sea-shore or mountains for invigoration, and sought nearer and more quiet places for health and comfort. The hills near the city always furnished places of refreshing refuge, and country friends were only too happy to have their homes enlivened by the gracious presence of their honored relative. When once again peace had returned, and the hard work of war-times had passed, Mrs. Peter found in the mountains of Virginia delightful places of refreshment, and there, too, were opportunities offered for many works of sympathy and charity. The "Old Sweet Springs," and the "Healing Springs," were her favorite places of resort, and there she went several seasons in succession, accompanied by her nieces and a young friend, all of whom

she dearly loved. We can find no more proper place to speak of this young friend than here, and we feel that it is but just to record the happiness that Mrs. Peter always had in her association with Miss Ellen Dawson, afterward Mrs. Joseph De Bar, who was so ready and so earnest an assistant to Mrs. Peter in many of her works of love and charity. Though wide apart in years, the strong sympathy in many ways, especially in church life, drew them very closely together.

These mountain experiences were very invigorating to Mrs. Peter, and she always returned with the feeling that duty had been accomplished, as well as health gained. This part of Virginia had been overrun by both armies, and destitution had followed in their track. Mrs. Peter sought out lonely, despairing hearts, and healed them with her kindly ways. Many owed to her the very necessities of life, which, until her coming, had been denied them. On several occasions she returned home with barely enough for the comforts of her journeys, having given to the needy, flannels, shawls, every article she could spare—on one occasion, even umbrella and over-shoes. Self-forgetfulness became more and more a trait of her character as she went on in life, and might have become an exaggeration to be deplored, but that she felt to be able to do for others, she must look after her own health and well-being.

The new arrangement for a more ample and comfortable home was a great satisfaction to her children, and she soon saw herself how the more congenial surroundings of home life strengthened and sustained her in her work. She had never intended to continue the life of sacrifice which she took upon herself in her cramped apartments in the convent, but she preferred it for a while; and now, in her more luxurious home, she could

enjoy intercourse with the sisters and all the religious privileges of the convent freely. Doors of communication between her private apartments and the convent made access at all times easy, at the same time that her home was as any other gentlewoman's—having her own servants and independence in every way. Mrs. Peter had a wealth of fine old pictures and quaint old carved furniture. Her house seemed to have been brought over intact from Europe—a gem of the medieval days.

Quaint enough, too, was the mistress herself in all her tastes; but her culture was not all of the past. “The living present” was full of interest to her, and well did she adapt herself to the subjects of the present. However busy Mrs. Peter might be during the day, her evenings were always given to social enjoyment. Through all her life, she had been skillful in the use of her needle, and never allowed her hands to be idle; so her pretty, tastefully arranged work-basket, with all its bright little bags and cushions, was always an ornament of her table, and she was generally seen employed in dainty work, in which delicate laces and embroideries always seemed to have a part. When, at times, some plainer piece of work might be seen in her hands, one could be very sure she had found some one in need whose wants demanded quick fingers. The hard work of the last several years had produced its effect upon Mrs. Peter, and though she was still strong and vigorous, she began to feel need of such a rest as only her dearly loved Rome could give her.

FOURTH VISIT TO EUROPE.
1867.

*Rome, mother of nations, restful home
For weary human hearts,
Where reigns the prince of peace;
And to this holy shrine
Come wise men from afar,
From realms unknown to monarchs of the past,
To offer homage to the King of Kings,
To bend in humble adoration
Before the Child Divine.*

—ANONYMOUS.

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CHAPTER IX.

FOURTH VISIT TO ROME—A JUBILEE YEAR.

IN the summer of 1867, Mrs. Peter again set forth on a visit to Europe. On this occasion, the point to be reached was Rome, where a conclave of dignitaries of the church from every part of the world had been appointed to gather, to offer their sympathy and aid to the Holy Father, after the many trials and disappointments which had come to him in the years just gone by. Mrs. Peter was accompanied by a niece, Miss Watts, also Miss Harper, of Baltimore, and her friend, Miss Mason, of Virginia, all devout Catholics, going in the true spirit of pilgrims to the holy shrine. Perhaps, no visit that Mrs. Peter ever made to Europe was more full of interest to her than this. Her heart was satisfied in her object, and her thoughts were not distracted by other interests. She was thrown into companionship with many congenial friends of former visits, who seemed unable to offer for her happiness all that their love and admiration dictated to them.

After all the sad experiences and hard work Mrs. Peter had passed through, during those never-to-be-forgotten years of the civil war, she was just in that condition of mind and body to reap fully the benefit of a period of rest and cessation from all earnest occupation

in the busy affairs of life. It had been many years since Mrs. Peter had indulged herself in any plan for mere personal gratification, and even now, though the fullest enjoyment was expected for herself, it was to be reached by the still greater gratification and solace to be given to another. The beloved head of the church had passed through many trials, and her faithful children desired to show their sympathy, and make an offering of material aid. Mrs. Peter settled herself in Rome with ample surroundings, and she was enabled to have her own receptions, said to have been as brilliant as the most charming salons of the renowned capital of France.

Mrs. Peter and her party took passage on the French steamer, *Perèire*, and after a few days of preparation and pleasant intercourse with friends in New York, the voyage was begun, and the following letter will show how successfully it was accomplished.

May 13, 1867.

The people are taking out the brass cannon to be cleaned, and in readiness to salute the port of Brest to-morrow morning, so we trust soon to end our voyage. I devoutly pray you are well, and can but lament you are not with us. Our voyage has been prosperous so far, only head-winds have retarded our progress two or three days. All our party, except myself, have been excessively seasick. Miss Harper appeared at dinner, yesterday, for the first time. This vessel, an iron screw (propeller), rolls abominably, and is the uneasiest I ever was aboard of. It shows, too, the progress of the times, having sacrificed all the old-time comforts of passengers to give space, and carry the largest possible number. I think, when I return, I shall try that blessed old line of the "Fulton" and "Arago," which have twice safely and comfortably borne me across the Atlantic. The administration of the ship, like every thing French, is well ordered; the only

fault is the construction of the vessel. The list of the passengers will probably make better known to you than I can tell you, who is on board. There is a young David, of the princely Rohan family, who, like the lovely Marcia of Addison, decidedly "towers above his sex," being the tallest individual on board. He is obliged to remove his little hat to get through the doors. This, I fancy, is his chief title to distinction. Through his mother he is a descendant of the English Talbots. There is also a Mexican, who was Maximilian's minister of war, who interests and pleases me. The Hunts are to me the most agreeable of all, more high bred and intelligent. There are also two pleasing sisters of St. Joseph, from St. Louis. Miss Mason proves a most agreeable fellow-traveler. Then we have the admirable Bishop of Galveston, Monsignor Dubois, who said mass, and preached in French, yesterday, and Bishop Spaulding, who was really ill for some days, but is now better. He was well enough to deliver a short discourse, yesterday. I wish to get to Rome as soon as possible. Miss H. and the others wish to delay in Paris, and take the land route to Rome, while I prefer the sea from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia. You and M. take good care of the Harris School sisters. It is a charity which should interest you both.

We reached Havre on Wednesday morning about eight o'clock, and glad to get rid of the incessant rocking of the ship. We all went on shore, and sat in the custom-house till our luggage was brought out. What was my surprise, while sitting alone on one of my trunks (the other ladies were looking about their own parcels), when a smiling young gentleman approached, and inquired if I knew a lady passenger named Mrs. Peter. I acknowledged myself to be that individual in person, when he seized my hand with effusion, saying that he had promised good Sister Augustina to do every thing for me; and being remarkably intelligent and kind, he was of the utmost service to the whole party, in looking out the trunks, which, with 293 passengers in the

first-class, and more than half as many in the second, formed a mass of confusion seldom seen; and being an eminent merchant, he was well known, and our numerous trunks and boxes (I think Miss Harper had not less than nine) were passed without being examined, and we were the sooner enabled to escape from the turmoil. As it was not time for the railroad, we went to the new and beautiful church, which Father Lambert (do you not remember the priest who returned with Sister Dominica, and stayed some months at our house?) is building for emigrants, with funds collected in America. *En chemin*, we called at father L.'s house, and the good man seemed overjoyed to see me again, and with the delight of a child, showed me all he had done. He must possess exquisite taste. He directs all, and every thing bears evidence of it. The country from Havre to Rouen is beautiful, and the new travelers, Mrs. Graham, Miss Mason, and Maggie, were constantly in a twitter of delight.

The railroad carriage was better cushioned, on spring seats, than the best of our private carriages. As we were only ladies, we were placed in a compartment from which men were excluded, and only two ladies, who accompanied us, in turn, about half way, were admitted, and these were so intelligent that they added much to the pleasure of our party. After arranging our affairs at the hotel, I set forth with our party to visit various places of interest. Maggie and I visited the exposition, where we stayed several hours in seeing magnificence and beauty, which I can not attempt to describe. My pervading feeling was that of regret that you and M. were not with me to enjoy it. It is such a pity to lose so much. To-day I have devoted to visiting my old friends, who recognize me at once, and seem rejoiced to see me again. Among them were the Rohaus, the Montmorencies, of whom we have spoken, and his eminence, Cardinal Chigi, the Pope's Nuncio, etc. The cardinal has already sent us permits to assist at the mass in the chapel of the Tuilleries, to-morrow, so I shall see again Napoleon and Eugenie, and perhaps other

royalties—those of Portugal and Spain being already here. On Monday we are to set out for Lyons, *en route* for Marseilles and Civita Vecchia, and expect to be in Rome this day (Saturday) next week. Offer my love to the sisters and to M.

STEAMER, OFF LEGHORN, *May*.

We thought yesterday to have been by this time in Rome, but the day before yesterday a great wind arose, which broke some of our paddles, and made the water so rough that freight could not be delivered here (the boat does not touch the wharf, but disburdens itself by means of little boats, at some distance out in the harbor), so here we stayed all night, and this morning the unloading goes on. My last letter from Paris was dispatched on Sunday; and after going to mass in the church where St. Vincent de Paul is buried (the nearest to our hotel), we prepared for the Tuilleries at twelve, and were shown, not to the floor of the chapel as formerly, but into an immense antechamber, on a level with the galleries above. At the entrance of the palace, we were accosted by a showy gentleman of large proportions, with cocked hat, etc., who seeing our large tickets of address, showed us on to some gentlemen in green and gold; these handed us on to some others in pale blue and silver; and these, in turn, to others in black, with small-clothes and shoe buckles. By this time we had reached the top of the grand stairway, and duly seated on long cushioned seats, covered with red velvet and gold cord. The large *salle* was richly decorated with sculptures, hangings, etc.; and, one by one, entered various dignitaries in the full blaze of their uniforms, Marshall Vaillant, the Duc de Bassano, etc. Many wore several decorations (of the Crimea I suppose), on their breasts. Finally a stentorian voice proclaimed *l'empereur*, when the little man toddled in on his short legs, leading the empress, who is in fine proportions. They passed on to the gallery opposite the altar, where two ambassadors had been placed, and the gentlemen in military uniform followed them, and stood behind them during mass. Two or

three ladies were among them who seemed to have found some low seat, and were scarcely visible. The empress looks in much better health and spirits than formerly, and as they knelt together, she made a few remarks to her husband in the easy confidential way, common to ordinary mortals; and, moreover, she was as devout (apparently) and attentive as any pious young woman ought to be—showing no consciousness that any one was observing her. Our window was nearest their gallery, and had a little open gallery in it, so that we were not more than ten or twelve feet from their majesties. I knelt in my place, and tried to think of them as little as possible, but the necessity of telling you and M. obliged me to give a certain amount of attention. The emperor is fatter, and dresses with less care. His larger cheeks do not improve his good looks. His eyes are precisely the same—looking, as I said before, like one's ideas of a dying serpent. They are never open enough to look into; but once he coughed, and by (to him) an unlucky accident, opened them for an instant, involuntary of course, when I being so near, and directly in a line with him, he actually caught my eye, and let his own down like a flash of lightning, annoyed as I found, that any one had had an opportunity to glance within the windows of his mysterious mind. The dress of the empress was simple, even to plainness—a little straw hat, six or eight inches across on the top of the head, a purple ribbon of moderate width tied under the chin, a black and white striped silk dress, a small cape of black lace, and gloves (kid) of neutral tint. After mass they walked out, followed by their cortège, and we departed, to say good-by to the Hunts, and to introduce our ladies to the Nuncio.

We separated, they to go to Versailles, I to see some old friends. To-day I found only the Countess de la Rochejaquelin at home. She seemed really glad to see me, and detained me for more than an hour, and finally invited me to pass a week with her at the chateau, near Tours, in August. I arranged to let her know, if it were practicable. On Mon-

day, M. and I set out for Rome, leaving the others to come by land, because they are so seasick. Land travel fatigues me, as you know, and I am never seasick. Neither does M. suffer much. Our clean, comfortable, and pretty boat is full of bishops, priests, Dominican and Franciscan fathers. Three bishops are from Mexico. This morning a dozen of us took a little boat and went to a Franciscan convent, in the town, to mass.

May 29th.

To-morrow is your birthday, and I shall be with you at every hour. I begin to feel uneasiness at—I will not say your silence, for I doubt not you have written—but that I have not received a syllable since we left New York, from you.

In my former travels I do not remember so long a hiatus. I pray God you are all well, and endeavor to cast off my anxieties, but they will remain until letters arrive. Do not fail to write to me once a week at least. We have been in Rome now, three days, and I have already seen many of my old friends, who give me a hearty welcome, and seem indeed, rejoiced to see me again. Cardinal Barnabo especially received me with so joyful a note as to surprise me. The priest of the American college, Doctor McCloskey, who, I think, M. met in my parlor, has been exceedingly attentive to me, and my old friend, Mr. Palmer, the deacon, as he is called by the English writers on church affairs, has been kind as a brother. I have had already two invitations to dine out, but have declined. I am installed at No. 9 Piazza d'Espagna, in a nice lodging, looking out on a broad sweep of the Pinician hill—overlooking its beautiful gardens and verdure, with a nice woman to cook for and serve us; so that we are, in fact, housekeeping, which suits best my ideas of retirement and economy. In most things the dear old city wears the same aspect as of old, but I observe the number of lazy is much increased from so many having been driven out of the Italian states conquered by the reprobate Victor Emanuel. Our banker, Plowden, an Englishman, tells me that even the English can

no longer live in Florence, where bad credit and worse government have raised prices to such a degree, that they take refuge in Rome, which they had sought to destroy.

ASCENSION DAY, *May 30th.*

To-day, the Pope is accustomed to assist at high mass, in the Church of St. John Lateran, founded by Constantine, on the site of the palace of a Roman Senator, Lateranus, who had been put to death, I believe, by Maxentius. It is beyond the present city, and overlooks a magnificent campagna. The vast space was filled. I was fortunate enough (as I came early) to get a seat in the temporary gallery for ladies. I saw everything perfectly, and had no fatigue.

The Holy Father, after mass, gave the usual pontifical blessing, "*in urbis et orbis*," from the great window over the vast portal. It was just half past twelve o'clock, and, as the time between us is six and a half hours, I fancied you would just be getting up, and I offered earnest petitions that the beautiful prayers of the visible head of the church, for all conditions of men, and the tender and earnest blessings he besought for all, might reach even beyond the Atlantic, and light upon your head. I believe there is not a more grand nor touching scene under the sun. The most bigoted Protestants confess it is sublime. Strange that they can not understand that its sublimity is the result of this whole system of truth. I have selected for you some magnificent photographs—the Forum, Coliseum, and Arch of Titus and Severus, which are admirably executed. I made haste to select them before the crowd arrives. They are for your birthday gift, and I shall send them soon. Also, I will attend to selecting mosaics for M. I am very desirous to hear how the sisters are getting on in the Harris School.

June 4th.

At length, to my joy and consolation, your letter of the 14th inst. reached me the day before yesterday, as I was setting out for high mass. Thankful am I that you are all well.

I am much gratified at your kind assistance of the Harris School. On Saturday my good friend, Doctor Smith, invited us to join a party to visit the catacomb of St. Callistus, a privilege rarely to be enjoyed. I had already seen it, and described it years ago, just after its discovery, for it had been lost sight of for nearly a thousand years. We had an English party, including several bishops and dignitaries. Doctor Smith, who is a very learned man, gave us its historical dates, and the bearing of the symbols upon religious dogmas. Most of the significant emblems were dated in the first two centuries of our era. When I was last here they were much covered with debris, which is now cleared away, and drawings have been made of many; some I wish to bring home. One of the most beautiful of the early ones is "The Adoration of the Magi." The form and pose of the blessed Virgin and child are the finest yet discovered, and the monuments generally are the most touching memorials of the faithfulness unto death of our Christian martyrs in the days of persecution. The head I have in relief, at home, came from this place. Two white marble sarcophagi have been lately discovered, with the bodies wrapped in winding sheets unbroken by time or violence. I was glad to find that I had really forgotten nothing.

On Sunday, through the singular kindness of Cardinal Barnabo, I had an audience of the holy father, who seems younger than he was nine years ago. He is certainly one of the noblest looking men I ever saw, and still handsome. His eye is bright and cheerful, and his whole countenance beams with benignity. What was my surprise, on entering, to hear him cry out: "Ah, Madam Peter, *mi piace molto vidervi moltissimo*." My blessed Mère Cesarie at Trinita di Monte says that he always inquires after me when there on his visits to the convent. The position of things here is singular. He is here inclosed on all sides, except the small strip of seacoast, as if at bay, surrounded by enemies thinking to destroy him, in the foolish hope of extinguishing the religion, the faith of which he is the visible head. Yet every thing in Rome is going on

prosperously, while the affairs of the robber, Victor Emanuel, are sinking, according to their own showing, from bad to worse.

I went this morning to visit Père Becx, the general of the Jesuits, and again reviewed the various objects of interest and souvenirs of the first fathers of the order. Afterward, as I was entering the Propaganda on a visit to Cardinal Barnabo, I met at the door, to my infinite delight, Monseignor Valerga, patriarch of Jerusalem, who was so kind to me, in 1852, at Jerusalem. I shall make him a visit as soon as possible. He does not look a day older than then. While speaking of age, I must not forget to say I seem, myself, rejuvenated. My nether limbs, so long my weak point, seem to have recovered their strength, and I mount the Scala d'Espagne without pain, and little sensible fatigue. I know not how to account for it. I only hope the strength will go with me to Cincinnati. The city is visibly filling up with clergy from every part of Christendom, and more than ever one sees that Rome alone enjoys the privilege of being the common center of Christianity—one may say of the world, for nowhere else on earth do we find people who represent every portion of the earth's surface. There seems a common attraction to exist beyond any thing which appears. All seem to recognize that they are coming to a common home, which contains every thing for the enjoyment of man in body, mind, and spirit. It is a larger Jerusalem, with a higher intelligence, belonging, not to a single people, but to mankind.

My apartment proves very pleasant. I have a parlor, dining-room, two bed-rooms, kitchen, and servant's room, all nicely furnished, for \$45 a month. Our dinner is sent from a restaurant at six francs per day (for all)—myself, M., and servant—about \$12 a week—a large economy of Newport—\$30 for one. We get a small carriage for thirty cents the hour; a double carriage at forty cents.

June 13th.

Our family has grown in size by the arrival of the rest of our party from Paris. We are living very pleasantly in a

fine large apartment. M. and I breakfast and tea in our room, and dine with the others; and we have all just taken a very handsome carriage, at one hundred dollars per month, which divided among us is not expensive. The weather is excessively dry, and I fear the harvests will be injured, but the air is astonishingly cool for the season—being tempered by the proximity to the mountains and sea. I find that, although the sun is hot enough, I can not dispense with flannel, which in Cincinnati would be insupportable. My health is excellent, and I walk as well, I think, as I ever did, mounting the Scala d'Espagna without difficulty. I really do not know what to think of such a restoration to strength. Certainly I never expected it at my age. I am glad you tell me so much about the sisters. I am naturally solicitous to know, and to hear how Colonel Harris gets on. We owe him much for his kindness and interest in our work. I am going to send him a fine photograph of the Forum. He deserves much for his kindness under all circumstances. If I can get a good opportunity, I shall send the photographs soon. I have been sight seeing, and could tell you a good deal, but our researches have been principally in churches, and religious houses; among them is the Priorate of the Knights of St. John, on the Aventine, which, I think, I must have described in former travels. I enjoy my visit exceedingly. After so long a fast of cultivated society, it is delightful to have such a feast as the present. Yesterday I had a visit from my old friend, the Patriarch of Jerusalem (Catholic), a man, noble among the noblest, from whom I received so much kindness, long years ago, in Jerusalem. This city is full of the good and great from every land, both clergy and laity, and the noble traits of physiognomy we meet at every turn, indicate the presence of the true nobility of our race. Why can not you be here to enjoy all these most precious things? The present course thronging Europe, some wending their course to Paris to enjoy the wonders of material life, others to Rome for the enjoyment of spiritual things, can not fail to remind one of the

old comparison of Babylon and Jerusalem, and each will have its impress upon the world. I heard yesterday from Miss Sedgwick, that your Cousin Rufus [General Rufus King, then Minister of the United States, at Rome], had heard of my arrival, and desired my address.

June 22d.

Your welcome letter of the 23d, with the postscript of Rufus, reached me in good season. In a day or two I hope for another from Rufus. Pray thank dear Sister Mary, of the Angel Guardian, for her comforting letter. I shall try and write to her, but it is strange how little time I find for writing. The past week has been unusually busy, including the festival of Corpus Christi, the anniversary of the Pope's accession, visit to St. Clement's, etc. The first was celebrated with unusual magnificence, even for Rome, owing to the immense concourse of bishops, patriarchs, and clergy, from every part of the world, besides a host of other visitors, generally of high rank. I have not yet seen the published accounts, but there must have been many hundreds of the highest orders of the hierarchy, and the costumes of the oriental bishops, from Asia and Africa, gave unusual brilliancy to the most magnificent spectacle which this world can boast.

The vast Piazza of St. Peter seemed nearly or quite filled with clergy alone. The French outnumbering any other nation, and the religious orders being joined by large numbers of their admirable brethren, now driven forth from the convents which Christian charity had provided ages ago for the sorrows of the poor and suffering. The procession was, probably, the largest and finest ever seen. The most perfect order prevailed, and there was not the slightest accident, though from eighty to one hundred thousand people were assembled, either in the open air or colonnades. The Scala Regia was hung throughout with most magnificent tapestries. The festival of St. Luigi Gunzaga, has also taken place, which is the favorite of the young people of Rome. The

vast Church of St. Ignacio was entirely filled, in its nave with boys alone, from twelve to sixteen, belonging to the Jesuit schools, and all brought bouquets of beautiful flowers, to decorate the altar of their beloved saint. The church of St. Clement was built over the house of Clement, the friend of Saints Peter and Paul, who often frequented the place, which contained an oratory, where the early Christians were instructed and baptized. At an early period, a church was built over this house, and the Acts of the Saints contained many legends of it; but, in the tenth century, the ground having been raised around, depressing the church, and the old church probably being much out of repair, it was filled up, and another built over it. All modern memory of the first church was lost, until a few years since the Dominican fathers, who own the church, had occasion to make some excavations for their convent, which adjoins the church, and suddenly came upon a wall covered with ancient frescoes. A large portion of the old church is now laid open, and many paintings of the highest dogmatical and historical interest are brought to light. I purchased some of the photographs of them, which I shall bring home. This afternoon, good Doctor Smith invited us, with a few others, to see collections in St. John Lateran, taken from many of the catacombs of the first two or three centuries. In our party was Bishop Wood, of Philadelphia. A better collection could hardly be found than those ancient emblems and inscriptions, to teach the faith held by Catholics, for our fathers in the faith seem to have made it their chief object, in their tributes to those "not lost, but gone before," to make their tombs teachers of sound doctrine, and that "though dead, they might yet speak." Everywhere we see emblems of the fall of man, the promise of the Savior, the typical sacrifice, the mysterious transformation of water into wine—the blessed Eucharist, as the Lord's real body—the ark, baptismal regeneration, confession, prayers for the dead, etc. Many times we find vivid pictorial representations of the sacrifice of the mass. Archbishops Spalding and

Purcell, with many bishops, have arrived, and all come to see me. I hear there will not be less than thirty-five bishops from the United States alone. The anniversary of the Pope was celebrated in a religious way, of course, but with loud and hearty "Evvivas," as he passed. The multitude came to bid him welcome on his way to the Sistine Chapel.

I have not yet purchased the mosaics nor the scarfs you want; but waiting does no harm—both are close at hand. The best place for silks is Paris. Perhaps if you send this letter to Sister Stanislaus and Sister Mary of the Annunciation, it may give them a pleasure to hear of our doings in Rome. I am gathering as many blessed rosaries, Agnus Dei and relics as possible, but this is a bad time, from the multitudes of clergy, applicants for all the world. However, I shall have a fair supply. My health is excellent. If nothing prevents, I may stay here till the 15th of July—even longer—then to Northern Italy and Paris.

ROME, July 16th.

Still you see we are lingering here, though we shall set out in a day or two, D. V., by the railroad *via* Foligno, Assisi, Loretto, Bologna, and Venice. I can not undertake to show M. Florence in this hot weather. From Venice we shall move on to Verona, then into the Tyrol and back to Milan, then to Genoa and Lyons, which I make a point simply on behalf of the School of Design. I wish you had expressed your wishes earlier, for in the spring I should have found every body at work, while now I fear it will be vacation. Since I wrote last, I have been busy visiting the hospitals, prisons, etc. The days are always insufficient for the work; and I have too many callers. I do not know whether I mentioned already a reception in my parlor, one afternoon, of some twenty Oriental bishops, from China, Chaldea, Mesopotamia, Erzeroum, Cilicia, Jerusalem, and Heaven knows where! several from Syria. They were Armenians, Greeks, Maronites, etc., all natives of these various countries, and educated at the Propaganda, and speak Italian well, of course.

It was a charming reunion. All were dressed in their own costumes. I invited several Romans to meet them, and every body went away delighted, and wondered that nobody had thought of such a thing before. Passing about the streets, I sometimes met my new friends, who greet me with a bow of great satisfaction. They are, in almost every instance, most noble and venerable men in person and demeanor, and give me quite a different idea of Oriental social life from that generally entertained. Rome is indeed the common center of civilization to the whole earth. Instructed by her, the most distant parts of the globe come together with our language and our speech. The more I see of the vast breadth of Catholic teaching, the more I am convinced that it is guided by wisdom more than human.

If I had any hope that you would be here next winter, I should make up my mind to remain in Europe; but as you give no hint of such an idea, I shall write, perhaps to-day, and secure a passage in the "Fulton," at Havre, which, after my visit to Mr. Peter's family, I may reach at Southampton, and return, as we resolved on, in October. I shall attend to M.'s commissions in Paris, and if she wants any thing more she has only to let me know in time. She must know I am glad to gratify her. I have gathered a good supply of mosaic buttons, Roman scarfs, and photographs.

VENICE, *July 29, 1867.*

If you could just look in for a moment and see your reverend mamma, seated in the midst of an almost regal splendor, you would wonder as much as myself; but, after all, it is nothing extraordinary in this old city of palaces. There are few travelers in this region just now, and willing, for a brief period, to indulge M. as well as myself with a transitory splendor. I have taken an apartment in the old vice-regal palace of the Giustiniani, just at the entrance of the Grand Canal, with the finest view in Venice. My salon was in olden times the chapel of the palace. It has

a vaulted roof, covered with frescoes and other ornaments, with a scegliola floor, and rich carpets under the tables. The old place for the altar is separated by glass windows, and serves for a bed-room, while the little vestry is converted into a dressing-room, etc. This is Monday. We left the dear old Rome last Tuesday, and came to Assisi, where we were invited to stay in a pretty little convent of Franciscans, very particular friends of Madame Cesari, of the Trinita di Monte, at Rome, and for her sake we had a warm welcome and all possible kindness. There we stayed two days, which were employed, accompanied by the prioress, in seeing the very remarkable places still existing in Assisi, though terribly shorn of its treasures by the king, "*galant huomo*," which it is farcical to say means "honest man."

This thievish individual and his infamous minions have robbed the church and convents every-where that his power can reach. The former are converted into barracks, or shut up; the latter into factories, etc. After this very interesting visit, during which I received many precious gifts, which I shall share with our sisters, in relics, books, and prints, with many thanks to our lovely community of the Giglio, we passed on to Ancona to witness more spoliations.

My dear old friend, the Princess Vidonia, and her daughter, the Countess Moncenigo Sarango, have been to see me, and seem to remember me with much affection. My health continues excellent. I think of staying here three or four days, and then to Verona, making an excursion to Trent; then to Milan and Turin, to see the Marquise de Somnia Riva; then to Geneva, to see Mgr. Mermillod, and on to Paris. You and M. have time to write for any thing further you may want in Paris. The papers here are full of heavy censures of the United States government for causing, by its policy, the ruin of the unfortunate Maximilian, and for not saving his life at the last. It is a terrible tragedy; and, from all accounts, judicial murders are the order of the day in that wretched Mexico. Love to you and your's.

TRENT, TYROL, Aug. 4, 1867.

A few days since I sent you a letter from Venice, and now you see us in this world-renowned "*chef lieu*" of the faithful Tyrolese, who even yet remain worthy of their ancient name; for, by virtue of their old time privileges, they have continued to exclude the "march of mind," with its villainous accompaniments, whilst they wisely persevere in the time-honored customs of their ancestors, "*dignus virtute avorum.*" What a difference between these sober, intelligent, one might say dignified people, and the cackling Italians south of the Alps—cackling about liberty to do evil—casting off the authority of religion, not because they do not believe it, but that they prefer to pursue the wrong.

In Luther's time, the spirit of infidelity was content to throw off the dogmas of faith that they liked the least. Grown bolder, now, the modern liberals aim to cast off all religion. The stuff uttered about temporal power is all with this view; for, like the Jews who fancied they rendered God service when they crucified the Lord, and thought His power was to end with His life, these liberals fancy that when the Pope is driven from Rome, they can prevent another election, and by thus cutting off the head of the Church, religion must fall with the Pope. Their exceeding folly amazes me. These Tyrolese are evidently a devout, sober, painstaking people. We came to make an excursion to Caldare, far up in the Tyrol, to see a wonderful woman who, for thirty-five years, has lived a supernatural life, *i. e.*, constantly in a miraculous condition. She is of noble birth, and is now fifty-five years old. I was always sorry that I neglected going to see her, and now resolved to use my opportunity; and well were we repaid. If you had the happiness to be a Catholic, I could tell you more. The road (carriage) lies along a succession of valleys bordering on the Adige, with lofty and generally most fierce looking mountains threatening you on either side; but the lovely valleys, entirely covered with grapevines, arranged in long rows like arbors, with mulberry trees

and large fields of fine Indian corn, pretty villages, with cottages interspersed, give a succession of landscapes rarely seen elsewhere. The men all touch or take off the hat as your carriage passes. The women and children courtesy, and they all look so clean and contented. I am really delighted with my excursion. Having a letter to the prince archbishop here, we were most kindly received. I have just returned from mass in the grand old cathedral, in which sittings of the great council of Trent were held. It is a magnificent structure of the fourteenth century, and though bearing marks of its age, is in high preservation and filled with admirable pictures and statues and mural monuments.

MILAN, *August 5th.*

We left Trent yesterday at four o'clock P. M., and came into old Verona, where I took M. sight-seeing till eleven this morning, when we set off for this place, arriving about four. I put M. in the hands of a guide, who spoke English, to see the sights, and went myself to call on my dear friend, the Duchess of Melzi, but she is at the baths, and I was disappointed. To-morrow evening we shall go, D. V., to Turin to visit the Marquise di Somma Riva, who insists on my coming. After passing a day with her, we proceed by Mont Cenis to Geneva, where I have promised Bishop Mermillod to stay a day, and this will end this tour of visits. I then propose to go on to Lyons to make such inquiries as I hope may lead to the benefit of the School of Design.

I must not forget to tell M. that I found at Venice the best collection of old laces which I have seen anywhere. It seems that the continued troubles have obliged many families to part with heirlooms, and I thought such a chance might not again occur, so, aided by the perfect taste and skill of the Countess Moncenigo Sorango, I purchased for M. enough for the skirt of a dress. M. will open her eyes at the price, but she seems so much to want such things, I see no reason why she may not be gratified. The pattern is the same with my collar

and cuffs, only wider; so M. may console herself that no princess in Europe can have a finer display of this kind. It is reckoned to be about four hundred years old, but is in perfect preservation, and as the art is lost it can not be reproduced.

In a week more I hope to be in Paris, and having some time since written to engage our passage on the *Fulton*, I shall thus be able to say when I shall probably have the joy to see you again.

PARIS, *August 29th.*

I rejoice to hear you have had so comfortable a season of repose. Beware of again exhausting yourself. I grow uneasy about the accounts of cholera, which seems to be violent in some parts of the West. You have, perhaps, read some accounts of its sudden swoop upon the pretty village of Albano, near Rome, which seems to have exceeded even imagination. My blessed friend, Cardinal Altieri, was a martyr to his duty while watching the death-beds alike of prince and peasant. I will tell you more when we meet.

We had a charming day on Monday, which quite refreshed me. One of my good friends here, Mrs. Blount (she of the family of Lord Stafford Jerningham, and he of the still older family of Blount, who came over with the Conqueror), is with her family, passing the summer at their chateau of Figary, some twenty-five miles out of Paris by railroad. She invited me to pass the day, and included M. We found her carriage awaiting us at the station, and drove some three miles through pretty, shady roads, to the antique looking mansion, which was built under Francis I., the last additions having been made in Louis XV.'s time. All, however, is in the best state of repair. The woodlands around are very extensive, and interspersed with vistas, and such rich beds of flowers and shrubs in the richest variety, and in full bloom, that you can form no idea of the scene of beauty before us. The house is a parallelogram, with pointed towers at the corners, and was surrounded by a moat, from which the water is now with-

drawn, and the bottom and sides covered with the greenest turf and ivy, which occasionally climbs up the walls. The interior is fitted up with exquisite taste, of course, without parade or ostentation, and there is a sweet little chapel, which, as the Blounts have never been misled by the so-called reformation, is still maintained as in the ages of faith. Mrs. B.'s sister and her husband, and Lord and Lady G., who are making her a visit, and several nieces also, of M.'s age, and we, had a day not to be forgotten.

I must not forget to tell M. of my purchases for her. Satin is just now a ruling fashion, and I have purchased a magnificent quality, for I suppose she wishes the best, and she has it. I have also, at a venture, made a still more expensive purchase for her in the shape of a beautiful jacket of guipure lace. If she had been here, I fancy she would have taken it, for it is too beautiful to lose, and guipure is again the rage. I have secured the prettiest India scarf that I can find, and I hope she will be pleased, for all of these are of the best in the world. The jacket, I think, will especially delight her. I looked for your set of glass, and find much that is beautiful, for the exposition has brought out uncommon taste. On Monday I go to Mechlin, to be present at the Catholic semi-annual congress, where so many of the great and good will be assembled; then to Angers, to see the Good Shepherds; and so on to England; and sail from Falmouth, October 3d, D. V.

PARIS, 3 RUE LUXEMBOURGH, *Sept. 15th.*

I have been so driven these last two weeks, that it has been literally impossible to write. Father Hecker requested me to go with him to the congress at Mechlin, where I enjoyed to the full the society of the good and the great during five days. Then I went off to Aix la Chapelle, to look after my Franciscan affairs; and returning to Paris, was off again to Augers to see the Good Shepherds; and returned delighted with all I have seen. While at Mechlin, the seat of the lace trade, I made another purchase for M. The lace jacket merits a skirt

trimming to match, and I purchased thirteen ells of guipure, at a very reasonable price, for it is very wide. I gave the "Clares" your address, that they might write to me of their affairs, and I am not a little surprised at the letter you send me from the poor Clares at Assisi. Every syllable they utter is true. The infamous government of the excommunicate, Victor Emmanuel, has robbed them of every thing which could be carried off, and has taken possession even of their olive trees, which yielded them a comfortable support. I fear, from their taking the courage to write to you, that their affairs are even worse than I thought. I think I mentioned that three other communities have been driven out of their convents by the public robbers, and had taken refuge with these poor sisters at Assisi. In Ancona, seven beautiful churches have been converted into factories; but as the people have no taste for the latter, they are useless. It seems as if anti-christ had already come in these countries. It is consoling to witness the total discomfiture of Garibaldi at Geneva. It was an utter rout. Mrs. Hewson is gone. Peace be with her good soul. She had the kindest, the most truly generous heart that I know, and I grieve for her loss.

OFF LONG ISLAND, TUESDAY, *Oct. 15th*, 1867.

You will naturally be anxious to hear of my safety, and although we have not yet reached our port, the pilot is on board, and we expect to be in the dock before the daylight of to-morrow; therefore, hoping to get this into the morning's mail, I write to-day to give you the earliest notice of our coming. Our voyage, on the whole, has been pleasant, though as a consequence of the late equinoctical gales, the sea has been rough, and we have had head winds; but I like this line far better than the others, though it is slower. My heart is filled with gratitude for my preservation through so many dangers. Not an accident nor misadventure has occurred since I left you; still I dread the overland journey, and our cattle pens of cars, far more than any other portion of our travels. I would

greatly prefer the voyage across the Atlantic, of two weeks, to encountering that hideous journey of two days.

It gives me a shock that requires weeks to restore my equilibrium. My health is excellent. I never was better. I have two statuettes for our sisters, and must wait to get them off, and I am also charged with some affairs by the emigration society at Havre, which may detain me the whole week; but after my arrival in New York, I can tell you more definitely when to expect me. I hope to find the servants in the house, which I hope they will have warm and comfortable. I hope Coony and the carriage are all in order.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17, 1867.

The letter which I sent off by yesterday's mail will have informed you of our safe arrival. *Deo gratias*. We reached the pier about one o'clock, and the remainder of the day was entirely taken up in getting out our luggage, and having four boxes sent off to Cincinnati by the Union Transportation Co. I was surprised to hear they would reach Cincinnati in five days. I have no hope of being there before Wednesday, and perhaps not so soon, but I shall write on Saturday and let you know. As the people may wish to deliver them immediately, I write by this mail to their agent, Mr. W. H. Brown, 27 West Third street, to request that they shall remain at the depot till I come, when I will give him notice. He must be near your office, and I wish you to call and make the same request, for it would be direful to be carting them about the streets not knowing where to deliver them. One is marked for the Harris School, and one for the Good Shepherd. They are statues for their chapels. On no account must they be delivered till I come. Be careful to see these directions obeyed.

The voyage happily completed, Mrs. Peter returned home with renewed health and vigor to enter once more upon her work, strengthened in faith and full of hope for

the complete success of all she had undertaken. Many pleasant memories were laid up. In no previous visit had she met with so much that touched her heart and expanded her ideas.

Although the convents were fully established, and really needed, in their legitimate work, no outside help, still there was much that might be done by friends who were better acquainted with the ways of the world, and in this Mrs. Peter and the good sisters always found a ready and able helper in Mrs. Peter's son. His aid as a legal adviser has been fully recognized on many occasions by the grateful sisters. Two years were now passed at home—perhaps more quietly than in former years, for nature began to assert her rights, and the spirit undaunted wisely listened to the suggestions of the faithful servant, who had, through a long life, carried out the dictates of the nobler being. No disease invaded this healthy, well-organized frame, but there came longings for rest, for more quiet occupation. The convents were in perfect working order, so that Mrs. Peter as adviser, as one who could be looked to for wise counsels, was more important than in active work. Every day found her busy in out-door work, but more willing than in former days to indulge herself in quiet and rest. Her taste for reading was now more fully indulged, and she enjoyed the social visits of her many friends. All understood the system of her life, and business hours and times of rest were never invaded. At last came a longing again to tread the streets of the holy city, and to drink in those influences which were to be found for her nowhere else. It will be seen in the following chapter how the way was opened for the gratification of her wishes.

FIFTH VISIT TO EUROPE.
1869-70.

*"I praise thee, matron, and thy due
Is praise, heroic praise and true—
With admiration I behold
Thy gladness unsubdued.
Thy looks, thy actions, all present
The picture of a life well spent.
This do I see and something more,
A strength unthought of heretofore."*

*Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds
rise above it.*

—IRVING.

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CHAPTER X.

FIFTH VISIT TO EUROPE, ACCOMPANIED BY HER NIECES—WILDEAD—
DEATH OF MISS WATTS—WINTER IN ROME—COUNCIL OF THE
ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH—RETURN HOME.

THE time had now come when age approached, bringing with it incapacities for the harder work of youth. Mrs. Peter had been refreshed by the short visit she made to Rome in 1867, which, more than any previous one, had been free from cares or labor. Her object had been purely a tribute of love and sympathy to one who, in every sense, was to her a dear and honored father. The year which had succeeded had been full of compensations, but of constant and wearing occupation. The joyous spirit of gratitude which filled Mrs. Peter's heart, in seeing her life work so well accomplished, gave a sustaining enthusiasm which often tempted her to work beyond her strength, so that it became important that she should again throw aside the temptations to work. It was almost impossible to persuade her to any steps purely for her own benefit; therefore, it was fortunate when again it was best she should get rid of her responsibilities at home, she might be of decided help to two nieces, very dear to her, to whom change of scene and climate was considered very important. She took upon herself the charge of those young girls—one, alas! was never to return—but of all these experiences in this sad episode, we shall best know from her own letters.

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AT SEA, STEAMSHIP WESTPHALIA, *Aug. 25, 1869.*

To-morrow night we expect to stop an hour or two at Plymouth, England, and I hope this post may send the earliest intelligence of us. I send this letter ashore to catch the first English steamer. On Saturday, D. V., we hope to reach Cherbourg, and I will write again, if possible. You will rejoice to know that our voyage has been prosperous in all respects, thank God. This ship is, I think, the most comfortable I ever sailed in, and the cleanest. The table is excellent, and well served, and the motion so steady that oftentimes it is scarcely perceptible. We have good reason to be satisfied with the Westphalia. Maggie has borne the journey well, and seems rather improved by it. Her maid was very seasick for four or five days, and, of course, useless, but is now well again. Alice is a good companion for her, and thus I have none but cheering accounts to give you. The weather is perfectly delightful, and pleasant people among the passengers. The vessel is not crowded, so we have each a stateroom. Maggie has her maid with her, but Alice and I are each alone, which is an immense comfort, as you may imagine. Your peaches have been enjoyed to the utmost, and it was only yesterday we had a fête over the watermelon, which proved excellent, and the flowers have held out wonderfully (a week), to the admiration of our table neighbors. Your provision was too bountiful. My cane proved invaluable, and through its assistance, my knees seem to be growing stronger. I beg you do not fail to see good Sister Stanislaus, at the prison, and give her all your influence.

Mrs. Peter went with her two nieces immediately to Paris to consult an eminent physician. Her niece, Miss Watts, had not gained as much by the voyage as had been expected. Mrs. Peter herself needed advice. The diagnosis of the physician was not favorable to the former, so far as to give hope for ultimate recovery, but no danger was immediately apprehended, and his advice

was that she should immediately establish herself at Hyeres, an island off Toulon, with the encouragement that the fine air and genial temperature would do more for her than any thing else. He regarded Mrs. Peter's case as demanding more immediate attention, and recommended Wildbad. So, with great reluctance, Mrs. Peter allowed her nieces to set forth without her, and we then find from her next letter, that the waters of Wildbad had already proved very beneficial; but the letter beginning in this hopeful strain, is finished at Hyeres, to which place she was summoned by telegraph, with the astonishing and grievous tidings that the dear niece, the object of so much love and care, had quietly passed away. The journey to the poor girl, already worn by the sea voyage, had proven more than she could bear. The physician had sadly, culpably, miscalculated her strength. This was a great blow to Mrs. Peter, and to the devoted young cousin who was alone by the side of the dying girl in her last moments on earth. We leave these suffering ones, in the solemn quiet of those days and weeks before they could calmly and submissively adjust themselves and their affairs, and next, take them up at Rome, the dearly loved haven of peace for Mrs. Peter in all troubles.

ROME, *October 10th.*

After several days' steady traveling, pausing one day at Munich, and some hours at Florence, we reached our port last evening at ten o'clock, not so very tired as might have been expected, for we always slept at night. My first visit was to the American College, where I was not disappointed in finding your letter of the 22d September. Thank God, you are well, and, as Father Lelièvre writes, *looking* well. You had not yet received my letters about dear Maggie's death. Dear child! it gives me a heartache to think of it; but I must feel

that it was in mercy. Alice suffered much from the shock, but was spared great fatigue. Besides her maid, Maggie had, during the two days' illness, a very capable nurse. The people in the hotel literally placed themselves at her disposal, with a generosity I can never forget. It was getting cold at Wildbad, and after remaining three or four weeks the doctor pronounced my restoration complete, and I was glad to turn my face to the south. We came the whole length of the Tyrol between its lofty mountains on each side, the Adige running between and watering the pretty rural scenes, interspersed with villages, always with the church spire rising above. At Bolzen there is an old church of the tenth century, with its seven altars, all of the richest mosaics. Then we came to Verona and Bologna, where I ran about in the evening to see old friends. I engaged a *valet de place* to go about with Alice while I made a visit to my dear friend, the Countess Bourtelaine.

To shorten the long day to Rome, we stopped at an old, Middle Age town in Etruria, Arezzo; and, truly, we were carried back some four hundred years. The place is full of fine arts. There was no carriage, however, to be had. I fancy few people stop there. We were compelled to walk, and were objects of great attention to the idlers of the town, who persisted in paying the highest honors by pointing out all objects of interest, though it was quite too dark to see them. The hotel people had a formal politeness which was really amusing—a sort of Sir Charles Grandison manner. Some time I will tell you more. It was worth going there to see these pleasant reminders of bygone times.

NO. 9 PIAZZA DI SPAGNA, ROME.

Very few of my friends are yet in town. Dr. Chatard called to-day, and now the ladies begin to come. A few days since I had the great pleasure of an audience with the Holy Father, who, as usual, received me with a hearty greeting. He is looking very well, and is beaming with cheerfulness, as if no

care had power to affect him. The preparations for the council are steadily going on under his active supervision. Bishops are already arriving from the different parts of the world; to-day, the first from the United States, the Bishop of Hartford. We think of changing our lodgings; our landlady is not accommodating, and we can do better.

ROME, 82 VIA BORGAGNONA.

Our present lodging is very much more convenient than the former. My friends are arriving, and I have enjoyed the fine *festas* at the churches, which are celebrated by high mass and the finest music. That of St. Cecilia's beautiful church was very fine. St. Clement was open yesterday, with its wonderful subterranean church frescoes twelve hundred years old.

The above will probably be my permanent address while in Rome. The first, on the Piazza di Spagna, proved inconvenient, but now we are as comfortable as we could desire to be. I am now at my beloved Convent of Trinita di Monte, at the head of the Scala di Spagna, where my dear Mère Cesari has invited me to pass some days with her. The Roman winter begins to open very pleasantly. I see many old friends from distant regions. Last Sunday there was a grand function at St. Peter's, after which everybody, as usual, functionaries, cardinals, and others walked out together. I found myself in the crowd at the side of a most dignified personage in cardinal's dress, but not recognizing him did not speak. He turned toward me with a charming manner, saying: "*Madame Peter, n'est-ce pas? J'espère que vous vous portez bien.*" I could not divine who it was, and was obliged to reply: "*Tres bien, merci, mais Eminence, dites moi de grace à qui ai-je l'honneur de m'adresser?*" "Schwarzenberg," he replied, with the greatest kindness, and I recognized the magnificent Cardinal Prince von Schwarzenberg, who was so good to me twelve years ago, and sent money to me afterward to aid my convents. He is of the Hapsburg blood, and full of

talent as of goodness. I have made acquaintance with a charming family, the Countess de Maistre, daughter-in-law of the celebrated Count Joseph de Maistre, and sister of the Duchess Montmorenci. The young Count d'Ano, nephew of my blessed friend, the Count de Brignoli, also comes to see me.

December 16th.

Since I last wrote to you, the great event of the winter has passed over us most successfully. I was so fortunate as to secure one of the best places, and saw and heard all. It was a scene (of course I speak of the Ecumenical Council) that no one present could ever forget. I suppose you will see an account of it in the New York papers; but it can not be described. The vast space of the immense basilica showed only a compact mass of heads (we were in a small gallery), so closely were the multitude standing together, and it was only by a forcible pressure against the crowd that the guards were able to secure a passage for the procession of bishops, archbishops (all in white vestments), patriarchs, and cardinals, to move forward without embarrassment. The estimate is that nearly eight hundred of these were present. The gorgeous dresses of some of the Oriental bishops, especially of the Copts, were very striking. It required a full hour for the passage of the procession before our seats. The holy father, with his camérieri, closed it, and all the bishops stood in the stalls prepared in the Hall of the Council until he had taken his place at the farther end. The hall is formed of one of the transepts, and is, I think, about as large as our cathedral. A partition is thrown up to separate it from the church, handsomely painted in appropriate designs. Within, four large pictures represent the Councils of Jerusalem, where St. Peter presided, the Council of Nice, of Ephesus, and of Trent. Over the seat of the Pope is a fine picture of the Descent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost. Within the sides are galleries for royalties, ambassadors, and dignitaries connected with the council. My blessed friend, Monsignor

Mermillod, Bishop of Geneva, is by one consent the leading spirit of the assembly, and as he is so kind as to come to see me often, I hear much of what is going on.

82 VIA BORGOGNONA, ROME, *Dec. 31st.*

Whether it is that the services of the Church and the Roman customs tend to impress me with a profound sentiment of the closing year, which measures my term of three-score and ten, I know not, but my thoughts throughout the day have scarcely for a moment wandered from a retrospection of home and the current of past events, and I seat myself in the closing hours to discourse for a little time with you, who remain one of the few living intimately connected with my early life. Among all with whom I am associated, either here or at home, I can scarcely recall five who knew me at thirty years of age. Even here a sort of fatality seems to remove those who are my most attached friends. The saintly Cardinal Altieri was a martyr to his pastoral duties during the frightful invasion of the cholera into his diocese, two years since. Cardinal Bedini died about the same time, and within a few months Monsignor Talbot, who was every thing to me at Rome, was attacked by softening of the brain, and is now near Paris, without hope of recovery. These were all younger than I, and I thought would have survived me; and just now I hear of the death of the excellent Cardinal Reissbach, in Suisse, where he had gone with the hope of restoration to health. He would have been the soul of the council, and in his great desire to do good he overtasked his strength. His loss is deeply deplored, and by none more than myself, for he was my very good friend. The good Cardinal Barnabo is the only one left of the circle I valued so highly. My blessed Mère Cesari is still at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and the admirable Bishop of Geneva is here, who prepared me for reception into our blessed faith, and also the learned and loveable Mr. Palmer, who was received about the same time with myself, and Monsignor Patterson, who pre-

ceded us by a few years. None of these have forgotten me, and we meet as dear friends. This I think must surely be my last visit to Rome [it was not, as Mrs. Peter again made a visit, four years after this, with great satisfaction], and I am thankful for our renewed intercourse. There are also several persons here of great consequence, with whom I made acquaintance at the Congress of Malines. I refuse all invitations except to Miss Harper's and Miss Sedgwick's, and an occasional visit to a very few others; so that I am known to be at home, and have frequent visits, especially from men of intelligence.

We have more than fifty American bishops here, most of them cultivated and agreeable men; these drop in frequently in the evenings, and I have also many European prelates among my visitors. Among them the archbishop of Algiers, Monsignor Largeni, is pre-eminent. He is literally working wonders among the Arabs, and there is hope that a Christian population may be again renewed in those countries so long devastated by Mahometanism. When I see the perfect harmony, the true piety, the earnest desire to do the will of God in all things which characterize the most noble assemblage now in council, I am filled with wonder at the fabrications set afloat to blacken their holy work.

Jan. 1st.—May God bless my child, and preserve us all through the coming year. I have to-day your letter of the 8th, also one from Mother David and Sister Stanislaus, announcing the discharge of the sisters from their noble prison work. I am grieved for this ungrateful return to the noble-hearted Sister Stanislaus for all her devotion and ability. I hope good Sister Stanislaus will be able to carry out her plan of keeping a refuge for the poor women; they will need it more than ever. I lament that I am not at home to assist her. Were it not for the ocean I should hasten thither at once; but her decision is doubtless made already, before she could hear from me even. I trust, my dear child, you will give her all the aid and comfort you can, and that Colonel Harris will

also help her—she richly deserves it. I hope, too, you will sustain the School of Industry.

Jan. 5th.—We are now in the full observance of what is sometimes called the Gentile Christmas. There are masses and sermons every day in Greek, Coptic, Syriac, Armenian, Maronite, and I know not how many other rites and languages. All of Europe, except Russia, is included, but small variations in form and dress.

VIA BORGAGNONA, *Jan. 13, 1870.*

I have just received your letter inclosing one from the School of Industry. It is such a comfort to know that you were all well three weeks ago, but what may not have happened since [this was before the happy days of cable communication by ocean telegraph]. I do not, however, brood over those things, but trust, as we have been so often separated and re-united, so it may be again. I am sorry to hear of your continued lameness, which shows that the malady becomes more serious and obstinate, and consequently demands more serious consideration and other measures than heretofore taken. I devoutly trust you will take this into serious consideration. What I said some time ago of the efficacy of Wildbad, I now impress upon you. It seems little less than folly at your age to endure such a grievance when our dear Lord has provided means of relief. I am confident that a voyage to Wildbad would be exceedingly beneficial, and that you could, if you chose, return in the fall a new creature. The Lord blessed the waters to many, and I trust they would heal you. It is needless to repeat what I said in former letters, that I am ready to join you any-where at any time, and remember to come before the March winds make ocean travel unpleasant.

Every day there are masses in the oriental rites, and sermons in the languages best known. My beloved Bishop Mermillod of Geneva perfectly electrified his audience on Sunday, just after the Holy Father had delighted an audience

at the Vatican, of little less than two thousand persons, I hear, with a discourse of surpassing love and tenderness which melted them all to tears. At the same time, Miss Harper and I were assisting at the baptism of two little Mussulman children from near Algiers. I have a letter from the mother house at Angers approving Mother Stanislaus's plan for opening a school of refuge for prisoners at the close of their sentence. We have long needed this charity, and I trust it will be established. Dear M., I hope you and Rufus will help me my work till I come.

82 BORGAGNONA, *Feb. 12th.*

Yesterday afternoon I had the great happiness of receiving your good long letter of January 23d, and by the same mail one from the dear little sisters of the Harris school. She is full of affection and gratitude to you for the great kindness you showed them at Christmas, as well as on many other occasions, for coal, etc., and I also thank you, my dear child, for all this most kind and valuable assistance. She incloses a letter from the children, which is equally full of gratitude to you; for all which our dear Lord will reward you four-fold.

I am waiting, with some anxiety, to hear whether M. will come to Wildbad, which it is hardly to be doubted would be beneficial to her. My own movements depend very much upon this point. If she does not come, I think I shall return home as soon as I can.

All things in the council go on as grandly and unitedly as possible. Yesterday was the anniversary of that sad event impressed so indelibly upon my heart. May the most holy will of God be done in all things. He loves us best, and all is done in wisdom and love, yet His designs are past finding out. It is such a precious comfort to pray for my child, though this poor scene is no longer consoled by his presence. I have just returned from the military torch-light procession, which followed to his honored tomb the grand duke of Tuscany. I have seen him several times through the winter, for he came

before the opening of the council. In 1857, he was exceedingly kind to me, and gave liberal aid for my convents—but now he looked thirty years older—his hair as white as snow, and his body bent with debility. Nine years of exile had grievously wounded his gentle spirit. In prosperity and adversity, his admirable goodness and charity had surrounded him with attached friends. It is a just reward of his worth that he should have died here at Rome, surrounded by all he loved best, and in the only city in Europe which could have given him the funeral honors he so richly deserved, so worthily merited. I selected a good point of observation. The troops were in battalions of ten abreast, according to their regulations, with a considerable number of mourning coaches. You may judge of its magnificence when I add that, although the step was not slow, the procession required an hour, wanting three minutes, to pass.

I am a little later than usual in replying to your last, most welcome letter, in consequence of a “retreat” at the Trinita, conducted by my beloved Bishop Mermillod. It consisted of mass and instruction and confession each day. The church was crowded with ladies, and all listened to such wondrous and impressive eloquence, as was probably never excelled in this world. It is not his fault if many of us are not better for it. The course closed this evening. I am well, as I usually am at Rome. I walk with such ease as I never expected. On Thursday the carriage was too late, so I went up the Scala di Spagna, on foot, without any particular fatigue. I am greatly comforted by what you tell me of Sister Stanislaus. I have lately become acquainted with Mrs. Craven, the authoress, who is a charming person. She has made an appointment to come and pass an hour with me to-morrow. This evening I made a visit to the famous Bishop of Orleans, Monsignor Dupanloup. He has taken the villa Graziola, just outside the city walls. We enter by a porter’s lodge, and then through an alley, a quarter of a mile long, of Roman laurels, uniting overhead, forming an evergreen covered way,

nearly to the house. The lawn is interspersed with flower-beds. The hyacinths, I observed, had already passed their bloom, and the grass was covered with daisies. I had a most kind welcome, and passed a half hour in a *tete a tete* which I need not say was most agreeable. I am to meet Mr. Aubrey de Vere to-morrow evening, whom I have long wished to see. I see no prospect of leaving Rome before Easter. Alice is evidently ill, and, of course, I am not disposed to leave her while this is the case. She will remain with Miss Harper through the summer. I hardly know why, but I feel no desire to be so far away from those I love best, and there are rumors of much trouble pending in Europe. May our dear Lord have us all in his holy keeping.

VILLA LANTE, CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART, ROME.

Lest the heading of my letter may startle you, I will begin by telling you that I have been some days in "retreat" with some five and twenty ladies of almost every nation of Europe, generally of high rank, princesses, countesses, etc., but we are all bent on the same object, which Jeremy Taylor has expressed in his own quaint way, "to smooth our plumes," I think he says—*feathers* which become all too ruffled in the vain world—and to gain quiet for a brief season, to meditate eternal truths. For our assistance we have the valuable instructions of Father Froissart, a French Jesuit, who gives us half an hour of his fervid eloquence four times a day—and truly we are never weary of listening to his words of wisdom, expressed with a clearness and delicacy which bear a sort of charm with them. The situation of this place is delightful. It is the Roman novitiate of the order, standing about as high on the Janiculum as our Little Sisters of the Poor, at Cincinnati, with the hill behind, about the same length, towering above. Thus we have Rome at our feet, and in the outline of the horizon, some fifteen miles distant, the magnificent range of the Alban Hills, with all the pretty villages, Frascati, Albano, Ariccia, Castel Gandolfo, etc., nestled

among the mountain recesses, but in full view. Monte Carlo leaps the whole range, which is so wonderfully beautiful in its outline, that we can not wonder that even the hard old Romans were touched by it, and placed their great Temple of Jupiter on its summit. There can not be less than fifty acres—perhaps more—in the superb domain. The hillside is sometimes terraced with flowing shrubs and beds of flowers and fruit trees, all of which have long been in bloom, extensive vineyards, in the finest order, long alleys covered with laurels, arched overhead, and vines. You may imagine how my strength has returned, when I assure you that, tempted by the widening beauty of the landscape at each step, I mounted to the very top of the hill without fatigue, and was well rewarded, not only in the magnificence of the view but the historic memories blended every-where in it. The Capitol and the Tiber and the souvenir of the great battle which won for Christendom the empire of Europe—but the vast pile of St. Peter, to my utter surprise, lay below me. I suppose I shall leave, about the 15th or 20th of May, for Wildbad. Shall stay there about three weeks, and then go to Paris, where I wish to stay some time.

I have just returned from St. Peter's, where I have witnessed a magnificent scene. The full council assembled in their episcopal robes and mitres, each taking his accustomed seat, with the Holy Father on his throne. The immense church was literally packed with a joyous throng. A bishop mounted a temporary pulpit, and read the decrees, which have been the subject of discussion during the past weeks, in Greek and Latin, the *Veni Creator Spiritus* was sung, then each bishop gave his vote in turn. The Pope gave a short address, and the whole closed by the singing of the *Te Deum*, in which the immense concourse united, as they had done in the *Veni Creator*. The scene was soul-inspiring. As we all said together the *Credo*, it was impossible to restrain my tears. Before me were good and great representatives of the faith, from every nation

under the sun, chanting with one heart and one voice, one common faith, one firm hope, one undying confidence in eternal truths. This hasty letter will reach you about the period of my seventieth birthday. I grieve to be away from you, but we shall be united in spirit on that as well as your fifty-third anniversary. I am quite well, thank God, and walk about in a manner, and with such strength as I never again expected to enjoy. In fact, I walk wherever I please, up and down, without any difficulty.

May 1st.

Here I am still, this blessed May day, which in Rome is a charming *fiesta*. The churches are all more or less decorated with flowers in such unmeasured abundance as I have never seen elsewhere; the flower stands are loaded throughout the winter. The narcissus is regarded here as a sort of symbol of this season, though it blossoms as early as January. The pavements before the churches are strewn with box quite up to the church door, and sometimes within it. The clergy put on their richest robes. The altars have fine vases of flowers, and the altar boys are more smiling than usual. I have just returned from a beautiful ceremony in the fine chapel of an Augustinian convent, where two young ladies took the veil, at the hands of Cardinal Salconi, who had as usual (the cardinals being considered as belonging to the Pope's household) a body of Swiss guards in attendance to do honor to the occasion. Their gay parti-colored dress makes them look like immense bouquets at a distance. I have been much comforted by receiving yours and M.'s letters very regularly lately. Yours of April 10th came yesterday. Thanks for your good accounts of the convents. I fancy they look upon you, in my absence, as their best friend; at all events they are sure of your good will and kindness.

Since I wrote to you last I have fallen into a temptation, and deliberately yielded to it, after mature reflection. You will laugh when I tell you I am buying pictures—a few for myself to take the place of the Tapestry, and something for

you if you are not already too full—but chiefly gifts to the sisterhoods.

ALBANO, *May 11th.*

It is delightful to be here in Albano, from which the Alban hills have their name. It is seated on a fold of the Apennines, looking over the Campagna quite to the sea. The country, as soon as we reach a sufficient elevation to be healthy, is cultivated in the highest degree, with olives, figs, grapes, wheat, oats, vegetables, and fruits, most "beautiful to behold," as you sometimes say. I have a nice large bed-room, with parlor of equal size, and my own table well served, for nine francs *per diem*. The town has about six thousand inhabitants, and we are at one end of it, next a magnificent villa, to which we have access whenever we please. I am happy as a child. The church bells are ringing merrily, after the *Angelus*; the children are playing every-where; the cocks are crowing, and the hens cackling, and all nature seems to sympathize in my joy. I expect to set out for Germany on the 20th, by way of Marseilles, and I shall go to Wildbad for three weeks. I have been drawing heavily on you lately for pictures; but, as nearly all are paid for, I shall not need so much in future. I have M.'s mosaics and scarfs, and after much search (for it is very scarce) some beautiful old lace. You will be surprised at the extent of the gallery when the pictures arrive. You shall have your choice.

May 23d.

I grow quite unhappy at receiving no letter this week. After all the grievous sorrows of my troubled life I have but one more to dread, and I pray from the deepest depths of my poor heart that our dear Lord will spare me this, and allow me to go to my grave in peace, with you near me to console my dying hour. To lose you, would be what I could hardly bear, far worse than separation by my own death, which comes to me as a thing to be expected, in the natural order, at no distant period; and for this reason I am exceedingly unwilling to prolong my absence. I ought to expect

delays, and they have sometimes occurred, but I was never so anxious before. My health is good, but the experience since I parted from you, the death of our dear little Maggie, etc., have worn upon me, and I fancy I have lost some of my accustomed buoyancy; and perhaps this may account for my present depression. God grant in mercy there may be no cause for it! Just as I write there comes in a letter from my old friend, Mrs. David Hoffman, at Baltimore, dated May 3d, which gives me some relief. If any thing disastrous had occurred to you, she would probably have heard it. My blessed friend, the Canonico Bertinelli, will be well pleased if I take a few of his pictures with me to be sold. His kindness to me has been so unbounded, I know not how to refuse; there are some rare gems among them. My dear old friend, who, after his way, much resembles our good Mr. Peter in learning, purity of heart, and simplicity of character, is really attached to me, and he is never weary of doing me kindnesses. Have I mentioned to you that he gave me an exquisite gem of miniature size, for you, richly framed? It is packed—has been ever since he sent it. I went up to the French Academy a few days since, for the third time, and gained the knowledge necessary for your affairs, in Paris. Barbadeaune tells me he has sent you a catalogue of casts, so that you can tell precisely what is wanted.

HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE, ROME, May 26th.

Still you see I am here, and quite likely I shall remain at least ten days longer, for my *homme d'affaires*, Scevola, is not ready yet with my things. I stayed some days at Frascati, to my great contentment; but it was needful for me to be here to look after my affairs, and I took up my abode in this very comfortable hotel, which is just opposite my former lodgings, and does not take me out of my *beat*. It is so comfortable to be entirely free and undisturbed, that I am quite willing to enjoy as long as I can this peace.

May 30th.

God bless my child on his fifty-third birthday. Your blessed letter of the 10th reached me on Saturday, and changed my mourning into joy, for my anxiety had been excessive on account of not receiving your last letter, which was delayed. I trust no week will pass during the remainder of my stay, that does not bring me something to tell me of all of you. I am still detained here, though not unpleasantly, waiting for work to be finished. The artist tells me he will have it done in time for the Thursday's steamer, which departs from Civita Vecchia once a week. Elizabeth Porter is here, and will stay longer than I, and still several of my old friends remain, so that I am enjoying Rome, if possible, more than ever. I have packed all the pictures, and many objects of religious value for the sisterhoods, which will make them joyful. Every thing costs money; but this time is especially favorable for purchasers, therefore I have yielded to what seems a good opportunity, which might not return, and the more willingly because I entirely concur with you in the opinion you have so well expressed, "that it is time to be content with my past works," etc. Henceforth I expect to be a cheery old lady of leisure, enjoying the fruits of my labors, *i. e.*, if it please God to sustain us all in good health. I have been drawing heavily on you lately; but when you see the results you will be content. I have engaged my passage on the Holsatia, which will leave Havre on the 6th of August. I should prefer the Westphalia on the 20th, but fear autumnal storms. I do so earnestly desire to be with you again. I hope Doctor Rives grows better as the season advances. Poor M. must be very anxious. With my warmest love to both, and many thanks to dear M. for her letter. Again, God bless and preserve my child.

LYONS, June 12th.

I left Rome on Thursday morning, as I expected, reached Civita Vecchia in due season, accompanied by my *homme d'affaires*, Scevola, who insisted on seeing my boxes all safe on

board the steamer *King Jerome*. I sailed forth on the blue waters of that most beautiful of seas at one o'clock, with few passengers, who made the voyage agreeable and very comfortable. We reached Marseilles on Saturday at six P. M., detained two hours by head winds. It is a grand voyage, that from Italy to France. We seldom lose sight of the shores, and to any one conversant with their history there is an indescribable grandeur in the association of every inlet or headland. As we approach Marseilles, there is a long line of coast or tall, chalky, ghost-looking cliffs, until the city appears on the side of a slope, over which towers the venerable Church of Notre Dame de la Garde, the hope and joy of seafaring men for a thousand years past. I had an excellent night at the Hotel de Petit Louvre, where I have been several times before; and after seeing Messrs. Girand *frères* about my seven boxes to be forwarded to Havre, there to await my coming, I came on here (Lyons). I mounted up to the world-renowned sanctuary of Fourriers at seven this morning, and offered my devotions, in which you may well imagine you were not forgotten. I have just returned from a second mass at the large Chapel of the Charité, where one thousand sick are nursed by the sisters, and now I am seated to give you an account of my wanderings.

ANGERS, *June 15th.*

After a journey across France, I am safely housed at the vast establishment of the Good Shepherd, having arrived last night. I have not yet time to write to Mother Stanislaus, but pray have the kindness to say to her that the Mère Générale approves all that she is doing, and she thanks you most heartily for all your kindness to her children in Cincinnati, of which they write in the most grateful terms.

The climate of Rome, and its many salutary influences, religiously, as well as physically and socially, had invigorated Mrs. Peter very decidedly, but she had never fully recovered from the shock of the sudden death, under cir.

cumstances so sad, of her favorite niece. We find her strong to undertake efforts considered usually impossible for one of her age, but with a languor of spirit hitherto foreign to her. The frequent expression of a desire to cease her journeyings, to be once again in the quiet of her home—many things, testify to the fact of the coming of age, or rather to the necessity of greater care, if further usefulness in active life was to be expected. Mrs. Peter realized this herself, and wished to take every precaution to secure vigor for her remaining years. Having derived so much benefit from her former visits to Wildbad, she determined to take another season of repose in this strength-restoring region, and in the following letter we shall see, in her own words, her environments and their health-giving effects:

WILDBAD, June 30th.

I wish you could look in upon me to enjoy with me the supreme comfort of my present *locale*. This little town, at least about our hotel, is cleanliness itself, and quietness too. My room looks over a green hill-side, with trees, and flowers, and chickens, and birds, with quiet people passing about their affairs. My room is very pleasant. I have nothing to disturb me. My work is all either finished, or so arranged that I have no anxiety about it, so you see I am very comfortable. I expect to remain here very quietly until about the 25th or 28th of July, then to Paris to finish up your affairs, and the little that is left for the Good Shepherd. Every thing else, I believe, is done. The bathing here is delicious. What a pity M. can not have the benefit of it. The strawberries are magnificent, the cherries very fine, the hotel all one could wish, and I have plenty of nice books, besides the reading of newspapers. My faithful *Monde* comes as usual every two days. I passed Sunday, on my way hither, at Rheims, and was in that grand old Middle Age cathedral, a wonder in architecture. The train stopped two hours at

Strasbourg, at midday, and I ran off to take another look at that other wonderful structure, with its world-renowned clock. My journey was very pleasant, and I find myself again in my old cheerful spirits.

WILDBAD, July 9th.

Notwithstanding my perfect enjoyment of the "*dolce far niente*" of my life, I have delayed writing to you two or three days later than my week in the hope receiving and answering your hebdomadal, which of late has come with great regularity; but this week it is behind the time, and I shall wait no longer, lest you become uneasy, as I do when your letters are late. I have been very nearly two weeks here bathing, going to church, walking in the pretty forest, or occupied with my needle, and books which I have always at hand. As yet I have not seen a creature whom I ever saw before, except Mrs. Potter and her daughter. There is an unusual gathering of notabilities, and their families, which we know chiefly by the obsequiousness of the musicians who are hired to play on the Piazza, twice a day, and who make it a point to salute the distinguished arrivals with displays of suitable music. Except this we hear nothing of them, as they generally dine in their own apartments. There is little dressing or overdressing, nor is any gambling permitted; and, as the place is owned by government, it is not difficult to enforce obedience.

Mrs. Peter found herself, at Wildbad, surrounded by military men and statesmen, during a period of much excitement anterior to the German-Franco war. She watched closely all their movements, for she well knew the inconvenience which would result from too long a delay on the German side of the Rhine. Her letters so graphically describe her movements that we shall leave it to her own words to tell of her quick observation and escape. Mrs. Peter was so fortunate as to find, on her arrival in Paris, a most efficient friend in Mr. Murat

Halstead. She had, in the confusion, been separated from her luggage, and in recovering it Mr. Halstead lent her most valuable aid, which she always gratefully remembered. It was on this occasion that Mr. Halstead was impressed with Mrs. Peter's wonderful energy and strength, of which he more than once has spoken, and of her singular aptness in the use of language, which availed her well in the search for her missing luggage; for in the police office she, without the slightest hesitation or embarrassment, explained herself in three different languages, which were needed, to the officials of different nationalities, to make plain her statements.

The following letter from Paris will give in detail the interesting and timely flight:

PARIS, *July 19th.*

Here I arrived this morning, hurried away from Germany [it will be remembered that the Franco-German war was impending] a few days earlier than I intended, to avoid getting entangled among the conflicting troops. Prince Gortschakoff, and several other diplomats, had settled themselves at Wildbad, and for their conferences occupied a room nearly opposite mine. The telegraph was kept open for them day and night, yet the declaration of war seems to have come upon them, as it did upon the rest of us, like a thunderbolt. The maid servants ran about the house weeping and sobbing, and the men, who were nearly all old soldiers on leave, seemed in a bewilderment at the sudden change from parlor service to camp, for they had to set off that very day. Herr Klumpp's jolly face looked as if in despair, for everybody was packing up, and the musical band, I know not why, undertook to go from quarter to quarter of the large establishment playing their *abschied* in the most lugubrious tones. The P.'s had agreed to meet Mr. Halstead in Switzerland, and so great was the panic that they were advised not to go the direct way to Bâle through the Baden States, but to enter by Ulm and

Friederickshofen, an immense way round. I could not join in such counsels—the journey was too long; so I resolved to try Strasburg and that line, as many others did; but the Germans had disunited the bridge at Strasburg to prevent invasion, and we passed on to try Bâsle; but the next evening, as we went to take the train for Paris, we found that this line also was stopped, and, as a last resource, I passed, on Sunday as it was, lest this way also should be closed, by Neufchatel; and, all sorts of reports of being stopped on the way being repeated, I traveled all night, but I had been obliged to register my trunk for Paris on setting out, and on arriving here found all baggage had been stopped on the frontier. They tell me I shall probably get it to-morrow, and as I had left a good many things at Hottenguer's, I am fortunate in having "something to wear."

The scene of Saturday night at Bâsle would have been amusing, had it not brought so much inconvenience. Not less than two thousand, probably twenty-five hundred people, myself among them, were precipitated into Bâsle about midnight. As I was fortunate enough to be in one of the earlier trains, I found a decent room in a third class tavern, but I saw yesterday many ladies who could not get even a chair to sit upon. The steps of the stairways were covered, and yet hundreds were obliged to walk about the streets all night. I am curious to know what became of many of them, for we hear that the Prussians entered the town yesterday. I thank God for my deliverance, and am well satisfied with my promptness. I hope soon to get my trunk, as it contains all your letters and directions—without which I shall not remember what I have to do. I have stayed in bed most of the day, and am feeling quite well.

July 20th.

I wrote only a day or two since, but I begin to feel so uneasy about the chances of getting home, that I must tell you of it. The Hamburg steamers, being in the interest of Prussia, will now be regarded as hostile to France. You

have already seen that the Herrman will not sail from New York at the appointed time, and the steamer which was advertised from Havre for next week is also withdrawn. Before this reaches you, you will know the event, which is still uncertain in regard to the Holsatia. Several of the French line of steamers are already taken by the government, and thus, the English lines are the only reliable ones at present. With my *freight*, this creates a formidable difficulty, which I shall get out of as well as best I may. This is, however, not my greatest cause of annoyance just now; my trunk has not yet turned up. My letters and books would be a real loss to me; the letters and papers concerning the School of Design, and the letter of Mr. Noble, with list of casts, etc. It is possible I may be detained, and I advise you to send at once another list. Mr. Halstead is here, and is very kindly attentive to me. I asked Hottinguer yesterday, if I wanted money, whether they could furnish it, they said promptly, "Yes, as much as I might need." As my letter of credit is in the missing trunk, this is of consequence to me. I am in excellent health. As soon as I make arrangements about sailing, I will tell you. This declaration of war seems to me to be an outrage on humanity. Prussia has behaved like a *parvenu* just risen in the world, and is impudent, and France, like a foolish young man, who takes offense at it. Thousands must die for this folly. Miss Sedgwick and I have secured excellent staterooms in the *Perèire*, which sails on the 12th of August, from Havre.

PARIS, July 30th.

I have, I think, concluded all the affairs you have intrusted me with. I have used my own discretion where I thought it would be to your advantage. My addresses at Rome, though given me by the French artists present at the exhibition, were defective, and misled me. I went as before to the Louvre for the large statues, and have arranged all but the Dying Gladiator (so called).

Mrs. Peter was still deeply interested in all matters of art in Cincinnati, and had been empowered to make selections of studies for the School of Design, now in a flourishing condition under the guidance of Mr. Noble, and connected with the McMicken or Cincinnati University, of which Mr. King was one of the directors.

I have selected models of legs and arms. Some Belgian school is making such large purchases that the Laocoön and two or three others must be made especially for us, and will require about three months to complete them. I have given them a letter from Hottenguer to assure them of our responsibility (though they did not seem to expect it). I shall add the dying Gladiator, Silenus with the infant Bacchus, and Aristides. I fear to get more, lest I should make mistakes. I have every thing you asked of Goupil.

HAVRE, *August 7th.*

This will probably be the last letter you will have from me until I reach the United States. The weather was excessively warm at Paris. I was suffering, and as I had finished all my affairs, I came here a few days ago to get a little fresh air and sea bathing. It is most refreshing. I have been aboard the *Perèire*. Our cabin looks well, and I have secured seats at table next the second officer, who seems to remember me very kindly since our voyage three years ago. I hope M. has secured my old servants for me. Have the gas and water let on. It is not needful to put down carpets nor hang any pictures until I come. I intend to have the boxes all put in my parlor to be opened, so it needs no cleaning until after all is done. God bless you both.

The visit to Europe, which was undertaken with such bright hopes, so soon to be disappointed, was closed at the end of the year with many beneficial results. Rome,

the home of rest for Mrs. Peter, had, through all the winter, thrown its benign influences over her life, and the several visits made to the invigorating climate of Wildbad, with its health-giving waters and baths, had fully restored to vigor and usefulness this wonderful woman so far advanced in years. Mrs. Peter's voyage was in every way fortunate, and she returned to her home and her work with all the earnestness and determination of purpose which had been a marked characteristic with her all through her life.

**INTELLECTUAL AND ART CULTURE—
RELIGIOUS LIFE.**

*The only Amaranthine flower
Is Virtue—the only treasure,
Truth.* —SPENSER.

*The mind of man has need to be prepared for piety and virtue. It
must be cultivated to that end, and ordered with great care and pains.
Vices are weeds that grow wild and spring up of themselves.*

—ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.

(500)

CHAPTER XI.

PART I.—INTELLECTUAL AND ART CULTURE. PART II.—RELIGIOUS LIFE.

MRS. PETER could have been successful in any path of life which she had chosen to take, for she was endowed with a vigorous nature, strength of mind, strength of body, strength of purpose, and with the advantage of birth, wealth, and personal charms she could have accomplished whatever she willed to do. Early marriage brought the cares of a little family, and with all the conscientiousness of a true woman, wifehood and motherhood had the first place in her plan of life; but amid all the cares devolving upon a young mother she could always find time for systematic study. The study of language seemed, from the beginning, to have for her a peculiar charm, and there was no period of life in which she was not engaged in mastering the difficulties of some foreign language. She studied, with critical accuracy, the French, German, and Italian languages, and spoke each with the facility of one born to the tongue. In after life, when she became a great traveler, these early acquirements were a wonderful help in introducing her into the hearts of the people in foreign lands. Few Americans who have traveled in Europe, have had the advantages that this lady had in seeing and hearing and knowing the inside of life among the people of the countries she visited. We find her engaged, very early in

life, in philosophical and metaphysical subjects. Coleridge's ideas and theories gave to her mind an intense interest, and a good deal of her tendency of thought through life could be traced to this source.

At the time of Mrs. King's marriage, and for several years previous to this event, Chillicothe was the capital city of Ohio, and the center of cultivation and refinement in the state. Not even Cincinnati, destined to stand pre-eminent as "Queen City," could, at that time, boast superiority in any of the conditions of civilization. The very fact of the ease of domestic life in the possession of the well trained servants brought from Virginia by the early settlers was, in itself, enough to insure leisure for study and self-improvement, and elegance in modes of living and hospitalities. Men of learning were attracted to this center, and competent teachers might be secured in any path of learning the student might select. It was in these early days that Mrs. King commenced her study of the French language under Monsieur Gregoire, whose perfect pronunciation and elegance of expression made its impression upon his pupil.

The ambitious young woman seized, also, the opportunity of gaining knowledge in the natural and physical sciences from a German savant, Herr Steinhaur, who had wandered off from fatherland to the then Far West.

Earnestly seeking to learn, this young wife and young mother filled all her spare moments, and little by little she laid the foundation of the grand results, which came in after years.

Before Mrs. King had reached her twentieth year her character had crystallized in perfect proportion, and successive years only polished the gem already formed. The lesson constantly taught to the young, in reviewing this remarkable life, is to begin with a purpose, to follow

out that purpose with untiring energy; to seize every opportunity for gaining knowledge; to be willing to confess ignorance, and to accord reverence to superiority wherever found. We see Mrs. King always looking up to those older than herself, profiting by their experiences in success as well as failures.

Associating with public men and statesmen from her earliest childhood, Mrs. King became well acquainted with the politics of the day, and was a diligent student in the science of politics, which, through life, interested her much, though she never advocated the idea of woman's participation in the affairs of government. In every branch of knowledge she felt it was woman's right to enter, and her duty as well; for, as mother and wife, she believed in the very highest and widest cultivation as necessary to the proper discharge of her important responsibilities, and to weakness and ignorance among women she ascribed many of the failures of life. So great, however, was her tenderness for her own sex that she pitied rather than blamed, and was inclined to place the responsibility for woman's failings on the sterner sex.

The many imperfections of the law in regard to the rights of women in property, which now to so great an extent are rectified, she felt were unjust, and in facilities for fuller education and employment there was much to be done. She little knew how much her influence was accomplishing. One of the most distinguished literary men and philanthropists of the day, in a conversation with the writer not long since, spoke with earnestness of the gratitude he felt to Mrs. Peter for ideas suggested to him in his earlier manhood, which had been the germs of successful work in giving to women the opportunity of development. No one has done more for the higher edu-

cation of woman than Thomas Wentworth Higginson. In mind as in morals she acknowledged no difference in sex. She was very decided in her ideas of the paths they were, through life, to pursue. She would not have the one to intrench upon the other—their missions on earth were different. Each, in the affairs of life, was the complement of the other.

In Mrs. Peter's nature, was a glowing poetic fervor, but the earlier experiences of her life led her so much into its stern, practical part, that this side of her nature had not the development which, with other environments, it might have had. Too early were responsibilities required of her, and in her own consciousness, the sense of duty so transcended all else, that impulses of mere self-gratification were suppressed. In after life, when her work was well done, and evening brought repose, we see the beauty of the poetical part of her nature coming forth with less restraint. Still, all through life, although subordinated, were bursts of enthusiasm and wonderful evidence of the sense of beauty which pervaded her whole being.

To the casual observer, Mrs. Peter's mind appeared thoroughly practical; this resulted from the activity with which she carried out every theoretical idea where the good of others was involved. Her mind, really, was of the finest fiber of supernaturalism. Her imagination was wonderful, and the readiness with which she accorded reality to the unseen, proved how far she transcended the life of the senses.

In her very early days, her reading was turned with great interest to the mystical philosophers, and as we have noted above, the writings of Samuel Taylor Coleridge had great charm for her. In her German studies she found much to interest and sympathize with, but the

unfathomable depths of German mysticism never interested her; when philosophy with iconoclast intent invaded the borders of religion, it had no sympathy nor encouragement from her.

The transcendental spirituality which Mrs. Peter found in the church where she finally rested, satisfied her whole being, and gave that rapt expression of adoration to her face which was so marked in the evening of her mortal life.

The study of the German language was commenced in Philadelphia, after she became acquainted with Mr. Peter, who was himself so profound a scholar in the language, entering so thoroughly as he did into the spirit of its best writers. His translations are very fine. Mrs. Peter read much in the German, but except for her own advancement in critical study, she never translated into the English. The language she loved best was the French. The fervor of French thought on religious subjects accorded well with her own, and her constant pleasure in after life was translating into her own language the thoughts of her favorite writers. The Italian language was commenced in Cambridge, and to this Mrs. King devoted herself with such diligence as quite to master its difficulties, and in after years she was amply rewarded by the facility with which she was enabled to use the language with those to whom it was the native tongue.

Art in all its branches was with her a constant study. In music she accomplished much, and developed a taste for the highest and best. The piano was her instrument, and the works of Mozart, Beethoven, and the earlier composers generally, were those which delighted her most. Mrs. Peter continued her cultivation in music through all her long life, and she found on this subject

great congeniality with the writer, and long after she had passed middle life, delighted in the rendering of four hand arrangements for piano. Later in life the organ became an instrument better suited to her more devotional tastes; and in the quiet of her own home, she often indulged at the close of the day in the expression of devout feeling in rich, beautiful harmonies. For some time Mrs. Peter acted as organist for the sisters, whose convent adjoined her home—indeed, she could step from her sitting-room at once into the choir-loft; but the labor became irksome for one approaching the three score and ten, and she became a devout listener instead of an active agent in the music of the chapel. Mrs. Peter, through her whole life, availed herself of every opportunity to profit by good instruction in music, and became a thorough proficient in all the technicalities, both as a science and an art.

Long before the present exaggerated devotion to the æsthetic began, Mrs. Peter was a student in every branch of the beautiful, and the gift was made to bring blessings upon others in the establishment of schools of design, and in her own individual life and surroundings. In advising the young as to the most necessary and useful acquirements, she always insisted upon the study of history, in which branch of knowledge she was herself a devoted student, reading history in periods, each country having its place, and always with maps before her. In every thing she investigated, she was thorough, and entered upon the work not only for the pleasure to herself of enlightenment, but that she might be of use to others. This capability of looking beyond herself pervaded every action through her long life—thoroughly unselfish, helpful always to others as only an unselfish person can be.

Had this gifted woman devoted herself to her pen, the world would have been richer in the possession of noble thoughts, but her impulses were too active to allow herself the indulgence of quiet intellectual work. Some valuable translations she made, but except an occasional essay, nothing remains in permanent form of her noble thought, but the solid results of successful effort to benefit her race. This, surely, is enough, and the thankful hearts of the way-worn and weary of the hosts who blessed her name are tributes far higher than could be gained by a world's admiration. Mrs. King translated from the French a work of Aimé Martin, "*L'Éducation des Mères*," which is one of the most valuable works ever written on a subject very near her heart. This work of Monsieur Aimé Martin is not only a dissertation on the education of women, but it is a treatise of great value as a philosophical and metaphysical work; and the clearness with which the translator has rendered the thoughts on abstruse subjects from a foreign language into her own, shows a mind of the highest and most delicate fiber.

Although Mrs. Peter was very lenient to the weaknesses of her sex, and perhaps too often shut her eyes to the frailties of women in her condemnation of men, yet she fully realized woman's responsibility as wife and mother, and her hopes and aspirations in these relations were high and exacting.

After a morning and mid-day of life had passed in earnest and varied study, Mrs. Peter could well indulge herself in the evening of life by resting from direct intellectual effort, and in absorbing herself in readings connected with the spirituality of the life she was leading. She lived with the saints of the church in the expoundings of its teachings. Rarely could she be induced

in her later life to go outside of this limit, but in conversation she adapted herself to her listeners, and was ready on every topic which might spring up, sympathizing always with what was of most interest to those around her, and prepared on every point to help and instruct, for her mind was a well stored library, and her memory continued unimpaired to the end. Among other translations made by Mrs. Peter from the French devotional books and lives of holy men and women, she undertook the translation of Durras' History of the Catholic Church, a large and valuable work, and completed the first volume, but it was finished by other hands.

Mrs. Peter, through her whole life, was a great reader. In her earlier life her reading was more general, and she enjoyed very fully light reading, though her earnest mind always craved the more serious thoughts of great minds.

Mrs. Peter had very few opportunities in her early life to cultivate her eye or hand in the technicalities of the graphic art. Her love of nature and her natural and correct taste for form and color led her always to the enjoyment of works of art, which on very rare occasions came into her way—for, in the first quarter of this present century, high art was little known on the western side of the Alleghanies. In her own home and surroundings was always developed exquisite taste, and there was never a time that this far-sighted woman did not accord to art, in every form, its important power in the education of the young. Finally, the necessity of art education came to her with increased interest, as a help to woman in her life struggle. During Mrs. Peter's residence in Philadelphia, her theories were carried into action in the establishment of a school of design, and there we see for

the first time her determined efforts to educate herself in art, at least as a critic.

Her first visit to Europe, during the years 1851-52, opened out great opportunities for artistic study, and she worked incessantly, in observation in galleries, seeking the society of eminent artists, and reading books of information, and returned home with ideas vastly enlarged, and the foundation laid for what she afterward became, a most capable and intelligent art critic. In all subsequent visits to Europe she had rare opportunities of study and of association with those who could lead her upward and onward, and as she had been led step by step by those who had received greater advantages than herself, she on her own part was ready always to communicate and to show to the young, and those who wished to learn, the easiest and truest paths. In the later years of her life it was her greatest joy to tell of all she had seen, and there was no delight greater than to give information and help to those who would seek her. It speaks well for the younger people of Cincinnati, that they did seek the society of this remarkable lady, and profited by her wisdom and goodness, and by the readiness with which she explained so much in her foreign travels, which, from her superior advantages, had been opened out to her.

The same deep-seated principle in Mrs. Peter's character, which guided her through life, showed itself in her preferences in art. Veneration for all that was old and time-honored, that had gone through the crucible of criticism for ages, was for her, purest gold. She quickly became enamored of pre-Raphaelite art, and made a close friendship in her first visit to Rome with Overbeck, the apostle of the pre-Raphaelite school, the greatest modern exponent of ancient art. The ideal in art was

every thing to her. The modern realistic school of Germany always received her severest criticism. Perhaps here she showed too much the intensity of her nature, which sometimes might incline her to the border of intolerance. Although loving so much the tender and touching expressions of the sacred art of the past, she did not confine to the pre-Raphaelite school all her enthusiasm, but from Raphael's own works, from the works of Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Guido, Titian, the Spanish school in the paintings of Murillo and Velasquez, she gained full satisfaction and joy.

Raphael's Madonnas had an especial charm for her, and it was her delight to surround herself with good copies from the great masters. Both for herself and for the Ladies' Art Gallery of Cincinnati, she made valuable selections. In one of her letters from Venice, she speaks of Titian as standing next to Raphael in her estimation.

We have given but an outline of the course of Mrs. Peter's student life. In detail we should fill many more pages, but enough has been said to accomplish the object of aiding those who would live as she lived. Mrs. Peter realized the truth—

" That the moments we forego
Eternity itself can not retrieve."

She worked untiringly, and always with a purpose. Nothing that she did was ever aimless. To accomplish work, intelligence was necessary, and development of every faculty with which she was endowed. Mrs. Peter did not study simply as a pleasure, nor as an adornment, but to arm and equip herself at every point for her one object in life—to help others. Each day with her was

a complete life, well rounded out, and each duty fulfilled. She never considered her education finished, because she realized the infinite capabilities of the human soul, and in books she found the silent friends whose noble thoughts ever brought comfort to her heart, and strengthened her for her work.

PART II.

RELIGIOUS LIFE.

One of the most marked characteristics of Mrs. Peter's mind was reverence for the Past and for Authority. It was shown in her earlier life, by the pleasure she received from intercourse with older persons, her interest in family traditions, and the conservatism of her church opinions. As a member of the Episcopal church, to which she attached herself at an early age, she was always found inclining to the side of law and order—to that side of churchmanship which had received the name of High Church, but was then only an adherence to the strict church rule, and obedience to authority.

Mrs. Peter's activity in church work was always with her a prominent feature. A dead faith was never the character of her creed. The hand to do as well as the heart to feel was with her a necessity, and we find in the early days, in Chillicothe, that the name of Mrs. Edward King was foremost in all works of charity. At that time the Bible Society and the Tract Society were the most efficient powers for missionary work, and this, with the Sunday School, for which she had always time, afforded her outlets for her benevolent heart.

On the removal of General and Mrs. King to Cincinnati, they became members of St. Paul's Parish, which had lately been established as an off-shoot of Christ

Church. This young parish was still in the weakness of its infancy, and Mrs. King entered upon her work in the church with all the enthusiasm of her nature. She was made superintendent of the Sunday School, and during the few years of her residence in Cincinnati, no one did more for the church, and no work was more efficient than hers. After the death of the first rector, Rev. Samuel Johnston, Mr. Benjamin Haight, of New York, then a young man of about twenty-five years of age, was called to the rectorship. Mrs. King immediately took him to her motherly care, invited him to become an inmate of her family, where he remained until his marriage, in this beautiful home receiving all the advantage and counsel and help that a mother might bestow.

In Cincinnati, Mrs. King did not confine herself to the Church nor to church institutions, but, as is shown elsewhere, was one of a band of ladies who established the Cincinnati Protestant Orphan Asylum, which now for fifty years has steadily gone on in the good work which was contemplated by its founders.

Her church life in Philadelphia was very full and especially important as marking a course of church training, which gradually formed for her a need which could only be supplied in that branch of the Holy Catholic Church where she finally found rest. During the period of Mrs. Peter's residence in Philadelphia, Bishop G. W. Doane was Diocesan of New Jersey, and Mr. Odenheimar, Bishop Doane's successor to the bishopric of New Jersey, was rector of St. Peter's Church, to which Mrs. King, afterward Mrs. Peter, attached herself. The position occupied in churchmanship by Bishop Doane and Doctor Odenheimar at a time when church politics were warmly discussed, was very decidedly with the high church party; indeed, Bishop Doane might be considered the leader of

the so-called Tractarian party in the church in the United States. Mrs. Peter sympathized most warmly in their views.

Although it is denied that Tractarianism in the Anglican Church leads to Romanism, facts show it to have been so often the path that one can hardly discredit the accusation. Mrs. Peter looked up to Bishop Doane as her spiritual father, and was often a guest at his beautiful home in Burlington, and a frequent attendant at the lovely St. Mary's Church. Her work in St. Peter's parish was always active, and her relation toward the young rector as mother to son, his adviser and helper in many ways.

In the triennial convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which was held in Cincinnati, in 1850, Mrs. Peter was much interested, and especially in the question brought before the house of bishops, as to the establishment of the order of deaconesses in the church in the United States. Her delight was great when the sanction of these fathers of the church was given to the foundation of such an order, from which has sprung several valuable sisterhoods, still doing efficient work.

Mrs. Peter took the final step in her church life in the year 1854, when at Rome she was received into the Church of Rome.

The question is often asked what led Mrs. Peter to the Roman Catholic Church? What motives were at the bottom of the unexpected change? Was it a desire for a larger field in charitable work? Did the glamour of magnificence, the voice of adulation, have their influence? Other surmises, too numerous to mention, were heard from all sides, when the astonishing news came from Rome, that she, the staunch Anglican, who appar-

ently might have been a martyr to the church of her choice, had left the traditions of her youth, and wandered off into unknown paths.

But a faint impression could have been received by these questioners, of this noble woman's character, to have supposed that any calculating ideas had entered into her mind.

Nothing but strong conviction could have moved her strong nature. It was God's voice in her heart leading her in the way it was best she should go. To feel the whole power of this, one should have known Mrs. Peter through all the training of her life, especially after the influences of the new life had laid their impress, and lent to the evening of her day that gentle, submissive, and saint-like expression, which was in itself a benediction to all who came in contact with her. I know in speaking thus, I am not satisfying those who could never forgive her severance from them, but I must be just in the work upon which I have entered, or I should prove myself unworthy of the task.

It is so difficult in this world to be just. The thousand little threads of life which we can not see, and which, if we did, we could not comprehend; for as no two human faces are alike, so no two immortals, in their unseen moral and religious being, can be the same. We should have the charity to feel that each one in his solitary life knows best from the voice within how to frame his course, and the "judge not" was a mandate from a source which must be obeyed. The fruits of Mrs. Peter's whole life were good, for deep down in her unselfish heart was a tender love for all God's creatures, and an earnest desire to help the tottering feet over the dangerous span of mortal life.

Mrs. Peter was past fifty years of age when she be-

came a Catholic, and being a widow for the second time, and with the natural sorrows of life weighing heavily upon her, she might under no circumstances have felt inclined to enter again into the frivolities and pleasures of a society life, though her fortune was ample to allow her any indulgence she might crave. Surveying the field before her, seeing with her far-sighted, critical vision, the many needs around, and the great charitable possibilities of the church she had entered, she determined that every energy of her life should be consecrated to the work of relief for suffering human nature.

It is impossible to read Mrs. Peter's letters from Rome, written at the time when she had determined to take the decisive step, without a deep impression of the conviction which had brought to a conclusion the uncertainty and conflict of years. In a letter to her son, she writes feelingly of the unsatisfied longings she had struggled against for years, the self-reproach for the feeling of deadness which accompanied all her religious exercises, and the prejudice she had allowed to gather around all her ideas of the Roman Church, which were at last dispelled in her visit, in the year 1852, to Jerusalem, where she was thrown in direct contact with the Catholics living in Palestine, and witnessed herself their admirable works of love and mercy. From that time, with a natural inclination to this time-honored branch of the Catholic Church, she constantly grew into closer affiliation with Rome, and at last, to use her own words, "the scales fell from her eyes," and her birth into the Catholic Church was as natural to her as had been the first opening of her eyes upon this mortal life.

Mrs. Peter's active charitable works, after she entered the Catholic Church, were but exponents of her inner life. The side of faith she gave to God. The works

were but obedient and willing steps in the way of duty and love. She bowed with the humility of a little child to the mandates of that church which she believed with her whole heart was the appointed teacher of Heaven's highest mysteries; and she did not bow as the whipped slave to dictation, but with love and happiness she fulfilled every obligation of a true Christian woman, consecrated to her Father's work. The cold, critical eye gazed with astonishment upon what seemed a failing of intellectual strength, in the adoration she gave to sacred relics, the sublime faith she had in miracles; but dwellers in the cold, dreary regions of materialism can not be just judges of the denizens of the higher regions of the supernatural and the spiritual. This intense belief in the unseen and its agencies, was a joyous part of her later life, and caused all the little annoyances and sorrows of life to appear as mere motes in the evanescent events of the day.

Those who knew Mrs. Peter best had always recognized the beautiful combination in her character of strength and simplicity—"the wisdom of the serpent, the harmlessness of the dove." To the outer world Mrs. Peter was best known as the woman of strength and purpose, of determined will in carrying out all her designs. It was reserved for her friends to enter that inner sanctuary which was the abode of gentleness, tenderness, and trust. She thought no evil, for she knew no evil. She loved, and, therefore, she doubted not. This feature in her character led her at times into errors of judgment, which caused her to be imposed upon by very unworthy objects. In this, however, she received her reward, in knowing that her own kind ways opened out secret springs of better thought in hitherto vicious lives. Ingratitude never checked her work. On two occasions she

took to her own home and motherly care persons suffering from the most contagious of all diseases in its worst form, being compelled to shut herself up from all outward intercourse, even with her son. One of these cases was a stranger, whose illness at a hotel was reported to her. She found him indeed a stranger in a foreign land, unable even to speak intelligibly the language of those around him. She took him to her home and nursed him with a mother's care for many weeks, only to be rewarded by the deepest ingratitude. Although apparently a gentleman, and bearing an honored name, she never again heard from him, though indirectly she knew that he still lived in "*La Belle France*." Folios might be filled with illustrations of this dear lady's religious life. Never a day passed that blessings were not scattered broadcast by the loving hand. Her health was good and her strength wonderful as years went on. She was rarely kept from her religious devotions, and would accept none of the privileges which exempted the aged from the obligations of fasting and religious duties.

Mrs. Peter attached herself to sodalities, which involved strict rule and obligation which would not have been required of her by her spiritual father, for the church is tender in her consideration for the old and the suffering. Perhaps too heavily did she tax herself in this discharge of duty, but it was her happiness as well. The life in the church became to her the only true life; and who can regret enthusiasm for all that is high and holy, even though the ardent spirit should at last wear out the frail mortal vestment. The last sad calamity, which led to Mrs. Peter's departure from earthly scenes, occurred in the discharge of a sacred religious duty.

Through all Mrs. Peter's life, the fact is evident that in the deep recesses of her nature were the fountains of

all the beneficent flow of her usefulness to others. It is only necessary to observe her experiences carefully, to see that the hand of a loving Father guided her at all times to the sources of development best suited to her character. Neither Protestant nor Catholic can claim her wholly as the result of the teachings of either branch of Christ's church on earth. That her life was fuller and more satisfied after she went into the Catholic Church there can be no doubt; but she entered that church after her fiftieth year, a fully developed, active Christian woman, with all the love in her heart of her lifelong effort to follow in the footsteps of Christ. Well had she done her work; but the aids and the devoted spiritual life which the venerable Church of Rome places before her children gave her work an encouragement she had never before had, and so we shall see how her later life was blest with holy influences.

LATER LIFE.
1870-1877.

*"An old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night."*

—WORDSWORTH.

"Remember that some of the brightest drops in the chalice of life may still remain for us in old age. The last draught which a kind Providence gives us to drink, though near the bottom of the cup, may, as is said of the draught of the Roman of old, have at the very bottom, instead of dregs, costly pearls."—NEWMAN.

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CHAPTER XII.

TRANQUIL HOME LIFE—HOSPITALITIES, DAILY OCCUPATIONS—ADDITION TO THE CONVENT FOR THE "HOLY CLARES"—SIXTH VISIT TO EUROPE—A PILGRIMAGE—LETTERS—RETURN HOME—LAST SUMMER AT THE SEASIDE—VISIT TO THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION AT PHILADELPHIA—CONTINUED ACTIVITY IN ALL WORKS OF MERCY.

FROM the time that Mrs. Peter had determined to devote herself wholly to the absorbing work of the various convents she had been instrumental in establishing in Cincinnati, her daily life moved on in quiet, regular ways. She was blessed with excellent health, abundant fortune, and an ever-ready adviser and helper in her devoted son. Friends were many, and always happy to come at her call, but too appreciative of her important work to intrude upon her occupations at irregular times. Mrs. Peter's own frankness, expressed always with gentleness and kindness, would itself have prevented intrusions. Nothing ever prevented her daily round of visits to the expectant sisters, who always looked for counsel and worldly wisdom from their benefactress. At the same hour every morning, her comfortable coupé was at her door, and no weather so cold but, wrapped in furs, the venerable lady descended her steps, staff in hand, to step into the low carriage, in which, carried by the gentle, much-petted old horse, with careful coachman, she made her rounds to all the convents, and strengthened the hearts and hands by her saintly presence. To the Sisters

of St. Francis, she seemed most especially to attach herself. To them she had given her residence, reserving for herself a part of the house as an independent home. Large grounds adjoined the residence, and with Mrs. Peter's assistance, the good sisters were enabled to purchase sufficient ground for a large addition to the house, and for a beautiful chapel, and a special convent for the poor Clares, a branch of the Order of St. Francis (Contemplative Sisters), who were entirely shut out from the outside world, and whose work is constant prayer, unceasing night and day. The writer has on many occasions, when called upon to be, during late night hours, with Mrs. Peter, listened with bated breath and solemn respect to the low, weird voices of these vigilant sisters, asking God's blessing for the sleeping city, and that his watchful eye might rest on places too wicked for human thought or human aid.

Mrs. Peter's home could not be otherwise than the abode of taste and elegance; and although her apartments were connected with the convent, she had reserved her own entrance and stairway, and had arranged her surroundings so independently that she could always exercise what with her were the duties as well as the pleasures of hospitality. Her house was filled with beautiful and valuable collections, reminders of foreign travel. The walls hung with pictures, with few exceptions illustrative of holy subjects, generally copies from the old masters, and some originals. The furniture quaint and medieval, old carvings and bronzes, fine old tapestries, and odd relics of all sorts filled her cabinets. And in these surroundings the venerable mistress, whose countenance beamed forth all the kindness and gladness which filled her heart, was always ready, when not abroad in the daily round

of work, to receive the friends, young and old, who sought with delight her companionship.

Her early taste for books never left her, but now the lives of the saints of all ages, the curious volumes of old church histories and traditions were her dearest companions. Now and then she would fancy lighter reading. A few years before her departure, she enjoyed much, reading again the novels of Sir Walter Scott. A strong element in Mrs. Peter's character, as with all high natures, was the sense of humor. She was always appreciative of a humorous incident, and in her lighter readings often the almost convulsive laugh would tell of a merry incident upon which her eye had fallen, and was only enjoyed by her fully when she had the sympathy of those who might be with her. It was her constant habit to keep amusing scraps or stories to read to her son and daughter in their evening visits. Although Mrs. Peter's tastes were much more in accordance with past centuries and life in older communities, especially with the ages of faith and with old conservative European life, she still liked to live in sympathy with the present, and the young found always in her a genial and sympathetic friend. The experience of a brilliant early life, her foreign travel and advantages in European society, the readiness with which she expressed herself in her native language, as well as in foreign tongues, caused her evenings to be quite the reception of a salon.

Men of intellect were eager to interchange thought with her, and cultivated women glad to profit by her companionship. The twilight of every evening was given to repose, which brightened her after the work of the day, to receive the unfailing evening visit of her son and other friends who might drop in upon her. On her table would be placed photographs and other reminders and

expounders of European experience, upon which she was always ready to dwell and to give information. The more substantial hospitality was not omitted. Cake and wine and fruit were always offered, served on finest plate and crystal, for Mrs. Peter's beautiful tastes flowed out naturally in all her surroundings and daily life. It seemed impossible that any thing unseemly could find a place near her.

Here sat the beautiful woman of many years, always occupied with either her needle or her pen, ready to give warm welcome to all who would come. Mrs. Peter made the room next her bed-room her sitting-room, and when alone her dining-room, and this communicated with the choir loft of the chapel. These German sisters were proficient in music, and the sweet holy harmonies were heard in perfect distinctness. In this room Mrs. Peter generally received her visitors, but on state occasions when might come along some distinguished church dignitary or friends of former days, the rooms below for more formal reception would be opened, and then, indeed, would come into view treasures of art, and the queenly lady herself would draw forth marvels of laces and old time adornments, and family plate would be exhumed and quaint old China and glass dislodged, all again to retire with the light of another day into their quiet resting-places.

Very few of these reminders of society life occurred during the last few years of this venerable lady, who grew more and more into the perfect and full happiness of her life of charity and kindly work. In all, however, her heart ever turned to her dear Rome, there only existed for her the fullness and completeness of life. She had determined to interrupt this beautiful home life for a while, and to join in Rome the band of devoted men and

women who were to go on a pilgrimage of consolation to the Holy Father. It would be impossible for any one but Mrs. Peter herself to give a just idea of the reverential appreciation she entertained for the many virtues of Pope Pius IX. She had many tokens, too, of his kind regard for her, and the little affectionate mementoes which came to her from his hand were cherished as her most precious treasures. It is not surprising that she should wish to testify in every way her sympathy for this good man in the reverses and humiliations which had come to him as a temporal prince. Mrs. Peter had invited a lady to accompany her on this pilgrimage, a Catholic and friend to whom Mrs. Peter had shown a mother's tenderness in hours of bitter sorrows. A strong affection had grown up between them, and no arrangement could have been made which would have given more perfect assurance of devotion under all circumstances. In addition to this genial companionship, Mrs. Peter would have the aid and comfort of her two grandsons, who were at that time living in Paris. So, with a happy heart and in good health, Mrs. Peter embarked on the *Frisia* in May 1874. The following letters will tell in her own words the experiences during the months of European travel.

SHIP *FRISIA*, May 5, 1874.

We are now, as you see, five days out, and I commence my journal merely to tell you that our prosperous voyage, so far, gives me almost nothing to say. I intend to send this ashore at Plymouth, where we touch only to deliver and receive mails, and I hope you may receive it a day or two earlier than from Cherbourg. We expect to reach Plymouth on Saturday night. Some eight or ten hours later we hope to see Cherbourg. We have met and spoken two vessels bound for the United States, which I hope will report us. I have,

as usual, entirely escaped seasickness. Poor Mrs. Smithson suffered grievously. The passengers are, with few exceptions, Germans, Jews, and Lutherans. Our state-room is good, but the beds are not to be boasted of. The service is excellent, and the ship has the reputation of being a first-class sailer; so, if it please God, that we have no accident, we shall have had a very pleasant voyage. Good night, and God bless you.

Wednesday.—We have had a day of most perfect weather, the sea as calm as possible, and everybody well and as merry as birds about the ship. When I look out upon the wild waste of waters and their fathomless depths, it seems madness to take such fearful risks; yet what else is life but dangerous abysses on every side. Mrs. Smithson and I will try to keep Ascension day (to-morrow) devoutly. I hope to be in Paris at Pentecost.

Friday.—There was a concert given by the passengers for the Society for the Shipwrecked, in which all joined with great good feeling. I was treasurer. The weather continues so fine, and the sea so smooth, that this is rather a pleasure excursion than otherwise, and I shall be almost sorry when it ends. It is such a relief to rest from the unending demands of the world on land.

Sunday, 10th, my birthday.—While we were at breakfast this morning, land was announced; the Scilly Islands, with their rocky shores, being in full view. The weather is superb—the very ideal of a May morning; the sea smooth as glass; the sea-gulls screaming above us for the food they are accustomed to find in every ship's wake. The pilot is now on board; we have said our morning prayers, and after closing our letters we shall pass the day on deck. We are not to arrive at Plymouth till five P. M., and at Cherbourg about two A. M. to-morrow. This is the first disagreeable circumstance of the voyage, for the ship must set us ashore and proceed on her voyage to Hamburg. I will write again, within two or three days, to let you know we are safe on *terra*

firma. We shall go first to Angers. I find Mrs. S. a most agreeable companion. God bless my children.

PARIS, May 15th.

I hope my letter, mailed at Plymouth, reached you in season. Next morning at two we were called to go aboard the tug which was to land us at Cherbourg. The morning was cool, and the sea glassy in smoothness. The hotel is just on the quay, and we were soon in comfortable French beds. At nine we were up again to take a drive in the beautiful surroundings of Cherbourg before going to the railroad depot. But I must not take leave of our good ship *Frisia* in so summary a way. Except the beds, every thing was of the very best, and I am quite sure that this line is now the most desirable from the United States.

Leaving the sea, we passed over a beautiful and fertile country, well cultivated, and in the full bloom of spring, fragrant with its many flowers and varied trees, all in bloom, with cattle and sheep grazing among the rich grass. We had not failed to offer our thanksgivings in the old and beautiful cathedral before setting out, and as it was the first of the rogation days, we saw the fine procession of clergymen, with its many-colored banners. To read of France, one would think religion had departed; to see it, you would think it never could be more flourishing. We came on to Caen (in about five hours) just in time for the *table d'hôte*, and then away to the magnificent old Church of St. Pierre, which is surrounded by beautifully planted gardens, all in the nicest order. The immense church was filled, the music most sweet, the sermon excellent, and the services conducted with the greatest dignity. I dare say you and M. think I deal in superlatives only; but, truly, after the coarse civilization of our country, it is difficult to use other terms. We assisted at the procession from the church the next morning, and at ten set out for Angers *via* Le Mans. The same beautiful country was every-where; and at the railway stations, as we paused

from time to time, it was delicious to be surrounded by banks of fragrant flowers, with lilacs, and acacias, and laburnums, and horse-chestnuts, etc., all in full bloom. Every possible place not occupied by the road is filled in this way.

We reached Angers in time for me to take a coupé, and run over to see the mother-general of the Good Shepherds, who seemed greatly pleased to see me again. We chatted for an hour in regard to the business for which I had come. She greatly regrets the removal of the School of Industry. It was done before she knew it. I saw Mother St. Joseph, of Bank street, and Sister Gertrude, of Columbus, who are there to assist at the general election, to occur in a few days. I was pressing invited to dine with them, but Mrs. Smithson was at the hotel, and we had other "fish to fry." So after dinner we went to the old church of St. Serge, of the sixth century, which we found as crowded as other churches, and after sermon and benediction, returned to the hotel and to bed. Next morning, the procession at the cathedral was magnificent, and I then ran off to the "Little Sisters'" house to try to discover the way to the Noviciate, but found it so troublesome that I was obliged, most reluctantly, to give it up, and turn my face toward Paris, coming to Chartres that evening. We left Chartres about two and arrived here about four, and descending from the railway carriage found both W. and T. to meet us. They are both looking well. They had our lodgings engaged and every thing most comfortable. I propose to wait here for the Pilgrimage, which is to leave New York to-morrow, and to join them on their way to Rome.

As I have determined to take T. with us, I shall not wait for the Pilgrimage, but will set forth to-morrow for Lourdes and Marseilles.

CHARTRES.

At six-thirty I was already in the crypt of this wonderful cathedral—wonderful in its beauty—ancient, yet new; more wonderful as the chief seat of Druid worship, where Christianity was announced to the Pagan world. After masses

and communion we examined the crypt, which is maintained in perfect freshness and beauty, though it dates from the sixth century. Some ancient sculptures, many injured, are carefully preserved in a separate compartment, and are very curious as historical monuments. We then went up to the higher spheres to hear high mass. The sculptures which cover the walls of the choir are of extraordinary beauty and fineness. They tell of the scenes of suffering in the life of our Divine Lord, and of his blessed Mother, so clearly that no help is necessary for a perfect understanding of the artist's design. As many of these date from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, they form a just condemnation of the impudent theory of the Dark Ages. In this boasted nineteenth century there lives not an artist capable of even imitating the marvelous architecture, or its adornments. The Druids had preserved, from time immemorial, a wooden image of the expected virgin, and the Catholics revered it until it was burnt in the Revolution. I regard this as the commencement of my pilgrimage, and left two candles burning before the altar as memorials of you and M. I remarked, as I staid an hour afterward, that both burned steadily, but M.'s was consumed more rapidly.

AUBAGNE, NEAR MARSEILLES, *May 27th.*

We left Paris as I indicated on the 18th—first day to Limoges, second to Agen, third to Lourdes. The weather was really cold at Paris, and of course I caught one of my tormentors, which kept me sneezing until within these two days, but I continued my journey nevertheless, and saw all that was to be seen. Lourdes far surpassed my expectations. I am not alone in thinking that when a heavenly visitor deigned to appear on earth, a more lovely fitting spot could hardly have been found. The prodigious number of miraculous cures have given so robust a confidence to the inhabitants, as well as to the multitudes of visitors, that a sort of holy joy is spread over every face. The water, apart from its wondrous power, is delicious, so cool, so pure, that one longs to sip or

drink it. I am bringing a little history of the place, which is curious, and you will read it with pleasure. The church is very beautiful, and covered with magnificent banners brought by the pilgrims from every part of the world. I could pass a summer delightfully in this lovely place. With real regret I left there. As we went to the railroad station, we passed an immense line of a thousand pilgrims, with beautiful banners; other trains entered from Bordeaux, containing about 2,500 persons, the happiest looking set you ever saw, although they had traveled, fasting of course, since eight o'clock the preceding evening, and all proceeded to the church to receive holy communion before breakfast. We came on to Montpellier by way of Toulouse, Narbonne, etc. We had an hour to spare at Tarascon, and visited the Church of St. Martha, sister of Mary and Lazarus, who was the Apostle of that region. The statue on her tomb is many hundred years old, and very fine. The church looks antediluvian. The proofs that this family were the apostles of the province are irrefragable. We did not stop at Marseilles, but came to this village to pass the night, and to-morrow take a carriage for St. Baume, where Saint Mary Magdalen passed thirty years of her life, and where her remains have been preserved to this day by the precautions of the Benedictines, who had a monastery there in the fourth and fifth centuries, and who covered the tomb with rubbish in order to conceal it, and others near it, from the ravages of the Saracens, and it thus remained nearly six hundred years. The inscriptions have always remained intact, and all was found in good order. Soon after, the Benedictines relinquished the place to the Dominicans. Of course it was ravaged during the Revolution, but through the efforts of *Perè Lacordaire* it has been restored. They have a convent for men as well as for women, who entertain travelers, and to-morrow night we are to sleep there, high among the mountains and rocks. Tom being more intent on heathen than Christian antiquities, has gone on to see the ruins at Nîmes and Arles. We take the ship

on our return for Civita Vecchia, and early next week I hope to be in Rome.

MARSEILLES, *May 29th.*

I am thankful that the most fatiguing part of my journey is now over. I think it is important for me to be in Rome in time for the pilgrimage, and as I wished to see several points which they can not pause to examine, I have been obliged to work diligently—more so than I was able, in fact, for my enemy, the cold which I caught in Paris, has made me very uncomfortable—nevertheless, by resolute perseverance I have seen all I intended, and made my pilgrim prayers as I hope I ought to do. I wrote to you on Tuesday, from a little town you probably never heard of before. It is a part of France I had not seen before; and always having heard of its savage mountains, etc., I fancied it a sort of a barbarous region, but I have never seen one less so. The resolute and intelligent industry of the population have made the valleys like beautiful gardens; and wherever an olive tree or a grapevine could be placed, they have conquered and planted in the very crevices of the rock. In many places the earth is covered to a considerable depth with a sort of flinty limestone; but, not discouraged, the industrious peasants have produced a result of beauty and profit from these coarse materials. The earth is reddish. Not even in England have I ever seen such beautiful culture as in these tasteful valleys, with mountains of bare rock, from three to four thousand feet high, in long ranges, hanging over them. Wherever there is room there is a village; and it is equally surprising how many fine fabrics are constructed among a class of people who, among us, know only how to dig or plow in a rude way. Our little village auberge had all the accessories of high civilization. So much for a rapid sketch of the country. There are every-where Gothic churches, some a thousand years old. We hired a carriage at Aubagne to take us to St. Baume. At seven o'clock Wednesday morning we set out. It had rained all night, and to our great comfort the lime dust was laid, and the roads were fine. We

passed through two villages, looking very lively and prosperous. St. Baume is nearly north of Toulon some twenty miles. The bald mountains along which we passed looked as if covered with snow, so destitute is the white limestone of verdure. We soon began to ascend zigzag roads, passing olive orchards and vineyards, interspersed with small wheat-fields and vegetables, cottages with vines over them, and here and there a cross or a niche for our blessed Lady; sometimes little country churches, looking new, while others are of great age. I can not describe to you the absorbing interest of all we saw, varied as it was by Christian antiquity and old Roman histories. I would not have lost this excursion for any thing—it has left the deepest impression on my memory. The weather was charming. We had ascended about three thousand five hundred feet, when approaching a long line of the highest mountains, having a drapery of solid rock in a line, I should think eight hundred or a thousand feet high, with a pine forest skirting the mountain beneath, we suddenly turned an angle and found ourselves in full view of the Dominican Convent, where we were to lodge. We drove to the door, and were most hospitably received by the sisters and a young Dominican priest, who is charged with this duty. A thousand years ago the convents were on a large scale, but the satanic rage of fanatics has six times burned them into ruins—the last of these was in 1793. The altars were pillaged, and many valuable, rich lamps, vestments, etc., were destroyed and carried off, and the places laid waste, and remained desolate until about thirty years ago, the great Père Lacordaire rebuilt this convent, and re-established his order in their former rights—all in the plainest manner, so if the robbers come again there is little to steal or destroy. Some of the valleys below belong to the convent, and are cultivated by them. Père Hyacinth Dumas (formerly a physician) is superior, and of such high character and bearing that he is not to be forgotten. He seemed greatly pleased to chat with me. He is about your age, inquired much about you, and

sent you a book, which I will bring home. What a charming companion he would be for us, of the most profound piety, graceful and polished manners, and a remarkably fine physique. I wish such men would come to us in Cincinnati. Well, after our *refection* (I must not say dinner in so reverend a place), we were to visit the grotto, where the blessed Saint Magdalen, after her exile from Palestine, chose her retreat, and during thirty years became an example to future ages of the fervor of her devotion to her Lord, who had forgiven so much, and of the sincerity of her penitence for the sins she could not so easily pardon in herself. St. Maximin, who accompanied her family in their exile, left us the first records of her. She was entombed by him in a sarcophagus of alabaster (in memory of her box of ointment), and it remains with but little injury. Mrs. S. and Tom walked about a mile, and I was perched on a safe old horse, led by a good brother. We wound our way among the grand old forest, filled with flowers and shrubs in full bloom, and sometimes the way was so steep that I kept my place with difficulty. At length, arriving in face of the vast precipice of rock, which hangs over it like a drapery, we found some rude steps which led us to the sanctuary. The fathers had thrown a wall in front, with immense labor, of course, and a very pretty altar replaces that destroyed by barbarians.

There is also a beautiful statue of St. Magdalen, a gift from Bishop Dupanloup, of Orleans. The grotto is an arched opening in the solid rock, perhaps eighty feet wide, and narrowing back to some forty feet. I have a little book describing it all, but it is full of pressed flowers I have gathered, and I can not open it. With great reverence we examined every part, then visited the small house constructed on the foundations of the ancient ruins for the resident Dominican Fathers. There I purchased some little memorials, and returned to the convent pleased, but rather fatigued, from the labors of the day. We each had a nice little cell for our repose. At seven followed another refection, and then even-

ing prayers of the whole community and our confessions, and then to bed. We rose at six in the morning to go to mass and holy communion, then breakfast and a most interesting conversation with Père Dumas; and with his blessing, we departed to perform the second object of our visit, i. e., to see the relics of Saint Magdalen at St. Maximin on the plain below, some eight or ten miles distant. Père Dumas gave me a letter to the superior.

Here a village has gathered around the grand old church, parts of which date from the fourth and fifth centuries, and the latest from the eleventh. In the crypt, we saw under the glass which protects them the face (without any mask—the smooth bones) of St. Magdalen. Certainly, the form of the forehead is most beautiful. An English artist has said: “The forms are so smooth and symmetrical, and the coronet of gold which covers the head so well arranged, that it is really pleasing.” It would require a small volume to tell you all I have brought with me—little books of description. The memory of St. Magdalen should be preserved for all ages as an evidence of sincere penitence for sin, and devoted love.

MARSEILLES, *May 30th.*

Only last evening I sent off a packet to you, but as I am giving myself a day of rest before setting out again on our travels, and especially as this is your birthday, the inclination to be with you at least in spirit is irresistible. I do not remember, for many years, that the events of the memorable period of your birth have been so fully pictured on my memory. I was a poor young thing, ten years too young to be plunged into the cares of maternity, but since no one told me so, I took it for granted I must assume all its pains and cares without complaint; and although you were but a puffy red little ball, I loved you dearly, and felt proud that you were mine. You were the best of babies, for your little eyes were scarcely wide open till you were six months old, when, mundane things pressing themselves upon your attention, you

were no longer willing to ignore them, and then you were quite disposed to amuse yourself in your own way, if a few simple play-things (especially the hereditary silver dollar) were placed within reach. And months and years have passed, until the helpless baby is growing into an elderly man, and the child-mother has become an aged woman. This is life, and we must each learn its lessons in our own person. If we but make it acceptable to Him who gave it, and whose right it is to receive it with the interest due from the talents He has given us, our destiny is fulfilled. I pray our dear Lord to grant us to know and to do His holy will in all things. I went this morning to the old church of St. Victor, the oldest in Marseilles, where St. Lazarus converted many heathens before his martyrdom. He was there buried, but to spare his remains from the outrages of the Saracens, his bones were conveyed to Autun, where they still remain.

Tuesday, June 2d.—We are now lying off Leghorn for the vessel to discharge her freight. Tom and Mrs. S. have gone up to Pisa to see the wonderful things there. I have seen enough, and do not care to encounter the fatigue. We are the only passengers except two very intelligent and agreeable sisters on their way to Rome. We have a nice little boat, and with so few passengers, it is very comfortable.

The following notice is a translation from a Roman journal. It appeared a few days after Mrs. Peter's arrival in Rome, and was copied into a London paper :

“ Mrs. Peter, one of the American pilgrims now in Rome, is a most remarkable woman, whose name will be revered long after she shall have passed away. A convert to the Catholic faith in Rome, many years ago, she was then already married to a descendant of the old English family of Petre. Left a widow with large means, after having brought up her children carefully, she devoted considerable sums to works

of charity. Ten convents founded by her for education and for taking charge of the poor, the last establishment being in her own house, schools opened, hospitals endowed, and churches enriched, all attest her wide spirit of benevolence and zeal. Mrs. Peter is now seventy-four years of age, and the present pilgrimage is her sixth journey to Rome. Her countenance expresses great energy and power, with a large amount of benevolence. Still unbowed by age, she helps herself along with a stick. Pius IX. knows Mrs. Peter well, and has always displayed marked regard for her."

ROME, *June 11th.*

I have been here a week yesterday, yet it has been impossible for me to write to you. The body of pilgrims arrived soon after us, and we have been so fêted and visited that I wonder that I have strength enough left to write at all; but the air of Rome has always a tonic effect upon me, and I grow strong in the midst of fatigue. I hardly know how to account for it, but the Holy Father seems to take much interest in me, and gave me a reception two days after my arrival, and sent me the next day a quantity of gifts of value—statuettes, prints, rosaries, medals, etc., and a beautiful painting. I wish my zealous friends would be less demonstrative, for I do not like the publicity given by certain newspaper announcements. The pilgrims have been treated with the greatest kindness and distinction—you will doubtless see accounts in the *Freeman's Journal*. Just as I am writing, your dear letter of May 24th is brought in. My health is excellent, and I am able to do any thing I wish, though having traveled enough I do no sight-seeing. Your vanity about your Mamma will be fully gratified when I tell you how distinguished a place has been accorded me among the pilgrims. The highest place and the first honors have all been given me. All these *fetes*, however, are fatiguing, but you can hardly believe how strong I am.

VIA CONDOTTI, June 23d.

Thanks, dearest M., for the letter on R.'s birthday. I passed that day in Marseilles, and sent off a letter to him. If letters could only fly with the telegraph, what a comfort it would be. I am devoutly thankful that you were all well three weeks ago. I am well, as I always am in Rome. The climate seems to renew my strength. The sun is hot, but the strong, massive houses never get too warm. The shade is always cool and the nights also. I have been to-day looking at an Etruscan monument about two feet long and eighteen inches high in *terra cotta*, with many figures in relief, commemorating, I suppose, the distinguished dead, whose figure lies on the slab over it, in a half recumbent position. The whole is very curious, not for its fine workmanship—but for the great antiquity and feeling in the ancient artist—I think I will get it for Rufus. There is a beautiful set of Roman ruins in "*giallo antico*," just opposite my window, I am sorely tempted to get for you. I only hesitate because you did not authorize me; yet I see when you have these things that you enjoy them so much I know not how to leave them. The pilgrims have nearly all departed. I shall stay, perhaps, until the 20th. My rooms are singularly cool and comfortable. I propose from here to go to Florence, and then to Venice, where the Princess Sorango Vidoni invited me to visit her. My blessed friend, the Canonico, is really in wretched health, caused by the anxious years of observation of outrage and blasphemy. The Holy Father bears it with a superhuman courage and cheerfulness. He never forgets that all must be by the inscrutable permission of Almighty God, who chastens his people in love. His face is positively radiant. His fine eyes, so full of kindness—this at eighty-two years of age. The peace of God is surely with his servant. When you see the Sisters, give my love. To you and M. I send my best.

Your comforting letter came as usual, yesterday. I am always so thankful to know you were well three weeks ago,

yet what may have happened since then [at that time no ocean cable]. I am beginning now to count the days of my stay in Rome, and if nothing happens to detain me, I shall leave a week from to-morrow. We propose to go to Sienna and pass the Sunday, and to Florence for a few days. I said, in my last letter, we should go on slowly, so as to give time to T. to see what is most worthy of attention. I wish to stay a week or two at Havre for sea-bathing. I have nothing to do at Paris. I have bought some beautiful Roman scarfs for M., and an antique lamp, which will please you.

I am rejoiced at the success of the Little Sisters, and I trust their mean, grasping opponent is duly mortified. Virtue has sometimes triumph in this evil world, and I am thankful that you bore such part in its merited success. My health is still strong, but the heat begins to disturb me. I have finally determined to take the set of ruins in *giallo antico* for you, and have also purchased, as a present for you, a beautiful bronze model of an ancient chariot, horses, and driver. I am grieved to leave the dear old Rome, but the excessive heat admonishes me to seek a cooler atmosphere. I shall have a great deal to say of my pleasant travels, but have little time to write.

MONTE CATTENI, TUSCANY, *July 23d.*

I am not at Venice to-day, as I expected, when we left Rome on Saturday. The heat of Rome, and the constant influx of visitors, together with the necessity of superintending the various packages to be put in the boxes, quite exhausted me; and though I was not ill, I felt very weak. We had a pleasant day at Sienna, that old Middle Age town, where I wished to pass the Sunday. It stands on a hill, and the air is singularly fresh. The old cathedral is a marvel of art, and I avow that at high mass, with the exquisite devotional music, and the ardent piety of the crowds of people, I was overcome with exultation that I, too, had the honor to be a Catholic. It is a charming town, full of histories of great citizens; but I will speak of it when we meet, rather than write.

While at Florence I drove out to Fiesole to see Father Becx, general of the Jesuits, and met with a hearty reception. He, like our blessed Holy Father, feels that all is included in the designs of Almighty God, and he is cheerful, and looks well. Leaving Tom engaged in sight-seeing, I scudded away by railroad to this watering-place, where I knew several old friends were to be found. In three days I find myself already quite restored and well, and T. having joined me, we propose setting out to Venice to-morrow. I drive every evening, and thus see much of this beautiful country. We are in a valley of the Apennines, where villages are planted on every height, and sometimes in the valleys. The roads are perfect, and I am surprised at the marks of industry to be seen in every direction. Factories for glass-making, paper, leather, silk, and mills of all sorts, while every foot of land is under the highest culture. Grapes, of course, are spread every-where, and olive orchards and mulberries. Among others, Mrs. Arthur Middleton, *née* Countess Bentivoglio, is here, and I owe much to her kind attentions.

Friday, 24th.—Here is a change in our plans. The heat in Northern Italy has been unprecedented. Finding myself almost exhausted, so that we shall give up going to Venice, and after a day or two proceed to Genoa and Turin, where the Marchesa di Somma Riva expects me for two or three days. I am greatly relieved by being released from the long way from this to Venice, and across to Milan and Turin. I have over and over again seen it all, but I regret T. should lose it. Love to all.

ANNERY, FRANCE, *August 3d.*

You may, perhaps, have to look on the map to discover where your mother is seated this blessed Sunday afternoon to write to you of her wanderings. We had missed the regular boat at Leghorn by Tom's delay at Spezzia, so we waited till the next morning, and took the Bombay steamer, which was returning by way of the Suez Canal to Genoa, where it belongs. It was full of people of all nations, and in its twenty-

sixth day from Bombay, having been detained in the Red Sea and canal. It was strange to be in such a crowd. There were some even from Mozambique, but chiefly English people. We reached Genoa in the evening, and went immediately on to Turin, which we reached at midnight, and found two notes from the Marquise di Somma Riva, for the detention had caused me to fail in my engagement with her. T. wished to see Turin, and declined the pressing invitation to him, though I told him that to get into the interior of an old baronial castle, and a family six or eight hundred years old, might be worth more than any thing he would see in Turin. However, he would not go. There was an hour on the railroad, where I found the carriage waiting for me, as it had been for two days, and in an hour I was welcomed as a most beloved friend at the entrance of the ancient hall, which was covered with armor, much of which had been worn by the ancestors of the family, who had commanded in the crusades. Had it not been for the joyous and kindly and *loving* reception given me by my hostess and her son, I might have fancied myself among the old race passed away, whose effigies were all around us. It is an immense old castle, standing on a height, between two ranges of the Alps, now covered with snow, and offering magnificent views in all directions. I was conducted to the room prepared for me, of immense proportions, with a damask-curtained bed, of suitable dimensions, with every thing else. Family pictures were every-where; lovely ladies and courtly men, who had graced the courts of Turin and Milan ages ago, yet still fresh in the pure mountain air. I wish I had time to write more about this interesting and delightful visit. I stayed only about thirty-six hours, and came away with regret, in which I think my hostess shared.

PARIS, *August 7th.*

I began this letter last Tuesday, and I have been kept so incessantly occupied, that I could not write. I went over from Annery to Geneva to see my beloved friend, Monsignor

Mermillod, now exiled for his virtues. From Geneva I came to Lyons. I stayed a day in Lyons to fulfill my pilgrimage, and came to Paray for a day for the same purpose. I arrived here last night.

The Misses Hunter and their father called to-day and took me to drive; also Miss Williamson, who loaded me with offers of kindness, sending her carriage, etc. She has sent me also a magnificent bouquet. I must get off, however, for Havre, for the sea-bathing, as soon as I can. I shall be glad to get home again. I have had a wonderfully successful tour, but I weary of such constant travel in hot weather, yet my health, thank God, never was better. Love to M.

PARIS, *August 9th.*

I had not yet closed Rufus's letter when I had the pleasure of receiving your charming epistle. I rejoice to find that you have discovered so near home such new sources of enjoyment. I will tell you more of mine, far away, when it pleases God we shall be together again. You will, I am sure, engage servants for me—K., if possible, for cook, and M. T. for housemaid.

If you are not in New York when I arrive, I shall stay only long enough to have my blessed watch put in order, which, unluckily, had a fall, and there is a man in New York who regulates it better than any one I can find. The weather here is cool, and I enjoy it after the intense heat of Italy. Two weeks from next Saturday we are to sail. I am far stronger than when I left home. I am glad you are having such nice visits. I am bringing you the prettiest cut flowers in marble, from Pisa, that you ever saw. I think they will come in good order.

HOTEL DES BAINS, HAVRE.

Just where I thought to have received my letters most promptly, they are delayed. The boxes are arriving from Rome, and I hope all will be here in ten days that remain before our departure in the Frisia. It is for this reason I did

not return earlier, and I hope to take all my collections with me. I am very comfortable here, ensconced in a room on the lowest floor, and directly on the sea, having our baths, warm and cold, in the house, so I gain in many ways over Newport. I trust to have sea-water enough to strengthen me for the winter. I wrote last week to M., requesting her aid in getting my servants together. I trust the letter has duly arrived, for I should like to find my upper rooms in order. For almost the first time in my life, I am at a loss for something to do. The last two or three months have been so intensely occupied, that I hardly know how to be idle. This hotel is rather out of the city, and I have read all the books in my possession, and there is not a creature in the great multitude which fills this vast hotel that I ever saw or heard of, and I shall be right glad to see the *Frisia*. Your letter of the 9th inst. was a few moments since handed to me; it puts my mind quite at ease. I thank God for the relief it brings to me. All my boxes have arrived. Having given an account of all in my previous letters, I do not wish to repeat. I hope to bring all safely home. I know you and M. will enjoy the Roman ruins, which are very beautiful. She seemed to be so desirous to have them, I thought it best to venture—"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." We go aboard the *Frisia* on Friday, provided she is in port as soon as she is expected, and this will be my last letter. I am in excellent health. Love to M. I pray God to bless and preserve us all.

After a voyage of unusual comfort, Mrs. Peter was safely landed in New York, remaining only long enough to arrange her affairs. She hastened on to Cincinnati, and early in September we find her once more in the beautiful surroundings of her comfortable house, receiving the welcome and congratulations of her many friends. Once again the old life begins, with its alternations of quiet and activity, for Mrs. Peter had returned strong in health and full of interest for all the great charities

which had resulted from her labors of many years. Although far on in her seventy-fifth year, her ardor and capability had not in the slightest degree abated, and the next morning after her arrival she stepped into her coupé, and visited all the different convents, and received the loving welcome of the grateful sisters. A deputation of the much-loved sisters of the Convent of Saint Clara received her on her arrival at the station. They seemed to form a part of her own family, and had the right first to greet their beloved and venerated patroness.

Each day with Mrs. Peter was a full and perfectly rounded-out life. In the freshness of morning the work began. Moments were to her precious, and opportunities were sought and seized upon, so that at the close of each day "the well done, good and faithful servant," might have been pronounced upon her.

This life of conscientious duty brought great peace, and in quiet moments came beautiful, happy memories. The last visit to Rome was full of delightful incidents. Her whole nature always expanded under the influences of life in Rome. Even before she had attached herself to that branch of the Catholic Church, the influence of climate, the grandeur of the old ruins—that something which makes Rome so dear to every heart—had a powerful influence over Mrs. Peter. She gave herself up with enthusiasm to these influences. Never before had her life seemed to be a perpetual joy. The statuary, the pictures, the frescoes, art in every form, and the peculiarly gentle and winning people, took possession of her heart, and she was ready to yield full allegiance to the mighty power of Rome. The fullness of her happiness came with the conviction that the Church of Rome was the one true apostolic church, founded upon *the Rock*.

As we have seen, it was in Mrs. Peter's second

visit to Rome, in 1854, that her decision was made, and the important step taken, which led to those paths of her later days, so full of light and joy. As a Catholic, Mrs. Peter had in Rome every advantage, socially and otherwise. Her daily association was with men and women of the highest cultivation. Cardinals and archbishops were her fast friends, and even the Holy Father had given her his warmest friendship. During the last visit to Rome, the venerable lady having arrived there in the midst of some great celebration, when St. Peter's was crowded to overflowing, by a happy accident she was recognized by those who had the power to penetrate the crowd, and pass her on to high places, so she was conducted to the near presence of the Holy Father surrounded by the conclave of cardinals. The entrance attracted attention, and in an audible voice, and with evident surprise and delight, His Holiness exclaimed to the attendant at his side: "*Ecco nostra cara Signora Peter.*"

On another occasion an incident occurred, testifying to the beautiful simple-heartedness and tenderness of this holy man. As the "faithful" were receiving the blessing of the Holy Father, Mrs. Peter entered somewhat late, and a little agitated, and, in kneeling, dropped her staff, which fell beyond the rail, startling His Holiness, who looked around, and himself raised the staff, and, handing it to the venerable lady, said: "Signora Peter, you have done what all Europe has failed to do. You have stopped me in my career."

How lovingly the dear lady dwelt upon all these little incidents, and how the remembrance of these happy days brightened her later life, is well known by those who were near her.

With these happy memories, with vigor sufficient for her work, surrounded by the holy influences of the

Church, loving friends, and the comforts of a beautiful home, with the silent companionship of her books and holy pictures, this dear lady was to be blest with a peaceful close to her useful life.

The honored days of the year—the birthdays, wedding days, the ever bright Christmas—Mrs. Peter had always noticed in her own home, but in the later years she consented to mark these occasions at the house of her son, that she might be spared the unnecessary bustle attending family parties. On the last Christmas of her life she was especially happy, for, though her circle of descendants was small, she could now enjoy the bright presence of one great-grandson, who brought a warming and sunny influence to her declining years. Though in her seventy-seventh year, Mrs. Peter was the life of the party, and gave, with great spirit, on the piano, accompanied by her daughter, her favorite *Dolce Concéto*, elaborately varied, and arranged for four hands. It was wonderful to observe the still elastic touch, and the zest with which she rendered the thoughts of the composer.

Mrs. Peter continued, through all the last years of her life, to pass her summers at the seaside; and for many seasons previous to the last, the eastern part of Long Island was the quiet nook where she found freshest air and most reposeful life. Both in coming and going, a stay of days in New York was always pleasant, not only in meeting the many congenial Catholic friends, but in visiting the religious houses belonging to the same orders which interested her at home. She was always greeted with the warmest affection by the sisters, and was often a guest in their hospitable convents.

Mrs. Peter's devotion to the observances of the Church was something exceptional, even among those who had been trained from their infancy in its pious acts of

devotion. For this reason, the religious life of the convents was always most accordant with her own interior life.

She was happy and fortunate in having a chapel for her devotions under her own roof. She loved the beautiful Chapel of St. Clara, which she had assisted to adorn so tastefully; but her interests were extended to St. Xavier, the church of the Jesuit Fathers, whose order she especially loved and revered. The devotion and learning of these holy men called forth her greatest admiration, and among them she found her most valued friends.

Mrs. Peter had been making a visit to the sisters of St. Francis, in their convent in New York, in August of the year 1876, and there was joined by her son and daughter, who had gone to New York to accompany their mother to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. She was suffering from a most painful local malady, which would have cooled the ardor of a spirit less brave than hers, and less determined in the pursuit of knowledge of every kind. She wished to see this wonderful exhibition of the arts of every land. It was, with her, a duty to be alive to progress, and age and suffering were never considered when duty was to be performed.

She passed a week in her investigations, and as every provision was made for her comfort, it is a satisfaction to feel assured that in the last year of her life she had such thorough enjoyment in recalling so much she had seen in her extensive travels. Mrs. Peter visited daily the booths of the holy land, of Turkey and Egypt, and had an intense joy in examining the beautiful artistic work of these oriental people. From Palestine she loaded herself with mementoes for all the good sisters, in whose

eyes these relics from the Holy Land would be especially sacred. Not a friend, even the most humble, was forgotten; and as, perhaps, the last offerings of affection she was permitted to make, they became, to all the recipients, sacred relics.

THE CLOSE.

1877.

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*"And just before the dawning,
When the darkness of night was o'er,
The angels came,
And tenderly they bore her,
For whom they had waited long—
Watched and waited in Heaven,
Knowing that even here
She was learning their blessed song—
So in the grey of the morning,
They bore her soul away,
Beyond the prison bars,
Beyond the fading stars,
To the brightness of the day."*

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE CLOSE.

THE excitement and interest of the national centennial produced upon Mrs. Peter's healthy nature a most excellent result. When once at home again, with all the comforts and interests of life about her, she was able to enter heartily upon her daily round of duty, and never seemed stronger nor brighter, giving the promise to those near her of a still long and useful life. The messenger of death did not come to her in the form of disease. To the end her bodily condition was healthful, her faculties unimpaired, but what seemed to be an accident was her appointed way to the higher life. In passing from the chapel to her own apartments she fell, and in making an effort to prevent the fall, broke her right arm above the elbow. At her age, this was from the first regarded as serious, but the whole process of cure was healthy and rapid. She suffered patiently, and had the consent of the surgeon again to take her daily drive, but her work was done, and the call had come to rest from her labors.

Mrs. Peter had long entertained the idea of building a mortuary chapel in the St. Joseph cemetery, and many happy hours were passed in the last years of her life in planning and carrying out the thought. The altar in the chapel is, in its form and adornments, an expression of her beautiful tastes and pious aspirations. As a devout Catholic, it was comforting to her to know that at this holy shrine prayers would be offered for her eternal repose. To the sisters of St. Francis was consigned the holy office, and their own resting-place was a gift of Mrs.

Peter, the ground surrounding her own tomb, which is a vault within the chapel. A large lot was purchased, sufficient for the use of these sisters for many years. The chapel is of stone ; the inside walls, floor, and altar of polished white marble ; the doorway of bronze, of elaborate and tasteful finish. For those who have gone with us through all the walks of this long and beneficent life, we will spare the pain of going over the last scenes, so sad to those who could never again listen to the loved voice, nor have the cheering influence of that smile which had encouraged and strengthened the hearts of so many way-worn and weary. Such a life could only have its close in peace, and it was the reward of this noble woman to pass in sudden and painless translation to higher life. Mrs. Peter died on the sixth day of February, 1877.

From the chapel of the convent, she was borne to the Church of St. Xavier, where the Rt. Rev. Archbishop Purcell, in an eloquent sermon, pronounced the many virtues and charitable deeds of this noble woman, closing with these words: "I am almost reluctant to pray for Mrs. Peter. She was so good, so pure, that while joining in the solemn supplication just breathed, and knowing that it is a wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins, if they die in sin, I do believe that you have lying here the remains of a saint, and I would rather myself pray to her than for her." From the Church of St. Xavier, Mrs. Peter was laid in her last resting-place in the beautiful chapel she had prepared for her repose in St. Joseph cemetery.

A memorial window has been placed in St. Xavier, the church of Mrs. Peter's choice, by the devotion of her son, and a position was accorded in the sanctuary just

above the high altar, in recognition of the piety and many charitable deeds of this saintly woman.

"Blessed among women," mother,

Not alone thy children call thee by this name of love;
The poor despairing, long-neglected, lost ones
Bless thee, claim thee as their loving mother.
None walked more Christ-like on this earth than thou,
Raising the sinking head, strengthening the tottering knees,
Inspiring hope in souls long stained by sin.
They say thou art gone to rest:
Is earth-meant rest the boon of soul like thine?
Rather art thou gone to greater work,
To meet the great reward
Of labor compensated by success.
Millions may profit now by thy large love.
Untrammelled now thy loving soul goes forth
In kindly missions unto all thy race,
Nor time nor sense can bound thy efforts more.
Eternity is vast, but not too vast for works of love and praise.
Bitter tears upon thy bier were shed,
Regretful hearts poured forth sad wail,
But Faith raised high the Cross,
Our Savior's words were blazoned there,

"She is not dead, but sleeps:"

- Sleeps sweetly, those eyes to ope in Heaven's own light,
In sweet companionship with saints of old,
With friends long lost, and found again in the eternal home.
When our last summons comes, may we go forth
As tranquilly as she has gone,
Led by our dear Lord's hand.

At the church, the following obituary, understood to be from the Rev. E. A. Higgins, S. J., president of the College of St. Xavier, was distributed among the congregation :

It is left to others to trace the history of MRS. SARAH PETER, and tell the events of her early life. Here we speak only of her character as a Christian, the sweet odor of her virtues, and the encouragement of her good example. An elder generation remembers her as a brilliant leader of society, a light in literary circles, a lover of the arts, and the foundress of the School of Design. The present generation knows her as the zealous convert, the devout Catholic, foremost in every work of piety and charity. Once that she had learned to know the beauty of God's spiritual kingdom, and had become a child of the church, all her interests were centered in it. To spread the Catholic faith, to make known to others the Catholic religion, to remove prejudices against the Catholic Church, to promote piety and zeal among Catholics themselves—these were the objects for which she seemed to live. Her love for God was so real and so pressing that she could never tire of working for his honor and glory. She thought she could never do enough to prove her gratitude for the great gift of faith. "My time is short," she would say; "I must work while it is yet day." How well she labored, how abundantly her work was blessed, we have only to look around us and see. In the religious houses, which she was instrumental in establishing in this city, the evidence of her zeal shall live after her, more enduring than sculptured stone or monumental brass. "*Monumentum ære perennius.*" "Centers of light and life," she called them, "which would quicken the faith and enliven the piety of the people."

The mainspring of her marvelous activity was the spirit of faith, which had transfused and transformed her whole soul. "Her conversation was in Heaven." "What do I care," she was wont to say, "for the opinions of the world? My portion is with God, and my inheritance is with the saints."

Nature had, indeed, been generous in bestowing on her qualities seldom found united in the same person; a bright, keen intellect, a warm, loving heart, untiring energy, and a soul utterly devoid of selfishness. The grace of God gave

the higher motive, the nobler aim, the purer purpose, the deeper humility and self-sacrifice, which constitute supernatural virtue. Her mother's heart was filled with the tenderest love, the most touching solicitude, for her children and relatives. She had the kindest sympathy for the poor, a cheering counsel, a consoling advice, and a generous relief for every form of distress. "*God gave her largeness of heart as the sand that is on the sea-shore.*" No sacrifice was too great, no labor too arduous, no trial of patience too severe, when there was a question of doing good to others, of gaining souls to God, or of advancing the interests of the church. Her zeal was guided and supported by the spirit of earnest and constant prayer. After so much done, with the purest motive, for the honor of God, it has pleased her Divine Master to call her with but little immediate warning. But her death, though sudden, was not unprovided, nor to her unwelcome. A long and active life, filled up with good works, adorned with Christian virtues, and blessed with the frequent reception of the holy sacraments, had been a fitting preparation for a peaceful and happy end.

No one will refuse her earnest request: "I ask for prayers." Many will pray for her, who owe her more than can be expressed. All will cherish her memory, and profit by the beautiful example of her virtues.

May she rest in peace. Amen. ✓

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